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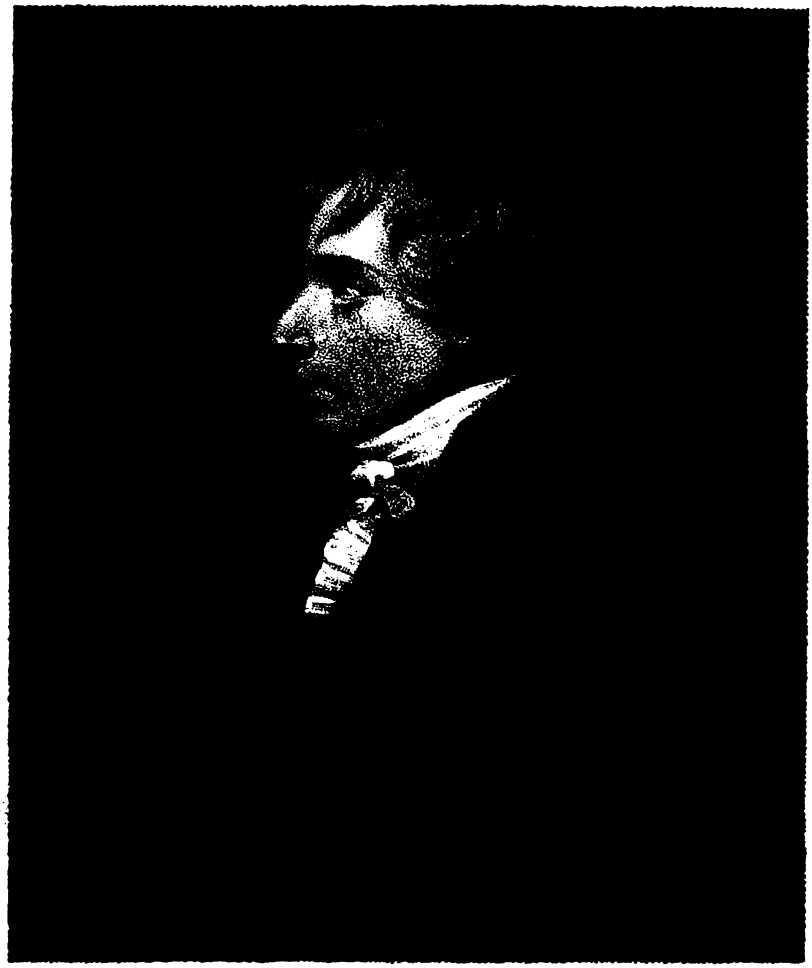

The Remains of Henry Kirke White

Henry Kirke White, Robert Southey

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Engraved by Freeman from a painting by T. Harker of Nottingham.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

Obt. October 19th 1806.

Æt. 21 Years.

Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry; Nicol, Pall Mall.

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The

REMAINS

of

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

of

NOTTINGHAM,

late of St. John's College,

CAMBRIDGE.

No marble marks the couch of lowly sleep:
But living statues there are seen to weep.
Affection's semblance bends not o'er the tomb,
Affection's self deplores the youthful doom.

This drawing & Plate presented to the Work by a Lady an esteemed friend of the Author.

Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Nov. 21st 1806.

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THE

REMAINS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

OF NOTTINGHAM,

LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

With an Account of his

LIFE,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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At the Union Printing Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1808.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

PAGE

ACCOUNT of the Life of H. K. White 1

POEMS INSERTED IN THE LIFE.

On being confined to School one pleasant Morning in Spring; written at the Age of Thirteen 5

Extract from an Address to Contemplation, written at Fourteen 7

To the Rosemary 19

To the Morning 21

My own Character 28

Ode on Disappointment 35

Lines, written in Wilford Church-Yard, on recovery from Sickness 38

Letters 61

POEMS INSERTED IN THE LETTERS.

Elegy, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Gill, who was drowned in the River Trent 84

"Yes, my stray steps have wandered" 185

Hints, &c. 269

Digitized by Google

PAGE

A Prayer 270
A Prayer 271

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

Sonnet, by G. L. C. 277
———, by Arthur Owen, Esq. 278
———, by H. Welker 278
Lines, by the Rev. J. Plumptre 279
Sonnet, by C. L. 280
Lines, written in St John's College 281
Sonnet, by C. L. 282
Written in the Homer of Mr. H. K. W. 283
To the Memory of H. K. White, by a Lady 284
Stanzas, supposed to have been written at the Grave of H. K. W. by a Lady 287
Ode on the late Henry Kirke White, by Juvenis . . 288
Verses occasioned by the death of Henry Kirke White, by Josh. Conder 290
Sonnet, on seeing another, written to Henry Kirke White, in September, 1803, inserted in his "Remains, by Robert Southey," by Arthur Owen 292
Sonnet, in memory of H. K. White, by J. G. 293
Reflections on reading the Life of the late Henry Kirke White, by Wm. Holloway 294
Lines suggested on reading the Poem on Solitude, in the second vol. of H. K. White's "Remains," by J. C. . 296
Lines on the death of H. K. White, by T. Park . . . 297

POEMS WRITTEN BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

Childhood, Part I. 301
——————— II. 307
Fragment of an Eccentric Drama 317

Digitized by Google

PAGE

To a Friend 324
On Reading the Poems of Warton 326
To the Muse 327
Song, 'Softly, softly blow ye breezes' 329
The Wandering Boy 331
Fragment, 'The Western Gale' 332
Canzonet 335
Commencement of a Poem on Despair 335
To the Wind, a Fragment 338
The Eve of Death 338
Thanatos 340
Athanatos 341
On Music 343
Ode to the Harvest Moon 345

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ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE OF H. K. WHITE.

IT fell to my lot to publish, with the assistance of my friend Mr. Cottle, the first collected edition of the works of Chatterton, in whose history I felt a more than ordinary interest, as being a native of the same city, familiar from my childhood with those great objects of art and nature by which he had been so deeply impressed, and devoted from my childhood with the same ardour to the same pursuits. It is now my fortune to lay before the world some account of one whose early death is not less to be lamented as a loss to English literature, and whose virtues were as admirable as his genius. In the present instance there is nothing to be recorded but what is honourable to himself, and to the age in which he lived; nothing to be regretted, but that one so ripe for heaven should so soon have been removed from the world.

Henry Kirke White, the second son of John and Mary White, was born in Nottingham, March 21st,

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1785. His father is a butcher; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, is of a respectable Staffordshire family.

From the years of three till five, Henry learnt to read at the school of a Mrs. Garrington; whose name, unimportant as it may appear, is mentioned, because she had the good sense to perceive his extraordinary capacity, and spoke of what it promised with confidence. She was an excellent woman, and he describes her with affection in his poem upon Childhood. At a very early age his love of reading was decidedly manifested; it was a passion to which every thing else gave way. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come to dinner;' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice before she could rouse him." When he was about seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother. The consciousness of genius is always at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred solitary feeling. No forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great.

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When Henry was about six, he was placed under the Rev. John Blanchard, who kept, at that time, the best school in Nottingham. Here he learnt writing, arithmetic, and French. When he was about eleven, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's. It was considered as a great thing for him to be at so good a school, yet there were some circumstances which rendered it less advantageous to him than it might have been. Mrs. White had not yet overcome her husband's intention of breeding him up to his own business: and by an arrangement which took up too much of his time, and would have crushed his spirit, if that "mounting spirit" could have been crushed, one whole day in the week, and his leisure hours on the others were employed in carrying the butcher's basket. Some differences at length arose between his father and Mr. Blanchard, in consequence of which Henry was removed.

One of the ushers, when he came to receive the money due for tuition, took the opportunity of informing Mrs. White what an incorrigible son she had, and that it was impossible to make the lad do any thing. This information made his friends very uneasy; they were dispirited about him, and had they relied wholly upon this report, the stupidity or malice of this man would have blasted Henry's progress for ever. He was, however, placed

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under the care of a Mr. Shipley, who soon discovered that he was a boy of quick perception, and very admirable talents; and came with joy, like a good man, to relieve the anxiety and painful suspicions of his family.

While his school-masters were complaining that they could make nothing of him, he discovered what Nature had made him, and wrote satires upon them. These pieces were never shown to any, except his most particular friends, who say that they were pointed and severe. They are enumerated in the table of Contents to one of his manuscript volumes, under the title of School-Lampoons; but, as was to be expected, he had cut the leaves out and destroyed them.

One of his poems written at this time, and under these feelings, is preserved.

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ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL,

One Pleasant Morning in Spring.

Written at the age of thirteen.

THE morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confin'd in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise;
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;

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And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower.
But, ah! such heav'n-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren,
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty;
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days.

About this time his mother was induced, by the advice of several friends, to open a Ladies' Boarding and Day School, in Nottingham, her eldest daughter having previously been a teacher in one for some time. In this she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations, and Henry's home comforts were thus materially increased, though it was still out of the power of his family to give him that education, and direction in life, which his talents deserved and required.

It was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went

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to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it: but the circumstances of his family obliged them to turn a deaf ear*. His mother, however, secretly felt that he

---

* His temper and tone of mind at this period, when he was in his fourteenth year, are displayed in this extract, from an address to Contemplation.

THEE do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace;
And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony; that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, Oh! I was not made for money getting;
For me no much respected plum awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied—For as still
I tried to cast with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropt from my senseless fingers as I pictur'd,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe;
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,

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was worthy of better things; to her he spoke more openly: he could not bear, he said, the thought of

---

A wayward youth misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With ev'ry wind to ev'ry point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the Counting House I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction;—yea, amid
The busy bustling crouds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
Aye, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth
I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear; for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn;
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompence
For all the hateful bustles of the day.
My op'ning mind was ductile then, and plastic,
And soon the marks of care were worn away,
While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
But it has now assum'd its character,
Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
Yet still, oh Contemplation! I do love
To' indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
In thee alone delighting. Why along

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spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings; he wanted *something to occupy his brain*, and he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in any thing except one of the learned professions. These frequent complaints, after a year's application, or rather misapplication (as his brother says) at the loom, convinced her that he had a mind destined for nobler pursuits. To one so situated, and with nothing but his own talents and exertions to depend upon, the Law seemed to be the only practicable line. His affectionate and excellent mother made every possible effort to effect his wishes, his father being very averse to the plan, and at length, after overcoming a variety of obstacles, he was fixed in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attornies and town-clerks of Nottingham. As no premium could be given with him, he was engaged to serve two years before he was articled, so that though he entered this office when he was fifteen, he was not articled till the commencement of the year 1802.

On his thus entering the law, it was recommended to

The dusky tract of commerce should I toil,
When with an easy competence content,
I can alone be happy; where with thee
I may enjoy the loveliness of nature,
And loose the wings of Fancy!—Thus alone
Can I partake of happiness on Earth,
And to be happy here is man's chief end,
For to be happy he must needs be good.

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him by his employers, that he should endeavour to obtain some knowledge of Latin. He had now only the little time which an attorney's office, in very extensive practice, afforded; but great things may be done in "those hours of leisure which even the busiest may create*," and to his ardent mind no obstacles were too discouraging. He received some instruction in the first rudiments of this language, from a person who then resided at Nottingham under a feigned name, but was soon obliged to leave it, to elude the search of government, who were then seeking to secure him. Henry discovered him to be Mr. Cormick, from a print affixed to a continuation of Hume and Smollet, and published, with their histories, by Cooke. He is, I believe, the same person who wrote a life of Burke. If he received any other assistance it was very trifling; yet, in the course of ten months, he enabled himself to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek, which indeed he began first. He used to exercise himself in declining the Greek nouns and verbs, as he was going to and from the office, so valuable was time become to him. From this time he contracted a habit of employing his mind in study during his walks, which he continued to the end of his life.

He now became almost estranged from his family; even at his meals he would be reading, and his evenings

* Turner's Preface to the History of the Anglo-Saxons.

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were entirely devoted to intellectual improvement. He had a little room given him, which was called his study, and here his milk supper was taken up to him, for to avoid any loss of time, he refused to sup with his family, though earnestly intreated so to do, as his mother already began to dread the effects of this severe and unremitting application. The law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had applied himself with such industry, as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for any thing else. Greek and Latin were the next objects; at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portugueze. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies; some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play very pleasingly by ear on the piano-forte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics, and all the fittings up of his study were the work of his own hands.

At a very early age, indeed soon after he was taken from school, Henry was ambitious of being admitted a member of a Literary Society, then existing in Nottingham, but was objected to on account of his youth; after repeated attempts, and repeated failures, he succeeded in his wish, through the exertions of some of his friends, and

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was elected. In a very short time, to the great surprise of the Society, he proposed to give them a Lecture, and they, probably from curiosity, acceded to the proposal. The next evening they assembled, he lectured upon Genius, and spoke extempore for above two hours, in such a manner, that he received the unanimous thanks of the Society, and they elected this young Roscius of oratory their Professor of Literature. There are certain courts at Nottingham, in which it is necessary for an attorney to plead; and he wished to qualify himself for an eloquent speaker, as well as a sound lawyer.

With the profession in which he was placed, he was well pleased, and suffered no pursuit, numerous as his pursuits were, to interfere in the slightest degree with its duties. Yet he soon began to have higher aspirations, and to cast a wistful eye toward the universities with little hope of ever attaining their important advantages, yet probably not without some hope, however faint. There was at this time a magazine in publication, called the Monthly Preceptor, which proposed prize themes for boys and girls to write upon; and which was encouraged by many schoolmasters, some of whom, for their own credit, and that of the important institutions in which they were placed, should have known better than to encourage it. But in schools, and in all practical systems of education, emulation is made the main spring, as if there were not enough of the leaven of disquietude in our natures, without inoculating it with this dilutement—this *vaccine virus* of envy. True it is that we need encou-

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ragement in youth; that though our vices spring up and thrive in shade and darkness, like poisonous fungi, our better powers require light and air: and that praise is the sunshine, without which genius will wither, fade, and die, or rather in search of which, like a plant that is debarred from it, will push forth in contortions and deformity. But such practices as that of writing for public prizes, of publicly declaiming, and of enacting plays before the neighbouring gentry, teach boys to look for applause instead of being satisfied with approbation, and foster in them that vanity which needs no such cherishing. This is administering stimulants to the heart, instead of "feeding it with food convenient for it;" and the effect of such stimulants is to dwarf the human mind, as lap-dogs are said to be stopt in their growth, by being closed with gin. Thus *forced*, it becomes like the sapling which shoots up when it should be striking its roots far and deep, and which therefore never attains to more than a sapling's size.

To Henry, however, the opportunity of distinguishing himself, even in the Juvenile Library, was useful; if he had acted with a man's foresight, he could not have done more wisely than by aiming at every distinction within his little sphere. At the age of fifteen, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family, and at supper he read to them his performance,

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to which seven pages were granted in the magazine, though they had limited the allowance of room to three. Shortly afterwards he won several books for exercises on different subjects. Such honours were of great importance to him; they were testimonies of his ability, which could not be suspected of partiality, and they prepared his father to regard with less reluctance that change in his views and wishes which afterwards took place.

He now became a correspondent in the Monthly Mirror, a magazine which first set the example of typographical neatness in periodical publications, which has given the world a good series of portraits, and which deserves praise also on other accounts, having among its contributors some persons of extensive erudition, and acknowledged talents. Magazines are of great service to those who are learning to write; they are fishing boats, which the Buccaneers of Literature do not condescend to sink, burn, and destroy; young poets may safely try their strength in them, and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable. Henry's rapid improvement was now as remarkable as his unwearied industry. The pieces which had been rewarded in the Juvenile Preceptor, might have been rivalled by many boys; but what he produced a year afterwards, few men could equal. Those which appeared in the Monthly Mirror attracted some notice, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Lofft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work, a gentleman who is himself a lover of English

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literature, and who has probably the most copious collection of English poetry in existence. Their encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press. It was his hope that this publication might either, by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for the Church. For though so far was he from feeling any dislike to his own profession, that he was even attached to it, and had indulged a hope that one day or other he should make his way to the Bar: a deafness, to which he had always been subject, and which appeared to grow progressively worse, threatened to preclude all possibility of advancement; and his opinions, which had at one time inclined to deism, had now taken a strong devotional bias.

Henry was earnestly advised to obtain, if possible, some patroness for his book, whose rank in life, and notoriety in the literary world, might afford it some protection. The days of dedications are happily well nigh at an end; but this was of importance to him, as giving his little volume consequence in the eyes of his friends and townsmen. The Countess of Derby was first applied to, and the manuscript submitted to her perusal. She returned it with a refusal, upon the ground that it was an invariable rule with her never to accept a compliment of the kind: but this refusal was couched in language as kind as it was complimentary, and he felt more pleasure at the kindness which it expressed, than disappointment at the

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failure of his application: a 2l. note was inclosed as her subscription to the work. The Margravine of Anspach was also thought of. There is among his papers the draught of a letter addressed to her upon the subject, but I believe it was never sent. He was then recommended to apply to the Dutchess of Devonshire. Poor Henry felt a fit repugnance at courting patronage in this way, but he felt that it was of consequence in his little world, and submitted; and the manuscript was left, with a letter, at Devonshire House, as it had been with the Countess of Derby. Some time elapsed, and no answer arrived from her Grace; and as she was known to be pestered with such applications, apprehensions began to be entertained for the safety of the papers. His brother Neville (who was now settled in London), called several times; of course he never obtained an interview; the case at last became desperate, and he went with a determination not to quit the house till he had obtained them. After waiting four hours in the servant's hall, his perseverance conquered their idle insolence, and he got possession of the manuscript. And here he, as well as his brother, sick of "dancing attendance" upon the great, would have relinquished all thoughts of the dedication; but they were urged to make one more trial;—a letter to her Grace was procured, with which Neville obtained audience, wisely leaving the manuscript at home; and the Dutchess, with her usual good nature, gave permission that the volume should be dedicated to her. Accordingly her name appeared in the title page, and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due Morocco

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livery, of which no notice was ever taken. Involved as she was in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that she never opened the book; otherwise her heart was good enough to have felt a pleasure in encouraging the author. Oh, what a lesson would the history of that heart hold out!

Henry sent his little volume to each of the then existing Reviews, and accompanied it with a letter, wherein he stated what his disadvantages had been, and what were the hopes which he proposed to himself from the publication: requesting from them that indulgence of which his productions did not stand in need, and which it might have been thought, under such circumstances, would not have been withheld from works of less promise. It may be well conceived with what anxiety he looked for their opinions, and with what feelings he read the following article in the Monthly Review for February, 1804.

Monthly Review, February, 1804.

"The circumstances under which this little volume is offered to the public, must, in some measure, disarm criticism. We have been informed that Mr. White has scarcely attained his eighteenth year, has hitherto exerted himself in the pursuit of knowledge under the discouragements of penury and misfortune, and now hopes, by this early authorship, to obtain some assistance in the prosecution of his studies at Cambridge. He appears, indeed, to be one of those young men of talents and application who merit encouragement; and it would be gratifying to us, to hear that this publication had obtained for him a respectable patron, for we fear that the mere profit arising from the sale cannot be, in any measure, adequate to his exigencies as a student at the university.

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A subscription, with a statement of the particulars of the author's case, might have been calculated to have answered his purpose; but, as a book which is to "win its way" on the sole ground of its own merit, this poem cannot be contemplated with any sanguine expectation. The author is very anxious, however, that critics should find in it something to commend, and he shall not be disappointed; we commend his exertions, and his laudable endeavours to excel; but we cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry.

Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:

"Here would I run, a visionary *Boy*,
When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted *Sky*,
And, fancy led, beheld the Almighty's form,
Sternly *careering* in the eddying storm."

If Mr. White should be instructed by Alma-mater, he will, doubtless, produce better sense, and better rhymes."

I know not who was the writer of this precious article. It is certain that Henry could have no personal enemy; his volume fell into the hands of some dull man, who took it up in an hour of ill humour, turned over the leaves to look for faults, and finding that *Boy* and *Sky* were not orthodox rhymes, according to his wise creed of criticism, sate down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties, and thrown himself upon his mercy. With such a letter before him, (by mere accident I saw that which had been sent to the Critical Review), even though the poems had been bad, a good man would not have said so; he would have avoided censure if he had found it impossible

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to bestow praise. But that the reader may perceive the wicked injustice, as well as the cruelty of this reviewal, a few specimens of the volume, thus contemptuously condemned because *Boy* and *Sky* are used as rhymes in it, shall be inserted in this place.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

1.

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe:
And o'er the wintery desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

2.

Come funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.

---

* The Rosemary buds in January—It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

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Come press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep.

3.

And hark! the wind-god as he flies,
Moans hollow in the Forest-trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

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TO THE MORNING.

Written during Illness.

BEAMS of the day-break faint! I hail
Your dubious hues, as on the robe
Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.
Tired with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying, numbered night,
I hail the streaks of morn divine:
And lo! they break between the dewy wreathes
That round my rural casement twine;
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes,
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The Lark has her gay song begun,
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars 'till the *unrisen sun*
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now, let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread.
Now thro' the custom'd wood-walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'er head the wild briers bend,
'Till on the Mountain's summit grey,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh Heaven! the soft refreshing gale
It breathes into my breast,
My sunk eye gleams, my cheek so pale
Is with new colours drest.

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Blythe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
Come thou too, on the balmy breeze,
Invigorate my frame:
I'll join, with thee, the buskin'd chace,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view;
Before me all is burnish'd gold,
Behind the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the West, they hold their state,
They shun the clear, blue face of Morn;
Along the fine cerulean sky
The fleecy clouds successive fly,
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds adorn.

And hark! the Thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves,
And oft the Hedger's Bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road,
The noisy whip resounds,
The driver's voice, his carol blythe,
The Mower's stroke, his whetting scythe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat,
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,

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Than on the silken couch of sloth,
Luxurious to lie;
Who would not from life's dreary waste,
Snatch when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy!

To him, who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close
To ope on him no more.
Yet Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile,
And, surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whisp'ring willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile.
And the pale Glow-worm's pensive light,
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

An author is proof against reviewing, when, like myself, he has been reviewed above seventy times; but the opinion of a reviewer upon his first publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and his success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the *ungentle craft* were more generally understood. Henry wrote to the Editor, to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated. This remonstrance produced the following answer in the next month.

Monthly Review, March, 1804.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In the course of our long critical labours, we have necessarily been forced to encounter the resentment, or withstand the lamen-

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tations of many disappointed authors: but we have seldom, if ever, been more affected than by a letter from Mr. White of Nottingham, complaining of the tendency of our strictures on his poem of Clifton Grove, in our last number. His expostulation is written with a warmth of feeling in which we truly sympathize, and which shall readily excuse, with us, some expressions of irritation: but Mr. White must receive our most serious declaration, that we did "judge of the book by the book itself;" excepting only, that from his former letter, we were desirous of mitigating the pain of that decision which our public duty required us to pronounce. We spoke with the utmost sincerity, when we stated our wishes for patronage to an unfriended man of talents, for talents Mr. White certainly possesses, and we repeat those wishes with equal cordiality. Let him still trust, that, like Mr. Giffard, (see Preface to his Translation of Juvenal), some Mr. Cooksley may yet appear, to foster a capacity which endeavours to escape from its present confined sphere of action; and let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have worthily acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied in assisting the efforts of mind."

Henry was not aware that reviewers are infallible. His letter seems to have been answered by a different writer; the answer has none of the common-place and vulgar insolence of the criticism; but to have made any concession would have been admitting that a review can do wrong, and thus violating the fundamental principle of its constitution.

The poems which had been thus condemned, appeared to me to discover strong marks of genius. I had shewn them to two of my friends, than whom no persons living better understand what poetry is, nor have given better

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proofs of it; and their opinion coincided with my own. I was fully convinced of the injustice of this criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice. In consequence of this I wrote to Henry, to encourage him: told him that though I was well aware how imprudent it was in young poets to publish their productions, his circumstances seemed to render that expedient, from which it would otherwise be right to dissuade him, advised him therefere, if he had no better prospects, to print a larger volume by subscription, and offered to do what little was in my power to serve him in the business. To this he replied in the following letter:

* * * *

"I dare not say all I feel respecting your opinion of my little volume. The extreme acrimony with which the Monthly Review (of all others the most important), treated me, threw me into a state of stupefaction; I regarded all that had passed as a dream, and thought I had been deluding myself into an idea of possessing poetic Genius, when in fact I had only the longing, without the *afflatus*.' I mustered resolution enough, however, to write spiritedly to them: their answer, in the ensuing number, was a tacit acknowledgment that they had been somewhat too sniparing in their correction. It was a poor attempt to salve over a wound wantonly and most ungenerously inflicted. Still I was damped, because I knew the work was very respectable, and therefore could not, I concluded, give a criticism *grossly* deficient in equity —the more especially, as I knew of no sort of inducement to extraordinary severity. Your letter, however, has revived me, and

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I do again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me.

"With regard to your advice and offers of assistance, I will not attempt, because I am unable, to thank you for them. To-morrow morning I depart for Cambridge, and I have considerable hopes that, as I do not enter into the university with any sinister or interested views, but sincerely desire to perform the duties of an affectionate and vigilant pastor, and become more useful to mankind, I therefore have hopes, I say, that I shall find means of support *in the University*. If I do not, I shall certainly act in pursuance of your recommendations: and shall, without hesitation, avail myself of your offers of service, and of your directions.

"In a short time, this will be determined; and when it is, I shall take the liberty of writing to you at Keswick, to make you acquainted with the result.

"I have only one objection to publishing by subscription, and I confess it has weight with me.—It is, that in this step, I shall seem to be acting upon the advice, so unfeelingly and contumeliously given by the Monthly Reviewers, who say what is equal to this—that had I gotten a subscription for my poems, before their merit was known, I might have succeeded: provided, it seems, I had made a *particular statement of my case;* like a beggar, who stands with his hat in one hand, and a full account of his cruel treatment on the coast of Barbary, in the other, and so gives you his penny sheet for your sixpence, by way of half-purchase, half-charity.

"I have materials for another volume, but they were written principally while Clifton Grove was in the press, or soon after, and do not now at all satisfy me. Indeed, of late, I have been obliged to desist, almost entirely, from converse with the dames of Helicon. The drudgery of an attorney's office, and the necessity of prepar-

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ing myself, in case I should succeed in getting to College, in what little leisure I could boast, left no room for the flights of the imagination."

In another letter he speaks, in still stronger terms, of what he had suffered from the unfeeling and iniquitous criticism.

"The unfavourable review (in the "Monthly") of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my book is worthless; and this, with every appearance of candour. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me: this review goes before me wherever I turn my steps; it haunts me incessantly, and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I must leave Nottingham."

It is not unworthy of remark, that this very reviewal, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and suppress his struggling genius, has been in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light, and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have taken place; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name, in a few years, have been forgotten.

I have stated that his opinions were, at one time, in-

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clining towards deism; it needs not be said on what slight grounds the opinions of a youth must needs be founded: while they are confined to matters of speculation, they indicate, whatever their eccentricities, only an active mind; and it is only when a propensity is manifested to such principles as give a sanction to immorality, that they show something wrong at heart. One little poem of Henry's remains, which was written in this unsettled state of mind. It exhibits much of his character, and can excite no feelings towards him, but such as are favourable.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

Addressed (during illness) to a Lady.

DEAR Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
To give you a sketch—aye, a sketch of myself.
'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess,
And one it would puzzle a painter to dress;
But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun,
I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun;
For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
She wont be a cynical father confessor.
Come, come, 'twill not do! put that curling brow down,
You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.
Well, first I premise, its my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction;
Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm;
Then a dagger-drawn Democrat hot for reform;
This moment a fop—*that*, sententious as Titus;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
Now laughing and pleas'd, like a child with a rattle;
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle;

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Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child,
But to poverty's offspring submissive and mild;
As rude as a Boor, and as rough in dispute;
Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
I shew no respect where I never can feel it;
And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it.
And so in the suite, by these laudable ends,
I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.—

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd of steel.
It can love, (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure;
And its friendly enough, tho' in friends it be poor.
For itself tho' it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it's the *seeds;*
And tho' far from faultless, or even so-so,
I think it may pass, as our worldly things go.

Well, I've told you my frailties without any gloss;
Then as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss!
I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
I'm a *general lover*, if that's commendation,
And yet can't withstand, *you know whose* fascination.
But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
So as for the *good*, why if I possess it,
I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side,
And after your every art you have tried,
Whatever my faults, I may venture to say
Hypocrisy never will come in your way.

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I am upright, I hope; I am downright, I'm clear;
And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere.
And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear———— * *

About this time Mr. Pigott, the curate of St. Mary's Nottingham, hearing what was the bent of his religious opinions, sent him, by a friend, Scott's Force of Truth, and requested him to peruse it attentively, which he promised to do. Having looked at the book, he told the person who brought it to him, that he could soon write an answer to it; but about a fortnight afterwards, when this friend enquired how far he had proceeded in his answer to Mr. Scott, Henry's reply was in a very different tone and temper. He said, that to answer that book was out of his power, and out of any man's, for it was founded upon eternal truth; that it had convinced him of his error; and that so thoroughly was he impressed with a sense of the importance of his maker's favour, that he would willingly give up all acquisitions of knowledge, and all hopes of fame, and live in a wilderness, unknown, till death, so he could insure an inheritance in heaven.

A new pursuit was thus opened to him, and he engaged in it with his wonted ardour. "It was a constant feature in his mind," says Mr. Pigott, "to persevere in the pursuit of what he deemed noble and important. Religion, in which he now appeared to himself not yet to have taken a step, engaged all his anxiety, as of all concerns the most important. He could not rest satisfied till he had formed his principles upon the basis of chris-

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tianity, and till he had begun in earnest to think and act agreeably to its pure and heavenly precepts. His mind loved to make distant excursions into the future and remote consequences of things. He no longer limited his views to the narrow confines of earthly existence; he was not happy till he had learnt to rest and expatiate in a world to come. What he said to me when we became intimate, is worthy of observation: that, he said, which first made him dissatisfied with the creed he had adopted, and the standard of practice which he had set up for himself, was the *purity of mind* which he perceived was every where inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, and required of every one who would become a successful candidate for future blessedness. He had supposed that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when he observed that purity of the very *thoughts* and *intentions* of the soul also, was requisite, he was convinced of his deficiencies, and could find no comfort to his penitence, but in the atonement made for human frailty by the Redeemer of mankind, and no strength adequate to his weakness, and sufficient for resisting evil, but the aid of God's spirit, promised to those who seek them from above in the sincerity of earnest prayer."

From the moment when he had fully contracted these opinions, he was resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them; and therefore to leave the Law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the Universities. Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him

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from his purpose, but to no effect; his mind was unalterably fixed; and great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now served the better half of the term for which he was articled; his entrance and continuance in the profession had been a great expence to his family; and to give up this lucrative profession, in the study of which he had advanced so far, and situated as he was, for one wherein there was so little prospect of his obtaining even a decent competency, appeared to them the height of folly or of madness. This determination cost his poor mother many tears, but determined he was, and that by the best and purest motives. Without ambition he could not have existed, but his ambition now was to be eminently useful in the ministry.

It was Henry's fortune, through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it. His employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his time, though it was now become very valuable to them, as soon as they should think his prospects of getting through the University were such as he might reasonably trust to; but till then, they felt themselves bound, for his own sake, to detain him. Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Dashwood, another clergyman, who at that time resided in Nottingham, exerted themselves in his favour: he had a friend at Queen's College, Cambridge, who mentioned him to one of the Fellows of St.

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John's, and that gentleman, on the representations made to him of Henry's talents and piety, spared no effort to obtain for him an adequate support.

As soon as these hopes were held out to him, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, for the benefit of uninterrupted study, and of change of air, which his health now began to require. Instead of going to the sea coast, as was expected, he chose for his retreat the village of Wilford, which is situated on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods. These woods had ever been his favourite place of resort, and were the subject of the longest poem in his little volume, from which, indeed, the volume was named. He delighted to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of this poem; the islet to which he had often forded when the river was not knee deep; and the little hut wherein he had sate for hours, and sometimes all day long, reading, or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open. He had sometimes wandered in these woods till night far advanced, and used to speak with pleasure of having once been overtaken there by a thunder storm, at midnight, and watching the lightning over the river and the vale towards the town.

In this village his mother procured lodgings for him, and his place of retreat was kept secret, except from his nearest friends. Soon after the expiration of the month, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed

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in his behalf had entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother; "all my hopes," said he, "of getting to the University are now blasted: in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession; I have much ground to get up, and as I am determined not to be a *mediocre* attorney, I must endeavour to recover what I have lost." The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *Larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never laid down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only one was Henry undutiful, and neither commands, nor tears, nor intreaties could check his desperate and deadly ardour. At one time she went every night into his room, to put out his candle; as soon as he heard her coming up stairs, he used to hide it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep while she was in the room; then when all was quiet, rise again, and pursue his baneful studies.

"The night," says Henry, in one of his letters, "has been every thing to me: and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night-images are, as they judge, so ridi-

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culously predominant in my verses." During some of these midnight hours he indulged himself in complaining, but in such complaints that it is to be wished more of them had been found among his papers.

ODE

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

1.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

2.

Tho' Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation in her cell,
Hears with faint eye, the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And tho' the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile and say, my all was not laid here.

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3.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Tho' from hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven,
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

4.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek,
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

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6.

The most belov'd on earth,
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade,
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

7.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat!
Why fly from ill,
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still.

8.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun,
My race will run,
I only bow and say, My God, thy will be done!

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On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I DREAM no more—the vision flies away,
And Disappointment * * * *
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe.
Plunge me in glooms * * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits; he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery, he wrote the following lines in the church-yard of his favourite village.

LINES

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD,

On recovery from Sickness.

Here would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tir'd out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant.—Such a one perchance did Gray
Frequent, as with the vagrant muse he wanton'd.

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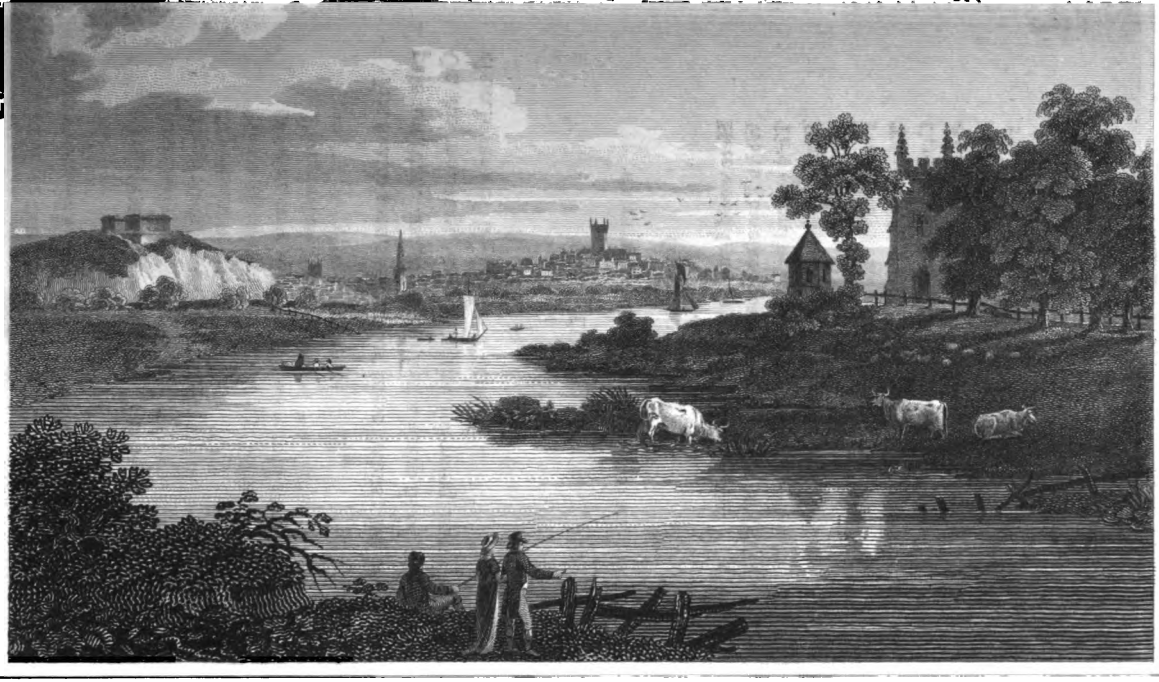

Drawn by T. Barber, Nottingham.

Holford Church near Nottingham

Engraved by George Cooke

London. Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, June 1 1808

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Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth worms
Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swath'd down with oziers, just as sleep the cotters.
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave,
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benizon—no more I ask.
And oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim inspir'd, they sit,
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth), then will I cast a glance *below*
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought—as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,

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Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Expos'd to insult lewd, and wantonness!
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unletter'd as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptur'd rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where ev'n cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havock.
Grant Heav'n, that here my pilgrimage may close!
Yet, if this be deny'd, where'er my bones
May lie—or in the city's crouded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul)—yet still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

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His friends are of opinion that he never thoroughly recovered from the shock which his constitution had sustained. Many of his poems indicate that he thought himself in danger of consumption; he was not aware that he was generating or fostering in himself another disease, little less dreadful, and which threatens intellect as well as life. At this time youth was in his favour, and his hopes, which were now again renewed, produced perhaps a better effect than medicine. Mr. Dashwood obtained for him an introduction to Mr. Simeon, of King's College, and with this he was induced to go to Cambridge. Mr. Simeon, from the recommendation which he received, and from the conversation he had with him, promised to procure for him a Sizarship at St. John's, and with the additional aid of a friend to supply him with 30l. annually. His brother Neville promised twenty, and his mother, it was hoped, would be able to allow fifteen or twenty more. With this, it was thought, he could go through College. If this prospect had not been opened to him, he would probably have turned his thoughts towards the orthodox dissenters.

On his return to Nottingham, the Rev. —— Robinson, of Leicester, and some other friends, advised him to apply to the Elland Society for assistance, conceiving that it would be less oppressive to his feelings to be dependant on a Society, instituted for the express purpose of training up such young men as himself, (that is, such in circumstances and opinions) for the ministry, than on the

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bounty of an individual. In consequence of this advice, he went to Elland, at the next meeting of the Society, a stranger there, and without one friend among the members. He was examined, for several hours, by about five and twenty clergymen, as to his religious views and sentiments, his theological knowledge, and his classical attainments. In the course of the enquiry, it appeared that he had published a volume of poems; their questions now began to be very unpleasantly inquisitive concerning the nature of these poems, and he was assailed by queries from all quarters. It was well for Henry that they did not think of referring to the Monthly Review for authority. My letter to him happened to be in his pocket; he luckily recollected this, and produced it as a testimony in his favour. They did me the honour to say that it was quite sufficient, and pursued this part of their enquiry no farther. Before he left Elland, he was given to understand that they were well satisfied with his theological knowledge; that they thought his classical proficiency prodigious for his age, and that they had placed him on their books. He returned little pleased with his journey. His friends had been mistaken; the bounty of an individual calls forth a sense of kindness, as well as of dependance: that of a Society has the virtue of charity perhaps, but it wants the grace. He now wrote to Mr. Simeon, stating what he had done, and that the beneficence of his unknown friends was no longer necessary: but that gentleman obliged him to decline the assistance of the Society, which he very willingly did.

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This being finally arranged, he quitted his employers in October, 1804. How much he had conducted himself to their satisfaction, will appear by this testimony of Mr. Enfield, to his diligence and uniform worth. "I have great pleasure," says this gentleman, "in paying the tribute to his memory, of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me, during the period of his connection with Mr. Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardour for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of every thing which was entrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attention were unremitted, and his services became extremely valuable a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed, either in the business of his profession, or in private study. With his fondness for literature, we were well acquainted, but had no reason to offer any check to it, for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business. The difficulty of hearing, under which he laboured, was distressing to him in the practice of his profession, and was, I think, an inducement, in co-operation with his other inclinations, for his resolving to relinquish the law. I can, with truth, assert that his determination was matter of serious regret to my partner and myself."

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Mr. Simeon had advised him to *degrade* for a year, and place himself, during that time, under some scholar. He went accordingly to the Rev. — Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, notwithstanding all the intreaties of his friends, pursuing the same unrelenting course of study, a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering, he was prevailed upon to relax, to ride on horseback, and to drink wine; these latter remedies he could not long afford, and he would not allow himself time for relaxation, when he did not feel its immediate necessity. He frequently, at this time, studied fourteen hours a day: the progress which he made in twelve months was indeed astonishing; when he went to Cambridge, he was immediately as much distinguished for his classical knowledge, as his genius; but the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he had so long looked on with hope, served unhappily as a hot house to ripen them*.

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* During his residence in my family, says Mr. Grainger, his conduct was highly becoming, and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended, with great cheerfulness, a Sunday School, which I was endeavouring to establish in the village, and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children; and I have repeatedly observed, that he was most pleased, and most edified, with such of my sermons and addresses to my people, as were most close, plain, and familiar. When we parted, we parted with mutual regret, and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight.

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During his first term, one of the University Scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in College, and almost self-taught, was advised, by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to offer himself as a competitor for it. He past the whole term in preparing himself for this, reading for College subjects in bed, in his walks, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline; but this was not the only misfortune. The general College examination came on; he was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear; the disorder returned, and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the Hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him, with all possible earnestness, to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to support it, and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honours as this, and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honours have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame,

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crowning a distinguished under-graduate, after the Senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a Death's-head under a mask of beauty.

When this was over he went to London; London was a new scene of excitement, and what his mind required was tranquillity and rest. Before he left College he had become anxious concerning his expences, fearing that they exceeded his means. Mr. Catton perceived this, and twice called him to his rooms to assure him of every necessary support, and every encouragement, and to give him every hope. This kindness relieved his spirits of a heavy weight, and on his return he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little. I found among his papers the day thus planned out:—Rise at half past five. Devotions and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, &c. and dinner, and Woollaston, and chapel, to six. Six to nine, reading—three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

Among his latest writings are these resolutions:—

"I will never be in bed after six.

I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reason for so doing.

I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.

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I will labour diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.

I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

Sit mihi gratia addita ad hæc facienda."

About this time, judging by the hand writing, he wrote down the following admonitory sentences, which, as the paper on which they are written is folded into the shape of a very small book, it is probable he carried about with him as a manual.

" 1. Death and judgment are near at hand.

2. Though thy bodily part be now in health and ease, the dews of death will soon sit upon thy forehead.

3. That which seems so sweet and desirable to thee now, will, if yielded to, become bitterness of soul to thee all thy life after.

4. When the waters are come over thy soul, and when in the midst of much bodily anguish, thou distinguishest the dim shores of Eternity before thee, what wouldest thou not give to be lighter by this one sin!

5. God has long withheld his arm; what if his forbearance be now at an end? Canst thou not contemplate

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these things with the eyes of Death? Art thou not a dying man, dying every day, every hour?

6. Is it not a fearful thing to shrink from the summons when it comes? To turn with horror and despair from the future being? Think what strains of joy and tranquillity fall on the ear of the saint who is just swooning into the arms of his Redeemer; what fearful shapes, and dreadful images of a disturbed conscience, surround the sinner's bed, when the last twig which he grasped fails him, and the gulph yawns to receive him.

7. Oh, my soul, if thou art yet ignorant of the enormity of sin, turn thine eyes to the man who is bleeding to death on the cross! see how the blood, from his pierced hands, trickles down his arms, and the more copious streams from his feet run on the accursed tree, and stain the grass with purple! Behold his features, though scarcely animated with a few remaining sparks of life, yet how full of love, pity, and tranquillity! A tear is trickling down his cheek, and his lip quivers.—He is praying for his murderers! O my soul! it is thy Redeemer—it is thy God! And this too for *Sin*—for Sin? and wilt thou ever again submit to its yoke?

8. Remember that the grace of the Holy Spirit of God is ready to save thee from transgression. It is always at hand: thou canst not sin without wilfully rejecting its aid.

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9. And is there real pleasure in Sin? Thou knowest there is not. But there is pleasure, pure and exquisite pleasure in holiness. The Holy Ghost can make the paths of religion and virtue, hard as they seem, and thorny, ways of pleasantness and peace, where though there be thorns, yet are there also roses, and where all the wounds which we suffer in the flesh, from the hardness of the journey, are so healed by the balm of the spirit, that they rather give joy than pain."

The exercise which Henry took was no relaxation; he still continued the habit of studying while he walked; and in this manner, while he was at Cambridge, committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides. Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great College examination, and also one of the three best theme writers, between whom the examiners could not decide. The College offered him, at their expence, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of 66l. per ann. enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This intention he had expressed in a letter, written twelvemonths before his death. "With regard to my college expences, he says, I have the pleasure to inform you, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to wave the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned after the first year; and it is not impossible

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that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure at the thought of this, not through any vain pride of independance, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burthen, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when *in the eyes of the world* the obligation to it has been discharged." Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations; every University honour was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree: but these expectations were poison to him; they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His situation became truly miserable; to his brother, and to his mother, he wrote always that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better; always holding out to them his hopes, and his good fortune; but to the most intimate of his friends, (Mr. Maddock), his letters told a different tale: to him he complained of dreadful palpitations—of nights of sleeplessness and horror, and of spirits depressed to the very depth of wretchedness, so that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring society, even as a starving beggar intreats for food. During the course of this summer, it was expected that the Mastership of the Free-School at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family was at that time mayor of the

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town; he suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from 4 to 600l. per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted it, it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune, especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care and anxiety of his father and mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years.

The indulgence shown him by his College, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation, was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced: he went once more to London to recruit himself,—the worst place to which he could have gone: the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to College, he was so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out, and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so; he added, with that anxious tenderness towards

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the feelings of a most affectionate family which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville with his danger: he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments, the next day sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence.

* * * * * *

The will which I had manifested to serve Henry, he had accepted as the deed, and had expressed himself upon the subject in terms which it would have humbled me to read, at any other time than when I was performing the last service to his memory. On his decease, Mr. B. Maddock addressed a letter to me, informing me of the event, as one who had professed an interest in his friend's fortunes. I enquired, in my reply, if there was any intention of publishing what he might have left, and if I could be of any assistance in the publication; this led to a correspondence with his excellent brother, and the whole of his papers were consigned into my hands, with as many of his letters as could be collected.

These papers (exclusive of the correspondence) filled a box of considerable size. Mr. Coleridge was present

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when I opened them, and was, as well as myself, equally affected and astonished at the proofs of industry which they displayed. Some of them had been written before his hand was formed, probably before he was thirteen. There were papers upon law, upon electricity, upon chemistry, upon the Latin and Greek languages, from their rudiments, to the higher branches of critical study, upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. Nothing seemed to have escaped him. His poems were numerous; among the earliest, was a sonnet addressed to myself, long before the little intercourse which had subsisted between us, had taken place. Little did he think, when it was written, on what occasion it would fall into my hands. He had begun three tragedies when very young; one was upon Boadicea, another upon Iñez de Castro: the third was a fictitious subject. He had planned also a History of Nottingham. There was a letter upon the famous Nottingham election, which seemed to have been intended, either for the newspapers, or for a separate pamphlet. It was written to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty, and the Goddess of Reason; with the most minute knowledge of the circumstances, and a not improper feeling of indignation against so infamous a calumny; and this came with more weight from him, as his party inclinations seem to have leaned towards the side which he was opposing. This was his only finished composition in prose. Much of his time, latterly, had been devoted to the study of Greek prosody: he had begun several poems in Greek, and a translation of the Samson Agonistes. I have inspected

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all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these.

Had my knowledge of Henry terminated here, I should have hardly believed that my admiration and regret for him could have been increased; but I had yet to learn that his moral qualities, his good sense, and his whole feelings, were as admirable as his industry and genius. All his letters to his family have been communicated to me without reserve, and most of those to his friends. A selection from these are arranged in chronological order, in these volumes, which will make him his own biographer, and lay open to the world as pure, and as excellent a heart, as it ever pleased the Almighty to warm with life. Much has been suppressed, which, if Henry had been, like Chatterton, of another generation, I should willingly have published, and the world would willingly have received; but in doing honour to the dead, I have been scrupulously careful never to forget the living.

It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. He was the confidential friend and adviser of every member of his family; this he instinctively became; and the thorough good sense of his advice is not less remarkable than the affection with which it is always communicated. To his mother, he is as earnest in beseeching her to be careful of her health, as he is in labouring to convince her that his own complaints were abating; his letters to her

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are always of hopes, of consolation and of love. To Neville he writes with the most brotherly intimacy, still, however, in that occasional tone of advice which it was his nature to assume, not from any arrogance of superiority, but from earnestness of pure affection. To his younger brother he addresses himself like the tenderest and wisest parent; and to two sisters, then too young for any other communication, he writes to direct their studies, to enquire into their progress, to encourage, and to improve them. Such letters as these are not for the public, but they to whom they are addressed will lay them to their hearts like relics, and will find in them a saving virtue, more than ever relics possessed.

With regard to his poems, the criterion for selection was not so plain; undoubtedly many have been chosen which he himself would not have published, and some few which, had he lived to have taken that rank among English poets, which would assuredly have been within his reach, I also should then have rejected among his posthumous papers. I have, however, to the best of my judgment, selected none which does not either mark the state of his mind, or its progress, or discover evident proofs of what he would have been, if it had not been the will of Heaven to remove him so soon. The reader, who feels any admiration for Henry, will take some interest in all these remains, because they are his; he who shall feel none, must have a blind heart, and therefore a blind understanding. Such poems are to be considered as making up his history. But the greater number are

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of such beauty, that Chatterton is the only youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him.

While he was under Mr. Grainger, he wrote very little; and when he went to Cambridge, he was advised to stifle his poetical fire, for severer and more important studies; to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again. This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few fragments, written chiefly upon the back of his mathematical papers, are all which he produced at the University. The greater part, therefore, of these poems, indeed nearly the whole of them, were written before he was nineteen. Wise as the advice may have been which had been given him, it is now to be regretted that he adhered to it, his latter fragments bearing all those marks of improvement which were to be expected from a mind so rapidly and continually progressive. Frequently he expresses a fear that early death would rob him of his fame; yet short as his life was, it has been long enough for him to leave works worthy of remembrance. The very circumstance of his early death gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him, in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring blossom of his hopes,—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent. To the young poets who come after him, Henry will be what Chatterton was to

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him; and they will find in him an example of hopes, with regard to worldly fortune, as humble; and as exalted in all better things, as are enjoined equally by wisdom and religion, by the experience of man, and the word of God. And this example will be as encouraging as it is excellent. It has been too much the custom to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been, in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices; while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality it aggravates. In this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement, is, sooner or later, sure to receive it. Of this Henry's history is an honourable proof. The particular patronage which he accepted, was given as much to his piety and religious opinions, as to his genius: but assistance was offered him from other quarters. Mr. P. Thomson, (of Boston, Lincolnshire), merely upon perusing his little volume, wrote to know how he could serve him; and there were many friends of literature who were ready to have afforded him any support which he needed, if he had not been thus provided. In the University he received every encouragement which he merited, and from Mr. Simeon, and his tutor Mr. Catton, the most fatherly kindness.

"I can venture," says a Lady of Cambridge, in a letter to his brother, "I can venture to say, with certainty, there was no member of the University, however high his

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rank or talents, who would not have been happy to have availed themselves of the opportunity of being acquainted with Mr. Henry Kirke White. I mention this to introduce a wish, which has been expressed to me so often by the senior members of the University, that I dare not decline the task they have imposed upon me; it is their hope that Mr. Southey will do as much justice to Mr. Henry White's limited wishes, to his unassuming pretensions, and to his rational and fervent piety, as to his various acquirements, his polished taste, his poetical fancy, his undeviating principles, and the excellence of his moral character; and that he will suffer it to be understood that these inestimable qualities had not been unobserved, nor would they have remained unacknowledged. It was the general observation, that he possessed genius without its eccentricities."

Of his fervent piety, his letters, his prayers, and his hymns, will afford ample and interesting proofs. I must be permitted to say, that my own views of the religion of Christ Jesus differ essentially from the system of belief which he had adopted; but, having said this, it is, indeed, my anxious wish to do full justice to piety so fervent. It was in him a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes, and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms, which it ever displayed, of human imperfection.

His temper had been irritable in his younger days, but

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this he had long since effectually overcome: the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared, and it was impossible for man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble. He seldom discovered any sportiveness of imagination, though he would very ably, and pleasantly, rally any one of his friends for any little peculiarity; his conversation was always sober, and to the purpose. That which is most remarkable in him, is his uniform *good sense*, a faculty perhaps less common than genius. There never existed a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, a warmer friend, nor a devouter christian. Of his powers of mind it is superfluous to speak; they were acknowledged wherever they were known. It would be idle too to say what hopes were entertained of him, and what he might have accomplished in literature. These volumes contain what he has left, immature buds, and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been, and secure for him that remembrance upon earth for which he toiled.

"Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
Thou happy soul! and can it be,
That these .....
Are all that must remain of thee!"

Wordsworth.

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LETTERS,

&c.

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LETTERS.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, September, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

IN consequence of your repeated solicitations, I now sit down to write to you, although I never received an answer to the last letter which I wrote, nearly six months ago; but as I never heard you mention it in any of my mother's letters, I am induced to think it has miscarried, or been mislaid in your office.

It is now nearly four months since I entered into Mr. Coldham's office, and it is with pleasure I can assure you, that I never yet found any thing disagreeable, but on the contrary, every thing I do seems a pleasure to me, and for a very obvious reason;—it is a business which I like—a business which I chose before all others; and I have two good tempered, easy masters, but who will, nevertheless, see that their business is done in a neat and proper manner. The study of the law is well known to

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be a dry, difficult task, and requires a comprehensive, good understanding; and I hope you will allow me (without charging me with egotism), to have a tolerable one; and I trust, with perseverance, and a very large law library to refer to, I shall be able to accomplish the study of so much of the laws of England, and our system of jurisprudence, in less than five years, as to enable me to be a country attorney; and then, as I shall have two more years to serve, I hope I shall attain so much knowledge, in all parts of the law, as to enable me, with a little study at the inns of court, to hold an argument, on the nice points in the law, with the best attorney in the kingdom. A man that understands the law is sure to have business; and in case I have no thoughts, in case that is, that I do not aspire to hold the honourable place of a Barrister, I shall feel sure of gaining a genteel livelihood at the business to which I am articled.

I attend at the office at eight in the morning, and leave at eight in the evening; then attend my Latin until nine, which, you may be sure, is pretty close confinement.

Mr. Coldham is clerk to the commercial commissioners, which has occasioned us a deal of extraordinary work. I worked all Sunday, and until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when they were hurried to give in the certificates to the bank. We had also a very troublesome cause last assizes. The Corporation versus Gee, which we (the attornies for the corporation) lost. It

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was really a very fatiguing day, (I mean the day on which it was tried), I never got any thing to eat, from five in the afternoon the preceding day, until twelve the next night, when the trial ended.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 26th June, 1800.

DEAR BROTHER,

* * * * *

MY mother has allowed me a good deal lately for books, and I have a large *assortment*, (a retailer's phrase.) But I hope you do not suppose they consist of novels;—no—I have made a firm resolution never to spend above one hour at this amusement. Though I have been obliged to enter into this resolution in consequence of a vitiated taste acquired by reading romances, I do not intend to banish them entirely from my desk. After long and fatiguing researches in Blackstone or Coke, when the mind becomes weak, through intense application, Tom Jones, or Robinson Crusoe, will afford a pleasing and necessary relaxation.

A-propos—now we are speaking of Robinson Crusoe, I shall observe that it is allowed to be the best novel for youth in the English language. De Foe, the author,

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was a singular character; but as I make no doubt you have read his life, I will not trouble you with any further remarks.

The books which I now read with attention are Blackstone, Knox's Essays, Plutarch, Chesterfield's Letters, four large volumes, Virgil, Homer, and Cicero, and several others. Blackstone and Knox, Virgil and Cicero, I have got; the others I read out of Mr. Coldham's library. I have finished Rollin's Ancient History, Blair's Lectures, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Hume's England, and British Nepos, lately. When I have read Knox, I will send it you, and recommend it to your attentive perusal; it is a most *excellent* work. I also read now the British Classics, the common edition of which I now take in; it comes every fortnight; I dare say you have seen it, it is Cooke's edition. I would recommend you also to read these; I will send them to you. I have got the Citizen of the World, Idler, Goldsmith's Essays, and part of the Rambler. I will send you soon the fourth number of the Monthly Preceptor. I am noticed as worthy of commendation, and as affording an encouraging prospect of future excellence.—You will laugh. I have also turned poet, and have translated an ode of Horace into English *verse*, also for the Monthly Preceptor, but, unfortunately, when I sent it, I forgot the title, so it won't be noticed.

I do not forsake the flowery paths of poesy, for that is my chief delight; I read the best poets. Mr. Coldham

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has got Johnson's complete set, with their lives; these, of course, I read.

With a little drudgery, I read Italian—have got some good Italian works, as Pastor Fido, &c. &c. I taught myself, and have got a grammar.

I must now beg leave to return you my sincere thanks for your kind present. I like "La Bruyere the less," very much; I have read the original La Bruyere: I think him like Rochefoucault. Madame de Genlis is a very able woman.

* * * * * *

But I must now attempt to excuse my neglect in not writing to you. First, I have been very busy with these essays and poems for the Monthly Preceptor. Second, I was rather angry at your last letter—I can bear any thing but a sneer, and it was one continued grin from beginning to end, as were all the notices you made of me in my mother's letters, and I could not, nor can I now brook it. I could say much more, but it is very late, and must beg leave to wish you good night.

I am, Dear Brother,

Your affectionate Friend,

H. K. WHITE.

P. S. You may expect a regular correspondence from

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me in future, but no sneers; and shall be very obliged by a long letter.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 25th June, 1800.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * * *

YOU are inclined to flatter me when you compare my application with yours; in truth, I am not half so assiduous as you, and I am conscious I waste a deal of time unwittingly. But, in reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement; I thirst after knowledge, and though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading an useful book. The plan which I pursued, in order to subdue my disinclination to dry books, was this, to begin *attentively* to peruse it, and continue thus one hour every day: the book insensibly, by this means, becomes pleasing to you, and even when reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret.

With regard to the Monthly Preceptor, I certainly shall be agreeable to your taking it in, as my only objection was the extreme impatience which I feel to see whether

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my essays have been successful; but this may be obviated by your speedy perusal, and not neglecting to forward it. But you must have the goodness not to begin till August, as my bookseller cannot stop it this month.

* * * * * *

I had a ticket, given me, to the boxes, on Monday night, for the benefit of Campbell, from Drury-Lane, and there was such a riot as never was experienced here before. He is a democrat, and the soldiers planned a riot, in conjunction with the *mob*. We heard the shouting of the rabble in the street, before the *play* was over; the moment the curtain dropt, an officer went into the front box, and gave the word of command; immediately about sixty troopers started up, and six trumpeters in the pit played "God save the King." The noise was astonishing. The officers in the boxes then drew their swords, and at another signal the privates in the pit drew their bludgeons, which they had hitherto concealed, and attacked all indiscriminately that had not an uniform: the officers did the same with their swords, and the house was one continued scene of confusion: one pistol was fired, and the ladies were fainting in the Lobby. The outer doors were shut, to keep out the mob, and the people jumped on the stage as a last resource. One of these noble officers, seeing one man stand in the pit with his hat on, jumped over the division, and cut him with his sword, which the man instantly wrenched from him, and broke, whilst the officer sneaked back in disgrace.

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They then formed a troop, and having emptied the play-house, they scoured the streets with their swords, and returned home victorious. The players are, in consequence, dismissed, and we have informations, in our office, against the officers.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, Michaelmas-day, 1800.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I CANNOT divine what, in an epistolary correspondence, can have such charms (with people who write only common-place occurrences) as to attach a man from his usual affairs, and make him waste time and paper on what cannot be of the least real benefit to his correspondent. Amongst relatives, certainly there is always an incitement, we always feel an anxiety for their welfare. But I have no *friend* so dear to me as to cause me to take the trouble of reading his letters, if they only contained an account of his health, and the mere nothings of the day; indeed such an one would be unworthy of friendship. What then is requisite to make one's correspondence valuable? I answer, *sound sense*.—Nothing more is requisite; as to the style, one may very readily excuse its faults, if repaid by the sentiments. You have

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better natural abilities than many youth, but it is with regret I see that you will not give yourself the trouble of writing a good letter. There is hardly any species of composition, (in my opinion), easier than the epistolary; but, my friend, you never found any art, however trivial, that did not require some application at first. For, if an artist, instead of endeavouring to surmount the difficulties which presented themselves, were to rest contented with mediocrity, how could he possibly ever arrive at excellence?—Thus 'tis with you; instead of that indefatigable perseverance which, in other cases, is a leading trait in your character, I hear you say, "Ah, my poor brains were never formed for letter writing—I shall never write a good letter," or some such phrases; and thus, by despairing of ever arriving at excellence, you render yourself hardly tolerable. You may, perhaps, think this art beneath your notice, or unworthy of your pains; if so, you are assuredly mistaken, for there is hardly any thing which would contribute more to the advancement of a young man, or which is more engaging.

You read, I believe, a good deal; nothing could be more acceptable to me, or more improving to you, than making a part of your letters to consist of your sentiments, and opinion of the books you peruse; you have no idea how beneficial this would be to yourself, and that you are able to do it, I am certain. One of the greatest impediments to good writing, is the thinking too much before you note down. This, I think, you are not entirely free from. I hope, that by always writing the first

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idea that presents itself, you will soon conquer it; my letters are always the rough first draft, of course there are many alterations; these you will excuse.

I have written most of my letters to you in so negligent a manner that, if you would have the goodness to return all you have preserved *sealed*, I will peruse them, and all sentences worth preserving I will extract and return.

You observe, in your last, that your letters are read with contempt.—Do you speak as you think?

You had better write again to Mr. ———. Between friends, the common forms of the world in writing letter for letter, need not be observed; but never write three without receiving one in return, because in that case they must be thought unworthy of answer.

We have been so busy lately, I could not answer yours sooner.—Once a month suppose we write to each other. If you ever find that my correspondence is not worth the trouble of carrying on, inform me of it, and it shall cease.

* * * * * *

P. S. If any expression in this be too harsh, excuse it. —I am not in an ill humour recollect.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 11th April, 1801.

DEAR NEVILLE,

ON opening yours, I was highly pleased to find two and a half sheets of paper, and nothing could exceed my joy at so apparently long a letter; but upon finding it consisted of sides filled after the rate of five words in a line, and nine lines in a page, I could not conceal my chagrin; and I am sure I may very modestly say that one of my ordinary pages contains three of yours; if you knew half the pleasure I feel in your correspondence, I am confident you would lengthen your letters. You tantalize me with the hopes of a prolific harvest, and I find, alas! a thin crop, whose goodness only makes me lament its scantiness.

* * * * * *

I had almost forgot to tell you that I have obtained the first prize (of a pair of Adams's twelve-inch globes, value three guineas), in the first class of the Monthly Preceptor. The subject was an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. It is printed consequently, and shall send it to you the very first opportunity. The proposals stated that the essay was not to exceed three pages when printed—mine takes seven; therefore I am astonished they gave me the first prize. There was an extraordinary number of candidates, and they said they never had a greater number of excellent ones, and they

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wished they could have given thirty prizes. You will find it (in a letter) addressed to N———, meaning yourself.

* * * * * *

Warton is a poet from whom I have derived the most exquisite pleasure and gratification. He abounds in sublimity and loftiness of thought, as well as expression. His "Pleasures of Melancholy" is truly a sublime poem. The following passage I particularly admire.

"Nor undelightful in the solemn noon
Of night, where, haply wakeful from my couch
I start, lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie;
All Nature's hush'd in silence, and in sleep.
Oh, then, how fearful is it to reflect
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me."

How affecting are the latter lines; it is impossible to withstand the emotions which rise on its perusal, and I envy not that man his insensibility, who can read them with apathy. Many of the pieces of the Bible are written in this sublime manner: one psalm, I think the 18th, is a perfect master-piece, and has been imitated by many poets. Compare these, or the above quoted from Warton, with the finest piece in Pope, and then judge of the rank which he holds as a poet. Another instance of the sublime in poetry, I will give you from Akenside's ad-

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mirable "Pleasures of Imagination," where, speaking of God, he says, he

> "Rides on the volley'd light'ning thro' the heav'ns,
> And yok'd with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,
> Sweeps the long tract of day."

Many of these instances of sublimity will occur to you in Thomson.

James begs leave to present you with Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy. Bloomfield has no grandeur or height, he is a pastoral poet, and the simply sweet is what you are to expect from him; nevertheless, his descriptions are sometimes little inferior to Thomson.

* * * * * *

How pleased should I be, Neville, to have you with us at Nottingham. Our fire-side would be delightful.—I should profit by your sentiments and experience, and you possibly might gain a little from my small bookish knowledge. But I am afraid that time will never come; your time of apprenticeship is nearly expired, and in all appearance, the small residue that yet remains, will be passed in hated London. When you are emancipated, you will have to mix in the bustle of the world, in all probability also, far from home; so that, when we have just learnt how happy we might mutually make ourselves, we find scarcely a shadow of a probability of ever

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having the opportunity. Well, well, it is in vain to resist the immutable decrees of fate.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, April, 1801.

DEAR NEVILLE,

AS I know you will participate with me in the pleasure I receive from literary distinctions, I hasten to inform you, that my poetical essay on Gratitude is printed in this month's Preceptor—that my Remarks on Warton are promised insertion in the next month's Mirror, and that my Essay on Truth is printed in the present (April) Monthly Visitor. The Preceptor I shall not be able to send you until the end of this month. The Visitor you will herewith receive. The next month's Mirror I shall consequently buy. I wish it were not quite so expensive, as I think it a very good work. Benjamin Thompson, Capel Lofft, Esq. Robert Bloomfield, Thomas Dermody, Mr. Gilchrist, under the signature of Octavius, Mrs. Blore, a noted female writer, under the signature of Q. Z. are correspondents; and the Editors are not only men of genius and taste, but of the greatest respectability. As I shall now be a regular contributor to this work, and as I think it contains much good matter, I have half an

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inclination to take it in, more especially as you have got the prior volumes; but in the present state of my finances, it will not be prudent, unless you accede to a proposal which, I think, will be gratifying to yourself. It is to take it, in conjunction with me, by which means we shall both have the same enjoyment of it, with half the expence. It is of little consequence who takes them, only he must be expeditious in reading them. If you have any the least objection to this scheme, do not suppress it thro' any regard to punctilio. I have only proposed it, and it is not *very* material whether you concur or not; only exercise your own discretion.

You say, (speaking of a passage concerning you in my last) "this is compliment sufficient, the rest must be flattery."—Do you seriously, Neville, think me capable of flattery?

As you well know I am a carping, critical little dog, you will not be surprised at my observing that there is one figure in your last that savours rather of the ludicrous, where you talk of a "butterfly *hopping* from book to book."

As to the something that I am to find out, that is a perpetual bar to your progress in knowledge, &c. I am inclined to think, Doctor, it is merely *conceit*. You fancy that you cannot write a letter—you dread its idea; you conceive that a work of four volumes would require the labours of a life to read through; you persuade

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yourself that you cannot retain what you read, and in despair do not attempt to conquer these visionary impediments. Confidence, Neville, in one's own abilities, is a sure forerunner (in similar circumstances with the present) of success. As an illustration of this, I beg leave to adduce the example of Pope, who had so high a sense, in his youth, or rather *in his infancy*, of his own capacity, that there was nothing of which, when once set about it, he did not think himself capable; and as Dr. Johnson has observed, the natural consequence of this minute perception of his own powers, was his arriving at so high a pitch of perfection as it was possible for a man, with his few natural endowments, to attain.

* * * * * *

When you wish to read Johnson's Lives of the Poets, send for them. I have lately purchased them. I have now a large library. My mother allows me ten pounds per annum for clothes. I always dress in a respectable, and even in a genteel manner, yet I can make much less than this sum suffice. My father generally gives me one coat in a year, and I make two serve. I then receive one guinea per annum for keeping my mother's books; one guinea per annum pocket money; and by other means I gain, perhaps, two guineas more per annum: so that I have been able to buy pretty many, and when you come home you will find me in my study, surrounded with books and papers. I am a perfect garretter: great part of my library, however, consists of professional

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books, Have you read Burke on the Sublime? Knox's Winter Evening—can lend them to you, if you have not.

Really, Neville, were you fully sensible how much my time is occupied, principally about my profession, as a primary concern, and in the hours necessarily set apart to relaxation on polite literature, to which, as a hobby horse, I am very desirous of paying some attention, you would not be angry at my delay in writing, or my short letters. It is always with joy that I devote a leisure hour to you, as it affords you gratification; and rest assured that I always participate in your pleasure, and poignantly feel every adverse incident which causes you pain.

Permit me, however, again to observe, that one of my sheets is equal to two of yours, and I cannot but consider this as a kind of fallacious deception, for you always think that your letters contain so much more than mine, because they occupy more room. If you were to count the words, the difference would not be so great. You must also take in account the unsealed communications to periodical works, which I now reckon a part of my letter, and therefore you must excuse my concluding, on the first sheet, by assuring you that I still remain,

Your friend and brother,

H. K. WHITE.

P. S. A postscript is a natural appendage to a letter.—I only have to say, that positively you shall receive a

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six or eight sheet letter, and that written legibly, ere long.

TO MR. BOOTH.

Nottingham, August 12th, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST beg leave to apologize for not having returned my sincere acknowledgments to yourself, and Mrs. Booth, for your very acceptable presents at an earlier period. I now, however, acquit myself of the duty, and assure you, that from both of the works I have received much gratification, and edification, but more particularly from one on the Trinity*, a production which displays much erudition, and a very laudable zeal for the true interests of religion. Religious polemics, indeed, have seldom formed a part of my studies; though, whenever I happened accidentally to turn my thoughts to the subject of the protestant doctrine of the Godhead, and compared it with Arian and Socinian, many doubts interfered, and I even began to think that the more nicely the subject was investigated, the more perplexed it would appear, and was on the point of forming a resolution to

* Jones on the Trinity.

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go to heaven in my own way, without meddling or involving myself in the inextricable labyrinth of controversial dispute, when I received and perused this excellent treatise, which finally cleared up the mists which my ignorance had conjured around me, and clearly pointed out the real truth. The intention of the author precluded the possibility of his employing the ornaments and graces of composition in his work; for as it was meant for all ranks, it must be suited to all capacities; but the arguments are drawn up, and arranged in so forcible and perspicuous a manner, and are written so plainly, yet pleasingly, that I was absolutely charmed with them.

The "Evangelical Clergyman" is a very smart piece; the author possesses a considerable portion of sarcastic spirit, and no little acrimony, perhaps not consistent with the christian meekness which he wishes to inculcate. I consider, however, that London would not have many graces, or attractions, if despoiled of all the amusements to which, in one part of his pamphlet, he objects. In theory, the destruction of these vicious recreations, is very fine; but, in practice, I am afraid he would find it quite different. * * * The other parts of this piece are very just, and such as every person must subscribe to. Clergymen, in general, are not what they ought to be; and I think Mr. ——— has pointed out their duties very accurately. But I am afraid I shall be deemed impertinent and tiresome, in troubling you with ill-timed and obtrusive opinions, and beg leave, there-

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fore, to conclude, with respects to yourself and Mrs. Booth, by assuring you that I am, according to custom, from time immemorial, and in due form,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, ——— 1802.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sure you will excuse me for not having immediately answered your letter, when I relate the cause. —I was preparing, at that moment when I received yours, a volume of poems for the press, which I shall shortly see published. I finished and sent them off for London last night; and I now hasten to acknowledge your letter.

I am very happy that any poem of mine should meet with *your* approbation. I prefer the cool and dispassionate praise of the discriminate *few*, to the boisterous applause of the *crowd*.

Our professions, neither of them leave much leisure for the study of polite literature; I myself have, however, *coined* time, if you will allow the metaphor, and

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while I have made such a proficiency in the law, as has ensured me the regard of my *governors*, I have paid my secret devoirs to the ladies of Helicon. My draughts, at the "fountain Arethuse," it is true, have been principally made at the hour of midnight, when even the guardian nymphs of the well may be supposed to have slept; they are, consequently, stolen and forced. I do not see any thing in the confinement of our situations, in the meantime, which should separate congenial minds. A literary *acquaintance* is, to me, always valuable; and a *friend*, whether lettered or unlettered, is highly worth cultivation. I hope we shall both of us have enough leisure to keep up an intimacy, which began very agreeably for me, and has been suffered to decay with regret.

I am not able to do justice to your unfortunate friend Gill; I knew him only superficially, and yet I saw enough of his unassuming modesty, and simplicity of manners, to feel a conviction that he had a valuable heart. The verses on the other side are perhaps beneath mediocrity; they are, sincerely, the work of thirty minutes this morning, and I send them to you with all their imperfections on their head.

Perhaps they will have sufficient merit for the Nottingham paper, at least their locality will shield them a little in that situation, and give them an interest they do not otherwise possess.

Do you think calling the Naiads of the fountains

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"Nymphs of Pæon," is an allowable liberty? The allusion is to their healthy and bracing qualities.

The last line of the seventh stanza contains an apparent *pleonasm*, to say no worse of it, and yet it was not written as such. The idea was from the shriek of *Death* (personified), and the scream of the dying man.

* * * * * * *

ELEGY

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Gill, who was drowned in the river Trent, while bathing, 9th August, 1802.

1.

HE sunk—th' impetuous river roll'd along,
The sullen wave betray'd his dying breath*;
And rising sad, the rustling sedge among,
The gale of evening touch'd the cords of death.

2.

Nymph of the Trent! why didst not thou appear
To snatch the victim from thy felon wave?
Alas! too late thou cam'st to embalm his bier,
And deck with water flags his early grave.

---

* This line may appear somewhat obscure.—It alludes to the last bubbling of the water, after a person has sunk, caused by the final expiration of the air from the lungs; inhalation, by introducing the water, produces suffocation.

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3.

Triumphant, riding o'er its tumid prey,
Rolls the red stream in sanguinary pride;
While anxious crouds, in vain, expectant stay,
And ask the swoln corse from the murdering tide.

4.

The stealing tear-drop stagnates in the eye,
The sudden sigh by friendship's bosom prov'd,
I mark them rise—I mark the gen'ral sigh;
Unhappy youth! and wert thou so belov'd?

5.

On thee, as lone I trace the Trent's green brink,
When the dim twilight slumbers on the glade;
On thee, my thoughts shall dwell, nor Fancy shrink
To hold mysterious converse with thy shade.

6.

Of thee, as early I, with vagrant feet,
Hail the grey-sandal'd morn in Colwick's vale,
Of thee, my sylvan reed shall warble sweet,
And wild-wood echoes shall repeat the tale.

7.

And oh! ye nymphs of Pæon! who preside
O'er running rill and salutary stream,
Guard ye in future well the Halcyon tide,
From the rude Death-shriek and the dying scream.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 10th February, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * * * *

NOW with regard to the subscription, I shall certainly agree to this mode of publication, and I am very much obliged to you for what you say regarding it. But we must wait (except among your private friends) until we get Lady Derby's answer, and *Proposals* are printed. I think we shall readily raise 350, though Nottingham is the worst place imaginable for any thing of that kind. Even envy will interfere. I shall send proposals to Chesterfield, to my uncle; to Sheffield, to Miss Gales's, (booksellers), whom I saw at Chesterfield, and who have lately sent me a pressing invitation to S——, accompanied with a desire of Montgomery, (the Poet Paul Positive), to see me; to Newark—Allen and Wright, my friends there, (the latter a bookseller), and I think if they were stitched up with all the Monthly Mirrors, it would promote the subscription. You are not to take any money; that would be absolute begging: the subscribers put down their names, and pay the bookseller of whom they get the copy.

* * * * * *

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 10th March, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I AM cured of patronage hunting; I will not expose myself to any more similar mortifications, but shall thank you to send the manuscripts to Mr. Hill, with a note stating that I had written to the Duchess, and receiving no answer, you had called, and been informed by a servant that in all probability she never read the letter, as she desired to know *what the book was left there for;* that you had, in consequence, come away with the manuscripts, under a conviction that your brother would give her Grace no further trouble. State also that you have received a letter from me, expressing a desire that the publication might be proceeded on, without any further solicitation or delay.

A name of eminence was, nevertheless, a most desirable thing to me in Nottingham, as it would attach more respectability to the subscription; but I see all further efforts will only be productive of procrastination.

* * * * * *

I think you may as well begin to obtain subscribers amongst friends, now, though the proposals may not be issued at present.

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I have got twenty-three, without making the affair public at all, among my immediate acquaintance: and mind, I neither solicit nor draw the conversation to the subject, but a rumour has got abroad, and has been received more favourably than I expected.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 2nd May, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I HAVE just gained a piece of intelligence which much vexes me. Robinson, the bookseller, knows that I have written to the Duchess of Devonshire, and he took the liberty (certainly an unwarrantable one) to mention it to * * * *, whose * * * * was inscribed to her Grace. Mr. * * * said, that unless I had got a friend to deliver the poems, *personally*, into the hands of her Grace, it was a hundred to one that they ever reached her; that the porter at the lodge burns scores of letters and pacquets a day, and particularly all letters by the twopenny post are consigned to the fire. The rest, if they are not particularly excepted, as inscribed with a *pass name* on the back, are thrown into a closet, to be reclaimed at leisure. He said, the way he proceeded was this:—He left his card at her

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door, and the next day called, and was admitted. Her Grace then gave him permission, with this proviso, that the dedication was as short as possible, and contained no compliments, as the Duke had taken offence at some such compliments.

Now, as my letter was delivered by you at the door, I have scarcely a doubt that it is classed with the penny post letters, and burnt. If my manuscripts are destroyed, I am ruined, but I hope it is otherwise. However, I think you had better call immediately, and ask for a parcel for Mr. H. White, of Nottingham. They will, of course, say they have no such parcel; and then, perhaps, you may have an opportunity of asking whether a pacquet, left in the manner you left mine, had any probability of reaching the Duchess. If you obtain no satisfaction, there remains no way of re-obtaining my volume, but this, (and I fear you will never agree to put it in execution): to leave a card, with your name inscribed, (Mr. J. N. White), and call the next day. If you are admitted, you will state to her Grace the purport of your errand, as for a volume of poems in manuscript, sent by your brother a fortnight ago, with a letter, (say from Nottingham, as a reason why I do not wait on her), requesting permission of dedication to her; and that as you found her Grace had not received them, you had taken the liberty, after many enquiries at her door, to request to see her in person,

I hope your diffidence will not be put to this test; I

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hope you will get the poems without trouble; as for begging patronage, I am tired to the soul of it, and shall give it up.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I WRITE you, with intelligence of a very important nature. You some time ago had an intimation of my wish to enter the church, in case my deafness was not removed.—About a week ago I became acquainted with the Rev. ———, late of St. John's College, Cambridge, and in consequence of what he has said, I have finally determined to enter myself of Trinity College, Cambridge, with the approbation of all my friends.

Mr. ——— says that it is a shame to keep me away from the University, and that circumstances are of no importance. He says, that if I am entered of Trinity, where they are all *select men*, I must *necessarily*, with my abilities, arrive at preferment. He says he will be answerable that the first year I shall obtain a Scholarship, or an exhibition adequate to my support. That by the

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time I have been of five years standing, I shall of course become a Fellow, (200l. a year); that with the Fellowship, I may hold a Professorship, (500l. per annum); and a living or curacy until better preferments occur. He says, that there is *no uncertainty* in the church to a truly pious man, and a man of abilities and eloquence. That those who are unprovided for, are generally men who, having no interest, are idle drones, or dissolute debauchees, and therefore ought not to expect advancement. That a poet, in particular, has the means of patronage in his pen; and that, in one word, no young man can enter the church (except he be of family), with better prospects than myself. On the other hand, Mr. Enfield has himself often observed, that my deafness will be an insuperable obstacle to me, as an attorney, and has said how unfortunate a thing it was for me not to have known of the growing defect, in my organs of hearing, before I articled myself. Under these circumstances, I conceive I should be culpable did I let go so good an opportunity as now occurs. Mr. ——— will write to all his university friends, and he says there is so much liberality there, that they will never let a young man of talents be turned from his studies by want of cash.

. . . . . .

Yesterday I spoke to Mr. Enfield, and he, with unexampled generosity, said that he saw clearly what an advantageous thing it would be for me; that I must be sensible what a great loss he and Mr. Coldham would suffer; but that he was certain neither he, nor Mr.

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C————, could oppose themselves to any thing which was so much to my advantage. When Mr. C———— returns from London, the matter will be settled with my mother.

All my mother's friends seem to think this an excellent thing for me, and will do all in their power to forward me.

Now we come to a very important part of the business—*the means*. I shall go with my friend Robert, in the capacity of *Sizar*, to whom the expense is not more than 60l. per annum. Towards this Sum, my mother will contribute 20l. being what she allows me now for clothes; (by this means she will save my board); and, for the residue, I must trust to getting a Scholarship, or Chapel Clerk's post. But, in order to make this residue *certain*, I shall, at the expiration of twelve months, publish a second volume of poems by subscription.

* * *

My friend, Mr. ———, says, that so far as his means will go, I shall never ask assistance in vain. He has but a small income, though of great family. He has just lost two rectories by scruples of Conscience, and now preaches at ———— for 80l. a year. The following letter he put into my hand as I was leaving him, after having breakfasted with him yesterday. He put it into my hand, and requested me not to read it until I got

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home. It is a breach of trust letting you see it, but I wish you to know his character.

"My dear Sir,

"I sincerely wish I had it in my power to render you "any essential service, to facilitate your passing through "College: believe me, I have the *will*, but not the "*means*. Should the enclosed be of any service, either "to purchase books, or for other pocket expenses, I re- "quest your acceptance of it; but must intreat you not "to notice it, *either to myself*, or any living creature: I "pray God that you may employ those talents that he "has given you, to his glory, and to the benefit of his "people. I have great fears for you; the temptations "of College are great. Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

* * *

The enclosure was 2l. 2s. I could not refuse what was so delicately offered, though I was sorry to take it: he is truly an amiable character.

* * *

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, 1803.

DEAR NEVILLE,

YOU may conceive with what emotions I read your brotherly letter; I feel a very great degree of aversion to burthening my family any more than I have done, and now do; but an offer so delicate and affectionate I cannot refuse, and if I should need pecuniary assistance, which I am in hopes I shall not, *at least after the first year*, I shall, without a moment's hesitation, apply to my brother Neville.

My college schemes yet remain in a considerable degree of uncertainty; I am very uneasy thereabouts. I have not heard from Cambridge yet, and it is very doubtful whether there be a vacant Sizarship in Trinity; so that I can write you no further information on this head.

* * *

I suppose you have seen my Review in this month's Mirror, and that I need not comment upon it; such a review I neither expected, nor in fact deserve.

I shall not send up the Mirror this month, on this account, as it is policy to keep it, and you have, no doubt, received one from Mr. Hill.

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The errors in the Greek quotation I perceived the moment I got down the first copies, and altered them, in most, with the pen; they are very unlucky; I have sent up the copies for the reviews myself, in order that I might make the correction in them.

I have got now to write letters to all the Reviewers, and hope you will excuse my abrupt conclusion of this letter on that score.

I am,

Dear Neville,

Affectionately yours,

H. K. WHITE.

I shall write to Mr. Hill now the first thing; I owe much to him.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham,

MY DEAR BEN,

* * *

AND now, my dear Ben, I must confess your letter gave me much pain; there is a tone of despondence in it which I must condemn, inasmuch as it is occasioned by circumstances which do not involve your own exer-

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tions, but which are utterly independent of yourself: if you do your duty, why lament that it is not *productive?* In whatever situation we may be placed, there is a duty we owe to God and religion; it is resignation,—nay, I may say contentment. All things are in the hands of God; and shall we mortals (if we do not absolutely repine at his dispensations), be fretful under them? I do beseech you, my dear Ben, summon up the christian within you, and, steeled with holy fortitude, go on your way rejoicing! There is a species of morbid sensibility to which I myself have often been a victim, which preys upon my heart, and, without giving birth to one actively useful, or benevolent feeling, does but brood on selfish sorrows, and magnify its own misfortunes. The evils of such a sensibility, I pray to God you may never feel, but I would have you beware, for it grows on persons of a certain disposition, before they are aware of it.

I am sorry my letter gave you pain, and I trust my suspicions were without foundation. Time, my dear Ben, is the discoverer of hearts, and I feel a sweet confidence that he will knit ours yet more closely together.

I believe my lot in life is nearly fixed; a month will tell me whether I am to be a minister of Christ, in the established church, *or out*. One of the two I am now finally resolved, if it please God, to be: I know my own unworthiness; I feel deeply that I am far from being that pure and undefiled temple of the Holy Ghost, that a minister of the word of life ought to be; yet still I

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have an unaccountable hope that the Lord will sanctify my efforts, that he will purify me, and that I shall become his devoted servant.

I am at present under afflictions and contentions of spirit, heavier than I have yet ever experienced. I think, at times, I am mad, and destitute of religion. My pride is not yet subdued; the unfavourable review (in the "Monthly") of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my book is worthless; and this, with every appearance of candour. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me; this Review goes before me wherever I turn my steps; it haunts me incessantly, and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I *must* leave Nottingham. If the answer of the Elland Society be unfavourable, I purpose writing to the Marquis of Wellesley, to offer myself as a student at the academy he has instituted at Fort William, in Bengal, and at the proper age to take orders there. The missionaries, at that place, have done wonders already, and I should, I hope, be a valuable labourer in the vineyard. If the Marquis take no notice of my application, or do not accede to my proposal, I shall place myself in some other way of making a meet preparation for the holy office, either in the Calvinistic Academy, or in one of the Scotch Uni-

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versities, where I shall be able to live at scarcely any expence.*

* * *

TO MR. R. A——.

Nottingham, 18th April, 1804.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I HAVE just received your letter. Most fervently do I return thanks to God for this providential opening; it has breathed new animation into me, and my breast expands with the prospect of becoming the minister of Christ, where I most desired it; but where I almost feared all probability of success was nearly at an end. Indeed, I had begun to turn my thoughts to the dissenters, as people of whom I was destined, not by choice, but necessity, to become the pastor. Still, although I knew I should be happy any where, so that I were a profitable labourer in the vineyard, I did, by no means, feel that calm, that indescribable satisfaction which I do, when I look toward that church, which I think, in the main, formed on the apostolic model, and from which I am decidedly of opinion there is no positive grounds for dissent. I return thanks to God for keeping me so long

* This letter was not seen by the editor till after the prefatory memoir was printed.

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in suspense, for I know it has been beneficial to my soul, and I feel a considerable trust that the way is now about to be made clear, and that my doubts and fears on this head will, in due time, be removed.

Could I be admitted at St. John's, I conclude, from what I have heard, that my provision would be adequate; not otherwise. From my mother I could depend on 15 or 20l. a year, if she live, toward college expences, and I could spend the long vacation at home. The 20l. per annum from my brother would suffice for clothes, &c. so that if I could procure 20l. a year more, as you seem to think I may, by the kindness of Mr. Martyn, I conceive I might, with economy, be supported at College: of this, however, you are the best judge.

You may conceive how much I feel obliged by Mr. Martyn, on this head, as well as to you, for your unwearying exertions. Truly, friends have risen up to me in quarters where I could not have expected them, and they have been raised, as it were, by the finger of God. I have reason, above all men, to be grateful to the father of all mercies, for his loving kindness towards me: surely no one can have had more experience of the fatherly concern with which God watches over, protects, and succours his chosen seed, than I have had; and surely none could have less expected such a manifestation of his grace, and none could have less merited its continuance.

* * *

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In pursuance of your injunction, I shall lay aside Grotius, and take up Cicero and Livy, or Tacitus. In Greek, I must rest contented, for the ensuing fourteen days, with the Testament; I shall then have conquered the gospels, and if things go on smoothly, the Acts. I shall then read Homer, and perhaps Plato's Phædon, which I lately picked up at a Stall. My classical knowledge is very superficial; it has very little depth or solidity: but I have really so small a portion of leisure, that I wonder at the progress I do make. I believe I must copy the old divines, in rising at four o'clock, for my evenings are so much taken up with visiting the sick, and with young men who come for religious conversation, that there is but little time for study.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, 24th April, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

TRULY I am grieved, that whenever I undertake to be the messenger of glad tidings I should frustrate my own design, and communicate to my good intelligence a taint of sadness, as it were by contagion. Most joyfully did I sit down to write my last, as I knew I had wherewith to administer comfort to you; and yet, after all, I find that by gloomy anticipations I have converted my

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balsam into bitterness, and have by no means imparted that unmixed pleasure which I wished to do.

Forebodings and dismal calculations are, I am convinced, very useless, and I think very pernicious speculations—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."—And yet how apt are we, when imminent trials molest us, to increase the burthen by melancholy ruminations on future evils—evils which exist only in our own imaginations—and which, should they be realized, will certainly arrive in time to oppress us sufficiently, without our adding to their existence by previous apprehension, and thus voluntarily incurring the penalty of misfortunes yet in prospective, and trials yet unborn. Let us guard then, I beseech you, against these ungrateful divinations into the womb of futurity—we know our affairs are in the hands of one who has wisdom to do for us beyond our narrow prudence, and we cannot, by taking thought, avoid any afflictive dispensation which God's providence may have in store for us. Let us therefore enjoy with thankfulness the present sunshine, without adverting to the coming storm. Few and transitory are the intervals of calm and settled day with which we are cheered in the tempestuous voyage of life; we ought therefore to enjoy them, while they last, with unmixed delight, and not turn the blessing into a curse, by lamenting that it cannot endure without interruption. We, my beloved friend, are united in our affections by no common bands—bands which I trust are too strong to be easily disevered—yet

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we know not what God may intend with respect to us, nor have we any business to enquire—we should rely on the mercy of our Father, who is in heaven—and, if we are to anticipate, we should hope the best. I stand self-accused therefore for my prurient, and, I may say, *irreligious* fears. A prudent foresight, as it may guard us from many impending dangers, is laudable; but a morbid propensity to seize and brood over future ills is agonising, while it is utterly useless, and therefore ought to be repressed.

I have received intelligence, since writing the above, which nearly settles my future destination. A——— informs me, that Mr. Martyn, a fellow of St. John's, has about 20l. a year to dispose of, towards keeping a religious man at college—and he seems convinced that, if my mother allows me 20l. a year more, I may live at *St. John's*, provided I could gain admittance, which, at that college, is difficult, unless you have previously stood in the list for a year. Mr. Martyn thinks, if I propose myself immediately, I shall get upon the foundation, and by this day's post I have transmitted testimonials of my classical acquirements. In a few days, therefore, I hope to hear that I am on the boards of St. John's.

Mr. Dashwood has informed me, that he also has received a letter from a gentleman, a magistrate near Cambridge, offering me all the assistance in his power towards getting through college, so as there be no obligation. My way therefore is now pretty clear.

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I have just risen from my knees, returning thanks to our heavenly Father for this providential opening—my heart is quite full. Help me to be grateful to him, and pray that I may be a faithful minister of his word.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I SIT down with unfeigned pleasure to write, in compliance with your request, that I would explain to you the real doctrines of the church of England, or what is the same thing, of the Bible. The subject is most important, inasmuch as it affects that part of man which is incorruptible, and which must exist for ever—his soul. When God made the brute creation, he merely embodied the dust of the earth, and gave it the power of locomotion, or of moving about, and of existing in a certain sphere. In order to afford mute animals a rule of action, by which they might be kept alive, he implanted in them certain instincts from which they can never depart. Such is that of self-preservation and the selection of proper food.—But he not only endued man with these powers, but he gave him *mind*, or spirit—a faculty which enables him to ruminate on the objects which he does not see—to compare impressions—to invent—and to feel pleasure and

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pain, when their causes are either gone or past, or lie in the future. This is what constitutes the human soul. It is an immaterial essence—no one knows what it consists of, or where it resides; the brain and the heart are the organs, which it most seems to affect; but it would be absurd to infer therefrom, that the material organs of the heart and the brain constitute the soul, seeing that the impressions of the mind sometimes affect one organ and sometimes the other. Thus, when any of the passions—love, hope, fear, pleasure, or pain are excited, we feel them at our heart. When we discuss a topic of cool reasoning, the process is carried on in the brain, yet both parts are in a greater or less degree acted upon on all occasions, and we may therefore conclude, that the soul resides in neither individually, but is an *immaterial* spirit —which occasionally impresses the one and occasionally the other. That the soul is immaterial, has been proved to a mathematical demonstration. When we strike, we lift up our arm—when we walk, we protrude our legs alternately,—but when we think, we move no organ: the reason depends on no action of matter, but seems as it were to hover over us, to regulate the machine of our bodies, and to meditate and speculate on things abstract as well as simple, extraneous as well as connected with our individual welfare, without having any bond which can unite it with our gross corporeal bodies. The flesh is like the temporary tabernacle which the soul inhabits, governs, and regulates; but as it does not consist in any organisation of matter, our bodies may die and return to the dust from whence they were taken, while our souls,

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incorporeal essences—are incapable of death and annihilation. The spirit is that portion of God's own immortal nature, which he breathed into our clay at our birth, and which therefore cannot be destroyed, but will continue to exist when its earthly habitation is mingled with its parent dust. We must admit therefore, what all ages and nations, savage as well as civilized, have acknowledged, that we have souls, and that as they are incorporeal they do not die with our bodies, but are necessarily immortal. The question then naturally arises, what becomes of them after death? Here, man of his own wisdom must stop:—but God has thought fit, in his mercy, to reveal to us in a great measure the secret of our natures, and in the Holy Scriptures we find a plain and intelligible account of the purposes of our existence, and the things we have to expect in the world to come. And here I shall just remark, that the authenticity and divine inspiration of Moses are established beyond a doubt; and that no *learned* man can possibly deny their authority. Over all nations, even among the Savages of America, cut out as it were from the eastern world, there are traditions extant of the flood, of Noah, Moses, and other patriarchs, by names which come so near the proper ones, as to remove all doubt of their identity. You know mankind is continually encreasing in number, and consequently, if you make a calculation backwards, the numbers must continue lessening, and lessening, until you come to a point where there was only one man. Well, according to the most probable calculation, this point will be found to be about 5,800 years back, viz. the time of the creation, making allow-

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ance for the flood. Moreover, there are appearances upon the surface of the globe, which denote the manner in which it was founded, and the process thus developed will be found to agree very exactly with the *figurative* account of Moses.—(Of this I shall treat in a subsequent letter.)—Admitting then that the books of the Pentateuch were written by divine inspiration, we see laid before us the whole history of our race, and including the prophets, and the New Testament, the whole scheme of our future existence, we learn in the first place, that God created man in a state of perfect happiness, that he was placed in the midst of every thing that could delight the eye or fascinate the mind, and that he had only one command imposed upon him, which he was to keep under the penalty of death. This command God has been pleased to cover to our eyes with impenetrable obscurity. Moses, in the figurative language of the East, calls it eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. But this we *can* understand, that man rebelled against the command of his Maker, and plunged himself by that crime, from a state of bliss to a state of sorrow, and in the end, of death.—By death here is meant, the exclusion of the soul from future happiness. It followed, that if Adam fell from bliss, his posterity must fall, for the fruit must be like the parent stock, and a man made as it were dead must likewise bring forth children under the same curse.—Evil cannot beget good.

But the benign Father of the universe had pity upon Adam and his posterity, and knowing the frailty of our

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nature he did not wish to assume the whole terrors of his just vengeance. Still God is a being who is infinitely *just*, as well as infinitely *merciful*, and therefore his decrees are not to be dispensed with, and his offended justice must have expiation. The case of mankind was deplorable;—myriads yet unborn were implicated by the crime of their common progenitor in general ruin. But the mercy of God prevailed, and Jesus Christ, the Messias, of whom all ages talked before he came down amongst men, offered himself up as an atonement for man's crimes.—The Son of God himself, infinite in mercy, offered to take up the human form, to undergo the severest pains of human life, and the severest pangs of death; he offered to lie under the power of the grave for a certain period, and in a word to sustain all the punishment of our primitive disobedience in the stead of man. The atonement was infinite, because God's Justice is infinite; and nothing but such an atonement could have saved the fallen race.

The death of Christ then takes away the stain of original sin, and gives man at least the POWER *of attaining* eternal bliss. Still our salvation is conditional, and we have certain requisitions to comply with, ere we can be secure of heaven.—The next question then is, What are the conditions on which we are to be saved? The word of God here comes in again, in elucidation of our duty; the chief point insisted upon is, that we should keep God's Law contained in the Ten Commandments, but as the omission or breach of *one* article of the twelve tables

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is a crime just of as great a magnitude as the original sin, and entails the penalty on us, as much as if we had infringed the whole; God, seeing our frailty, provided a means of effecting our salvation, in which nothing should be required of us but reliance on his truth.—God sent the Saviour to bear the weight of our sins; he, therefore, requires us to believe implicitly, that through his blood we shall be accepted. This is the succedaneum which he imposed in lieu of the observance of the moral law. Faith! BELIEVE, AND YE SHALL BE SAVED.—He requires from us to throw ourselves upon the Redeemer, to look for acceptance through him alone, to regard ourselves as depraved, debased, fallen creatures, who can do nothing worthy in his sight, and who only hope for mercy through the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Faith is the foundation stone; Faith is the superstructure; Faith is all in all.—"By Faith are ye saved; by Faith are ye justified."

How easy, my dear Neville, are the conditions God imposes upon us. He only commands us to feel the tie of common gratitude, to trust in the mediation of his Son, and all shall be forgiven us. And shall our pride, our deluded imaginations, our false philosophy, interfere to blind our eyes to the beauties of so benevolent, so benign a system!—Or shall earthly pleasures engross all our thoughts, nor leave space for a care for our souls!—God forbid! As for Faith, if our hearts are hardened, and we cannot feel that implicit, that fervent belief, which the scripture requires, let us pray to God, that

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he will send his Holy Spirit down upon us, that he will enlighten our understandings with the knowledge of that Truth which is too vast, too sublime, for human understandings, unassisted by Divine Grace, to comprehend.

I have here drawn a hasty out-line of the gospel plan of salvation. In a future letter I shall endeavour to fill it up. At present I shall only say, think on these things!—They are of moment inconceivable.—Read your bible, in order to confirm yourself in these sublime truths, and pray to God to sanctify to you the instructions it contains. At present I would turn your attention, exclusively, to the New Testament. Read also the book which accompanies this letter;—it is by the great Locke, and will serve to shew you what so illustrious a philosopher thought of revelation.

* * * * * *

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TO MR. R. A——.

Nottingham, May 7th, 1804.

DEAR ROBERT,

* * * * *

YOU don't know how I long to hear how your declamation was received; and "all about it," as we say in these parts. I hope to see it, when I see its author and pronouncer. Themistocles, no doubt, received due praise from you, for his valour and *subtlety;* but I trust you poured down a torrent of eloquent indignation upon the ruling principles of his actions, and the motive of his conduct; while you exalted the mild and unassuming virtues of his more amiable rival. The object of Themistocles was the aggrandisement of himself, that of Aristides the welfare and prosperity of the state. The one endeavoured to swell the *glory* of his country; the other to promote its security, external and internal, foreign and domestic. While you estimated the services which Themistocles rendered to the state, in opposition to those of Aristides, you of course remembered that the former had the largest scope for action, and that he influenced his countrymen to fall into all his plans, while they banished his competitor, not by his superior wisdom, or goodness, but by those intrigues and factious artifices which Aristides would have disdained. Themistocles certainly did use *bad* means to a desirable end: and if we may assume it as an axiom, that Providence

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will forward the designs of a good, sooner than those of a bad man, whatever inequality of abilities there may be betweeen the two characters, it will follow that—had Athens remained under the guidance of Aristides, it would have been better for her. The difference between Themistocles and Aristides seem to me to be this: That the former was a wise and a *fortunate* man, and that the latter, though he had equal wisdom, had not equal good fortune. We may admire the heroic qualities and the crafty policy of the one, but to the temperate and disinterested patriotism, the good and virtuous dispositions of the other, we can alone give the meed of heart-felt *praise*.

I only mean by this, that we must not infer Themistocles to have been *the better* or *the greater* man, because he rendered more essential services to the state, than Aristides, nor even that his system was the most judicious,—but only, that by decision of character, and by good fortune, his measures succeeded best.

* * *

The rules of composition are, in my opinion, very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought; provided we have had *some little* experience in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is perspicuity. *That* is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously,

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we should have a *perfect* knowledge of the topic on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings and dependencies. We should think well before hand, what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what painters call the massing, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind, and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings, and illustrations, so as they shall all conduce to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation, we may sit down and express our ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words as are most suited to our purpose; and when two modes of expression, equally luminous, present themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, over-reach themselves by employing too many words, and perplex the mind by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocutiou seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim, that, when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind, and diminish the effect.

When you have once learned to express yourself with clearness and propriety, you will soon arrive at elegance. Every thing else, in fact, will follow as of course. But I warn you not to invert the order of things, and be

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paying your addresses to the graces, when you ought to be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence the feeble pleonasms and idle repetitions which deform their pages. If you would have your compositions vigorous, and masculine in their tone, let every WORD TELL; and when you detect yourself polishing off a sentence with expletives, regard yourself in exactly the same predicament with a poet who should eke out the measure of his verses with "ti-tum titum tee, Sir."

So much for style———

* * * *

TO MR. R. A———.

Nottingham, 9th May, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * *

I HAVE not spoken, as yet, to Messrs. Coldham and Enfield. Your injunction to suspend so doing, has left me in a state of mind, which, I think, I am blameable for indulging, but which is indescribably painful. I had

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no sleep last night, partly from anxiety, and partly from the effects of a low fever, which has preyed on my nerves for the last six or seven days. I am afraid, Robert, my religion is very superficial. I ought not to feel this distrust of God's providence. Should I now be prevented from going to College, I shall regard it as a just punishment for my want of faith.

I conclude Mr. Martyn has failed in procuring the aid he expected. Is it so?

* * *

On these contingencies, Robert, you must know, from my peculiar situation, I shall never be able to get to College. My mother, at all times averse, has lately been pressed by one of the deacons of Castlegate Meeting, to prevail on me to go to Dr. Williams. This idea now fills her head, and she would feel no small degree of pleasure in the failure of my resources for College. Besides this, her natural anxiety for my welfare will never allow her to permit me to go to the University, depending almost entirely on herself, knowing not only the *inadequacy*, but the great *uncertainty* of her aid. Coldham and Enfield must likewise be satisfied that my way is clear: I tremble, I almost despair. A variety of contending emotions, which I cannot particularize, agitate my mind. I tremble lest I should have mistaken my call: these are solemn warnings;—but no—I cannot entertain the thought. To the ministry I am devoted,

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I believe, by God; in what way, must be left to his providence.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June, 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

IN answer to your question, whether the Sizars have any duties to perform, I answer NO. Somebody, perhaps, has been hinting that there are servile offices to be performed by Sizars. It is a common opinion, but perfectly erroneous. The *Oxford servitors*, I believe, have many unpleasant duties; but the Sizars at Cambridge only differ from the rest in name.

* * *

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, June 15th, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

I DO not sit down to write you a long letter, for I have been too much exhausted with mathematics to have much vigour of mind left; my lines will therefore be wider than they are wont to be, and I shall, for once, be obliged to diffuse a little matter over a broad surface. For a consolatory letter I trust you have little need, as by this time you have no doubt learned to meet with calmness those temporary privations and inconveniences which, in this life, we must expect, and therefore should be prepared to encounter.

* * *

This is true—this is *Christian* philosophy: it is a philosophy, in which we must all, sooner or later, be instituted, and which, if you stedfastly persist in seeking, I am sure God will assist you to your manifest comfort and peace.

There *are* sorrows, and there *are* misfortunes which bow down the spirit beyond the aid of all human comfort. Of these, I know, my dear Ben, you have had more than common experience; but while the cup of life does overflow with draughts of such extreme aspe-

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rity, we ought to fortify ourselves against *lesser* evils, as unimportant to man, who has much heavier woes to expect, and to the Christian, whose joys are laid beyond the verge of mortal existence. There are afflictions, there are privations, where *death* and *hopes* IRRECOVERABLY blasted, leave no prospect of retrieval, when I would no more say to the mourner, "Man, wherefore weepest thou?" than I would ask the winds why they blew, or the tempest why it raged. Sorrows like these are sacred: but the inferior troubles of *partial* separation, vexatious occupation, and opposing current of human affairs, are such as ought not, at least, immoderately to affect a Christian; but rather ought to be contemplated as the necessary *accidents* of life, and disregarded while their pains are most sensibly felt.

Do not think, I beseech you, my dear Ben, that I wish to represent your sorrows as light or trivial; I know they are not light; I know they are not trivial: but I wish to induce you to sum up the man within you, and while those unhappy troubles, which you cannot alleviate, must continue to torment you, I would exhort you to rise superior to the crosses of life, and shew yourself a genuine disciple of Jesus Christ, in the endurance of evil, without repining, or unavailable lamentations.

Blest as you are with the good testimony of an approving conscience, and happy in an intimate communion with the all-pure, and all merciful God, these trifling concerns ought not to molest you; nay, were the tide of

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adversity to turn strong against you; even were your friends to forsake you, and abject poverty to stare you in the face, you ought to be abundantly thankful to God for his mercies to you; you ought to consider yourself still as rich; yea, to look around you and say, I am far happier than the sons of men.

This is a system of philosophy which, for myself, I shall not only preach, but practise. We are here for nobler purposes than to waste the fleeting moments of our lives in lamentations and wailings over troubles which, in their widest extent, do but affect the present state, and which, perhaps, only regard our personal ease and prosperity. Make me an outcast—a beggar; place me a bare-footed pilgrim on the top of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and I should have wherewithal to sustain the spirit within me, in the reflection that all this was but as for a moment, and that a period would come when wrong and injury, and trouble, should be no more. Are we to be so utterly enslaved by habit and association, that we shall spend our lives in anxiety and bitter care, only that we may find a covering for our bodies, or the means of assuaging hunger? for what else is an anxiety after the world? Or are even the followers of Christ themselves to be infected with the inane, the childish desire of heaping together wealth? Were a man, in the way of making a large fortune, to take up his hat and stick, and say, "I am useless here, and unhappy, I will go and abide with the Gentoo or the Paraguay, where I shall be happy and useful," he would be laughed at; but I say he would

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prove himself a more reasonable and virtuous man than him who binds himself down to a business which he dislikes, because it would be accounted strange, or foolish, to abandon so good a concern, and who heaps up wealth, for which he has little relish, because the world accounts it policy.

I will refrain from pursuing this tone of reasoning. I know the weakness of human nature, and I know that we may argue with a deal of force, to shew the folly of grief when we ourselves are its passive victims. But whether strength of mind prevail with you, or whether you still indulge in melancholy bodings and repinings, I am still your friend, nay, your *sympathising* friend. Hard and callous, and "unfeeling" as I may seem, I have a heart for my ever dear Benjamin.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Wilford, near Nottingham, ——— 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I NOW write to you from a little cottage at Wilford, where I have taken a room for a fortnight, as well for the benefit of my health, as for the advantage of uninterrupted study. I live in a homely house, in a homely

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style, but am well occupied, and perfectly at my ease.

And now, my dear Brother, I must sincerely beg pardon for all those manifold neglects, of which I cannot but accuse myself towards you. When I recollect innumerable requests in your letters, which I have not noticed, and many enquiries I have not satisfied, I almost feel afraid that you will imagine I no longer regard your letters with brotherly fondness, and that you will cease to exercise towards me your wonted confidence and friendship. Indeed, you may take my word, they have arisen from my peculiar circumstances, and not from any unconcern or disregard of your wishes. I am now bringing my affairs (laugh not at the word) into some regularity, after all the hurry and confusion in which they have been plunged, by the distraction of mind attending my publication, and the projected change of my destination in life.

* * *

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Wilford, (near Nottingham), —— 1804.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *

I HAVE run very much on the wrong side of the post here, for having sent copies round to such persons as had given me in their names as subscribers, with compliments, they have placed them to the account of presents!

* * *

And now, my dear Neville, I must give you the most ingenious specimen of the invention of petty envy, you perhaps ever heard of. When Addison produced "Cato," it was currently received that he had bought it of a vicar for 40l. The Nottingham gentry, knowing me too poor to buy my poems, thought they could do no better than place it to the account of family affection, and lo! Mrs. Smith is become the sole author, who has made use of her brother's name as a feint! I heard of this report *first* covertly; it was said that Mrs. Smith was the principal writer; next it was said that I was the author of one of the inferior smaller pieces only, ("My Study;") and lastly, on mentioning the circumstance to Mr. A——, he confessed that he had heard several times that "my sister was the sole quill-driver of the family,

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and that master Henry, in particular, was rather shallow," but that he had refrained from telling me, because he thought it would vex me. Now, as to the vexing me, it only has afforded me a hearty laugh. I sent my compliments to one great lady, whom I heard propagating this ridiculous report, and congratulated her on her ingenuity, telling her, as a great secret, that neither my sister, or myself, had any claim to any of the Poems, for the right author was the Great Mogul's cousin germau. The best part of the story is, that my good friend * * found means to get me to write verses extempore, to prove whether I could tag rhymes or not, which, it seems, he doubted.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, 7th July, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

* * *

THE *real* wants of life are few; the support of the body, simply, is no expensive matter, and as we are not mad upon silks and satins, the covering of it will not be more costly. The only superfluity I should covet would

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be books, but I have learned how to abridge that pleasure; and having sold the flower of my library for the amazing sum of Six Guineas, I mean to try whether meditation will not supply the place of general reading, and probably, by the time I am poor and needy, I shall look upon a large library like a fashionable wardrobe, goodly and pleasant, but as to the real utility, indifferent.

So much for Stoicism, and now for *Monachism*.—I shall never, never marry! It cannot, must not be. As to affections, mine are already engaged as much as they will ever be, and this is one reason why I believe my life will be a life of celibacy. I pray to God that it may be so, and that I may be happy in that state. I love too ardently to make love innocent, and therefore I say farewell to it. Besides, I have another inducement, I cannot introduce a woman into poverty for my love's sake, nor could I well bear to see such an one as I must marry struggling with narrow circumstances, and sighing for the fortunes of her children.—No, I say, forbear! and may the example of St. Gregory of Naz. and St. Basil support me.

All friends are well, except your humble scribe, who has got a little too much into his old way since your departure. Studying and musing, and dreaming of every thing but his health; still amid all his studyings, musings, and dreams,

Your true friend and brother,

H. K. WHITE.

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TO THE EDITOR.

Nottingham, July 9th, 1804.

* * *

I CAN *now* inform you, that I have reason to believe my way through College is clear before me. From what source I know not; but through the hands of Mr. Simeon, I am provided with 30l. per annum; and while things go on so prosperously as they do now, I can command 20l. or 30l. more from my friends, and this, in all probability, until I take my degree. The friends to whom I allude are my *mother* and *brother*.

My mother has, for these five years past, kept a Boarding School in Nottingham; and, so long as her school continues in its present state, she can supply me with 15l. or 20l. per annum, without inconvenience; but should she die, (and her health is, I fear, but infirm), that resource will altogether fail. Still, I think, my prospect is so good as to preclude any anxiety on my part; and perhaps my income will be more than adequate to my wants, as I shall be a Sizar of St. John's, where the College emoluments are more than commonly large.

In this situation of my affairs, you will perhaps agree with me in thinking that a subscription for a volume of poems will not be necessary; and, certainly, that mea-

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sure is one which will be better avoided, if it may be; I have lately looked over what poems I have by me in manuscript, and find them more numerous than I expected; but many of them would perhaps be styled *mopish* and *mawkish*, and even *misanthropic*, in the language of the world, though, from the latter sentiment, I am sure I can say, no one is more opposite than I am. These poems, therefore, will never see the light, as from a teacher of that word which gives all strength to the feeble, more fortitude and christian philosophy may, with justice, be expected than they display. The remainder of my verses would not possess any great interest: mere description is often mere nonsense: and I have acquired a strange habit, whenever I do point out a train of moral sentiment from the contemplation of a picture, to give it a gloomy and querulous cast, when there is nothing in the occasion but what ought to inspire joy and gratitude. I have one poem *, however, of some length, which I shall preserve; and I have another of considerable magnitude in design, but of which only a part is written, which I am fairly at a loss whether to commit to the flames, or at some future opportunity to finish. The subject is the Death of Christ. I have no friend whose opinion is at all to be relied on, to whom I could submit it; and perhaps, after all, it may be absolutely worthless.

With regard to that part of my provision which is

* TIME is probably the poem alluded to.

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derived from my unknown friend, it is of course conditional; and as it is not a provision for a *poet*, but for a *candidate for orders*, I believe it is expected, and indeed it has been hinted as a thing adviseable, that I should barter the muses for mathematics, and abstain from writing verses at least, until I take my degree. If I find that all my time will be requisite, in order to *prepare* for the important office I am destined to fill, I shall certainly do my duty, however severely it may cost me; but if I find I may lawfully and conscientiously relax myself at intervals, with those delightful reveries, which have hitherto formed the chief pleasure of my life, I shall, without scruple, indulge myself in them.

I know the pursuit of Truth is a much more important business than the exercise of the imagination; and amid all the quaintness, and stiff method of the mathematicians, I can even discover a source of chaste and exalted pleasure. To their severe but salutary discipline, I must now "subdue the vivid shapings of my youth;" and though I shall cast many a fond lingering look to fancy's more alluring paths, yet I shall berepaid by the anticipation of days when I may enjoy the sweet satisfaction of being useful, in no ordinary degree, to my fellow mortals.

* * *

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TO W. ROUGH, ESQ.

Nottingham, 24th July, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

* * * * *

I think *Mr. Moore's* love poems are infamous, because they subvert the first great object of poetry,—the encouragement of the virtuous and the noble; and metamorphose nutritious aliment into poison. I think the muses are degraded when they are made the handmaids of sensuality, and the bawds of a brothel.

Perhaps it may be the opinion of a young man, but I think too, the old system of heroic attachment, with all its attendant notions of honour and spotlessness, was, in the end, calculated to promote the interests of the human race; for though it produced a temporary alienation of mind, perhaps bordering on insanity, yet with the very extravagance and madness of the sentiments, there were inwoven certain imperious principles of virtue and generosity, which would probably remain after time had evaporated the heat of passion, and sobered the luxuriance of a romantic imagination. I think, therefore, a man of song is rendering the community a service, when he displays the ardour of manly affection in a pleasing light: but certainly we need no incentives to the irregular gratification of our appetites, and I should think it a proper

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punishment for the poet who holds forth the allurements of illicit pleasures in amiable and seductive colours, should his wife, his sister, or his child, fall a victim to the licentiousness he has been instrumental in diffusing.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Winteringham, August 3d, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

I AM all anxiety to learn the issue of your proposal to your father. Surely it will proceed; surely a plan laid out with such fair prospects of happiness to you, as well as me, will not be frustrated. Write to me the moment you have any information on the subject.

I think we shall be happy together at Cambridge; and in the ardent pursuit of Christian knowledge, and *Christian* virtue, we shall be doubly united. We were before friends; now, I hope, likely to be still more emphatically so. But I must not anticipate.

I left Nottingham without seeing my brother Neville, who arrived there two days after me. This is a circumstance which I much regret; but I hope he will come this way, when he goes, according to his intention, to a

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wintering place. Neville has been a good brother to me, and there are not many things which would give me more pleasure than, after so long a separation, to see him again. I dare not hope that I shall meet you and him together, in October, at Nottingham.

My days flow on here in an even tenor. They are, indeed, studious days, for my studies seem to multiply on my hands, and I am so much occupied with them, that I am becoming a mere book-worm, running over the rules of Greek versification in my walks, instead of expatiating on the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Winteringham is, indeed, now a delightful place: the trees are in full verdure, the crops are brouzing the fields, and my former walks are become dry under foot, which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista, from our church-yard, over the Humber, to the hills and receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and, not least of all, the villages, woods, and villas on the opposite bank, sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me, and it is no contemptible relaxation, after a man has been puzzling his brains over the intricacies of Greek Choruses all the day, to come out and unbend his mind with careless thought, and negli-

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gent fancies, while he refreshes his body with the fresh air of the country.

I wish you to have a taste of these pleasures with me, and if ever I should live to be blessed with a quiet parsonage, and that great object of my ambition, a garden, I have no doubt but we shall be, for some short intervals at least, two quiet contented bodies. These will be our relaxations; our *business* will be of a nobler kind. Let us vigilantly fortify ourselves against the exigencies of the serious appointment we are, with God's blessing, to fulfil; and if we go into the church prepared to do our duty, there is every reasonable prospect that our labours will be blessed, and that we shall be blessed in them. As your habits generally have been averse to what is called *close* application, it will be too much for your strength, as well as unadviseable in other points of view, to study very intensely; but regularly you may, and must read; and depend upon it, a man will work more wonders by stated and constant application, than by unnatural and forced endeavours.

* * *

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Nottingham, September, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

BY the time you will open this letter, we shall have parted, God only knows whether ever to meet again. The chances and casualties of human life are such as to render it always questionable whether three months may not separate us for ever from an absent friend.

* * *

For my part, I shall feel a vacuum when you are gone which will not easily be filled up. I shall miss my only intimate friend—the companion of my walks—the interrupter of my evening studies. I shall return, in a great measure, to my old solitary habits. I cannot associate with * * nor yet with * * * has no place in my affections, though he has in my esteem. It was to you alone I looked as my adopted brother, and (although for reasons you may hereafter learn, I have not made you my perfect confidante,) my comforter.—Heu mihi Amice Vale, longum Vale! I hope you will sometimes think of me, and give me a portion in your prayers.

* * *

Perhaps it may be that I am not formed for friend-

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ship, that I expect more than can ever be found. Time will tutor me; I am a singular being, under a common outside. I am a profound dissembler of my inward feelings, and necessity has taught me the art. I am long before I can unbosom to a friend, yet, I think, I am sincere in my friendship; you must not attribute this to any suspiciousness of nature, but must consider that I lived seventeen years my own confident, my own friend, full of projects and strange thoughts, and confiding them to no one. I am habitually reserved, and habitually cautious in letting it be seen that I hide any thing. Towards you, I would fain conquer these habits, and this is one step towards effecting the conquest.

I am not well, Ben, to night, as my hand-writing and style will shew; I have rambled on, however, to some length; my letter may serve to beguile a few moments on your way. I must say good bye to you, and may God bless you, and preserve you, and be your guide and director for ever. Remember he is always with you; remember that in him you have a comforter in every gloom. In your wakeful nights, when you have not me to talk to, his ear will be bent down to your pillow; what better bosom friend has a man than the merciful and benignant Father of all? Happy, thrice happy, are you in the privilege of his grace and acceptance.

Dear Ben,

I am your true friend.

H. K. WHITE.

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TO MR. K. SWANN.

High Pavement, October 4th, 1804.

DEAR KIRKE,

* * * * *

FOR your kind and very valuable present I know not how to thank you. The Archbishop * has long been one of my most favourite divines; and a complete set of his sermons really "*sets me up.*" I hope I *am* able to appreciate the merits of such a collection, and I shall always value them, apart from their merit, as a memento of friendship.

I hope that, when our correspondence begins, it will neither be lax, nor uninteresting: and that, on both sides, it may be productive of something more than mere amusement.

While we each strive to become wiser in those things wherein *true* wisdom is alone to be found, we may mutually contribute to each other's success, by the communication of our thoughts: and that we may both become proficients in that amiable philosophy which makes us

* Tillotson.

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happier by rendering us better; that philosophy which alone makes us wise unto salvation, is the prayer of,

Dear Kirke,

Your sincere Friend,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Winteringham, ——1804.

* AMICE DILECTE,

PUDERET me infrequentiæ nostrarum literarum, nisi hoc ex te pendere sentirem. Epistolas a te missas non prius accepi quam kalendis Decembris—res mihi acerba, nihilominus ad ferendum levior, dum me non tibi ex animo prorsus excidisse satis exploratum est.

Gavisus sum, è litteris tuis amico Roberto dicatis, cum audirem te operam et dedisse et daturum ad Græcam linguam etiamnum excolendam cum viro omni doctrinâ erudito.—Satis scio te, illo duce, virum doctissimum et

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* This letter is not to be considered as a specimen of Henry's Latinity. It was written when he was only beginning those classical studies in which he afterwards made such progress.

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in optimarum artium studiis exquisitissimum futurum esse: haud tamen his facultatibus contentum, sed altiora petentem, nempe salutem humani generis et sancta verbi divini arcana.

Vix jam, amice! recreor è morbo, à quô graviter ægrotavi: vix jam incipio membra languore confectà in diem apertam trahere. Tactus aridâ manû febris spatiosas trivi noctes lacrymis et gemitû. Vidi cum in conspectu mortis collocatus fuerim, vidi omnia clariora facta, intellexi me non fidem Christi satis servasse, non ut famulum Dei fideliter vitam egisse. Ægritudo multa prius celata patefacit. Hoc ipse sensi et omnes, sint sane religiosi sint boni, idem sentient. Sed ego præcipuè causam habui cur me afflixerim et summisso animo ad pedem crucis abjecerim. Imo vero et lacrymas copiose effudi et interdum consolatio Sancti Spiritus turbinem animi placavit. Utinam vestigium hujus periculi semper in animo retineam!

Non dubito quin tibi gratum erit audire de moribus et studiis nostris. Præceptor nobis, nomine Grainger, non è collegio educatus fuit, attamen doctrinâ haud mediocris est, pietate eximius. *Hypodidascalus* fuit in scholâ viri istius docti et admodum venerandi Josephi Milner, qui eum dilexit atque honoravit. Mores jucundi et faciles sunt, urbanitate ac lepore suaviter conditi, quanquam interdum in vultu tristis severitas inest. Erga bonos mansuetus, malis se durior gerit.—Æquè ferè est Pastor

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diligens, vir egregius, et præceptor bonus. Cum isthoc legimus apud Græcos, Homerum et Demosthenem et Sanctas Scripturas, apud Latinos Virgilium, Ciceronem et aliquando in ludo Terentium. Scribimus etiam Latinè, et constructionis et elegantiæ gratiâ; nihilominus (hâc epistolâ teste) non opus est dicendi tibi quam paululum ego ipse proficio. In scribendo Latinè, præter consuetudinem in linguâ Anglicanâ, sum lentus, piger, ineptus. Verba stillant heu quam otiosè, et quum tandem visa sint quam inelegantia! Spero tamen usu atque animo diligenter adhibendo deinde Latinis sermonibus aliquam adipisci facilitatem, nunc ferè oportet me contentum esse cupire et laborare, paululum potiundo, magna moliendo.

. . . . . .

Intelligis, procul dubio, nos vicum incolere Wiveringhamiensis, ripis situm Humberi fluminis, sed nondum forsan sentias locum esse agrestem, fluviis, collibus, arvis, omni decore pervenustum. Domus nostra Templo Dei adjacet; à tergo sunt dulces horti et *terrenus agger* arboribus crebrè septus, quô deambulare solemus. Circumcirca sunt rurales pagi quibus sæpè cum otium agamus, post prandium imus. Est villa, nomine Whittonia, ubi à celsâ rupe videre potes flumen Trentii vasto Humbero influentem, et paulo altius Oosem flumen.

Infra sub opaca saxa fons est cui potestas inest in lapidem materias alienas convertendi; ab altissima rupe labitur in litus, muschum, conchas et fragiliores, ramos arborum in lapidem transmutans. In prospectu domus montes

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Eboracenses surgunt trans Humberum siti, sylvis et villis stipati, nunc solis radiis ridentes, nunc horridi nimbis ac procellis. Vela navium ventis impleta ante fenestras satis lōngo intervallo prolabuntur: dum suprà in aere procelso greges anserum vastæ longo clamore volitant. Sæpe in animo revolvo verba ista Homeri:

ὣς ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ
Χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων, ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδειρῶν,
Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι Καϋστρίῳ ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα
Ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται ἀγαλλόμενοι πτερύγεσσι
Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμών,
Ὡς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεων ἀπο καὶ κλισιάων
Ἐς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον, &c.

* * * * *

Vale. Dum vitales auras carpàm,

Tuus,

H. K. WHITE.

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TO MR. K. SWANN.

Winteringham, 20th Oct. 1804.

DEAR KIRKE,

WE are safely arrived, and comfortably settled, in the parsonage of Winteringham. The house is most delightfully situated close by the church, at a distance from the village, and with delightful gardens behind, and the Humber before. The family is very agreeable, and the style in which we live is very superior. Our tutor is not only a learned man, but the best pastor, and most pleasing domestic man, I ever met with. You will be glad to hear we are thus charmingly situated. I have reason to thank God for his goodness in leading me to so peaceful and happy a situation.

The year which now lies before me, I shall, with the blessing of God, if I am spared, employ in very important pursuits; and I trust that I shall come away not only a wiser, but a better man. I have here nothing to interrupt me—no noise—no society to disturb, or avocations to call me off, and if I do not make considerable improvements now, I do not know when I shall.

We have each our several duties to perform, and though God has been pleased to place us in very differ-

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ent walks of life, yet we may mutually assist each other by counsel, by admonition, and by prayer. My calling is of a nature the most arduous and awful: *I* need every assistance from above, and from my companions in the flesh; and no advice will ever be esteemed lightly by me, which proceeds from a servant of God, however trifling, or however ill-expressed. If your immediate avocations be less momentous, and less connected with the world to come, your duty is not the less certain, or the more lightly to be attended to—*you* are placed in a situation wherein God expects from you, according to your powers, as well as from me in mine: and there are various dark and occult temptations, of which you are little aware, but into which you may easily and imperceptibly fall, unless upheld by the arm of Almighty God. You stand in need, therefore, to exercise a constant reliance on the holy spirit and its influences, and to watch narrowly your own heart, that it conceive no secret sin; for although your situation be not so dangerous, nor your duties so difficult, yet, as the masks which Satan assumes are various, you may still find cause for spiritual fear and sorrow, and occasion for trembling, lest you should not have exercised your talents in proportion to their extent. It is a valuable observation, that there is no resting-place in the spiritual progress—we must either go backward or forward, and when we are at a loss to know whether our motion be onward or retrograde, we may rest assured, that there is something wanting which must be supplied —some evil yet lurking in the heart, or some duty slightly performed.

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You remember I heard Mr. **, on the night previous to my departure; I did not say much on his manner, but I thought it neat, and the sermon far better than I expected, but I must not be understood to approve altogether of Mr. **'s preaching. I think, in particular, he has one great fault, that is *elegance*—he is not sufficiently *plain*. Remember, we do not mount the pulpit to say fine things, or eloquent things, we have there to proclaim the good tidings of salvation to fallen man: to point out the way of eternal life; to exhort, to chear, and to support the suffering sinner; these are the glorious topics upon which we have to enlarge—and will these permit the tricks of oratory, or the studied beauties of eloquence?—Shall truths and counsels like these be couched in terms which the poor and ignorant cannot comprehend?—Let all eloquent preachers beware, lest they fill any man's ear with sounding words, when they should be feeding his soul with the bread of everlasting life!—Let them fear, lest instead of honouring God they honour themselves! If any man ascend the pulpit with the intention of uttering a *fine thing*, he is committing a deadly sin. Remember, however, that there is a medium, and that vulgarity and meanness are cautiously to be shunned; but while we speak with propriety and chastity, we cannot be too familiar or too plain. I do not intend to apply these remarks to Mr. ** individually, but to the manner of preaching here alluded to. If his manner be such as I have here described, the observations will also fit; but, if it be otherwise, the remarks refer not to him, but to the style reprobated.

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* * * * * *

I recommend to you, always before you begin to study, to pray to God to enlighten your understanding, and give you grace to behold all things through the medium of religion. This was always the practice in the old universities, and, I believe, is the only way to profit by learning.

I can now only say a few words to you, since our regular hour of retiring fast approaches. I hope you are making progress in spiritual things, proportionably to your opportunities, and that you are sedulously endeavouring not only to secure your own acceptation, but to impart the light of truth to those around you who still remain in darkness.

Pray let me hear from you at your convenience, and my brother will forward the letter; and believe me,

My dear Kirke,

Your friend, and fellow-traveller in the

Tearful sojourn of life,

H. K. WHITE.

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TO HIS MOTHER.

Winteringham, Dec. 16th, 1804.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

SINCE I wrote to you last I have been rather ill, having caught cold, which brought on a slight fever. Thanks to excellent nursing, I am now pretty much recovered, and only want strength to be perfectly re-established. Mr. Grainger is himself a very good physician, but when I grew worse he deemed it necessary to send for a medical gentleman from Barton, so that, in addition to my illness, I expect an apothecary's bill. This, however, will not be a very long one, as Mr. Grainger has chiefly supplied me with drugs. It is judged absolutely necessary that I should take wine, and that I should ride. It is with very great reluctance that I agree to incur these additional expenses, and I shall endeavour to cut them off as soon as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Grainger have behaved like parents to me since I have been ill; four and five times in the night has Mr. G. come to see me, and had I been at home I could not have been treated with more tenderness and care. Mrs. Grainger has insisted on my drinking their wine, and was very angry when I made scruples: but I cannot let them be at all this additional expense—in some way or other I must pay them, as the sum I now give, considering the mode in which we

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are accommodated, is very trifling. Mr. Grainger does not keep a horse, so that I shall be obliged to hire one, but there will be no occasion for this for any length of time, as my strength seems to return as rapidly as it was rapidly reduced. Don't make yourself in the least uneasy about this, I pray, as I am quite recovered, and not at all apprehensive of any consequences. I have no cough, nor any symptom which might indicate an affection of the lungs. I read very little at present.

I thought it necessary to write to you on this subject now, as I feared you might have an exaggerated account from Mr. Almond's friends, and alarm yourself.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, Dec. 27, 1804.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have been very much distressed at the receipt of your letter, accompanied with one from my mother, one from my sister, and from Mr. Dashwood and Kirke Swann, all on the same subject: and, greatly as I feel for all the kindness and affection which has prompted these remonstrances, I am quite harassed with the idea that you should not have taken my letter as a plain ac-

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count of my illness, without any wish to hide from you that I had been ill somewhat seriously, but that I was indeed better.

I can now assure you, that I am perfectly recovered, and am as well as I have been for some time past. My sickness was merely a slight fever, rather of a nervous kind, brought on by a cold, and soon yielded to the proper treatment. I do assure you, simply and plainly, that I am now as well as ever.

With regard to study, I do assure you that Mr. Grainger will not suffer us to study at all hard; our work at present is mere play. I am always in bed at ten o'clock, and take two walks in the day, besides riding, when the weather will permit.

Under these circumstances, my dear brother may set his mind perfectly at ease. Even change of air sometimes occasions violent attacks, but they leave the patient better than they found him.

I still continue to drink wine, though I am convinced there is no necessity for it. My appetite is amazingly large—much larger than when at Nottingham.

I shall come to an arrangement with Mr. Grainger immediately, and I hope you will not write to him about it. If Mr. Eddy, the surgeon, thinks it at all necessary for me to do this constantly, I declare to you that I will;

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but remember, if I should form a habit of this now, it may be a disadvantage to me when possibly circumstances may render it inconvenient—as when I am at college.

My spirits are completely knocked up, by the receipt of all the letters I have at one moment received. My mother got a gentleman to mention it to Mr. Dashwood, and still representing that my illness was occasioned by study—a thing than which nothing can be more remote from the truth, as I have, from conscientious motives, given up hard study, until I shall find my health better.

I cannot write more, as I have the other letters to answer. I am going to ride to Barton, expressly to get advantage of the post for this day, in order that you may no longer give yourself a moment's uneasiness, where there is in reality no occasion.

Give my affectionate love to James,
And believe me,
My dear Neville,
Your truly affectionate Brother,
H. K. WHITE.

One thing I had forgot—you mention my pecuniary matters—you make me blush when you do so. You may rest assured that I have no wants of that kind, nor am likely to have at present. Your brotherly love and anxiety towards me has sunk deep into my heart; and you may satisfy yourself with this, that whatever is neces-

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sary for my health shall not be spared, and that when want the means of procuring these, I shall think it my duty to tell you so.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

Midway between Winteringham and Hull,
Jan. 11th, 1805.

DEAR JAMES,

YOU will not be surprised at the style of this letter, when I tell you it is written in the Winteringham Packet, on a heap of flour bags, and surrounded by a drove of 14 pigs, who raise the most hideous roar every time the boat rolls. I write with a silver pen, and with a good deal of shaking, so you may expect very bad scribbling. I am now going to Hull, where I have a parcel to send to my mother, and I would not lose the opportunity of writing.

I am extremely glad that you are attentive to matters of such moment, as are those of religion; and I hope you do not relax in your seriousness, but continue to pray that God will enable you to walk in the paths of righteousness, which alone lead to peace. He alone, my dear James, is able to give you a heart to delight in his service, and to set at nought the temptations of the world. It may seem to you, in the first beginning of your christian progress, that religion wears a very unpromising aspect, and that the gaieties of the world are

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indeed very delicious; but I assure you, from what I have myself experienced, that the pleasures of piety are infinitely more exquisite than those of fashion and of sensual pursuits. It is true, they are not so violent, or so intoxicating, (for they consist in one even tenor of mind, a lightness of heart, and sober cheerfulness, which none but those who have experienced can conceive;) but they leave no sting behind them, they give pleasure on reflection, and will soothe the mind in the distant prospect.—And who can say this of the world or its enjoyments?

Even those who seem to enter with the most spirit into the riotous and gaudy diversions of the world, are often known to confess that there is no real satisfaction in them; that their gaiety is often forced, when their hearts are heavy; and that they envy those who have chosen the more humble but pleasant paths of religion and virtue.

I am not at all particular as to the place of worship you may attend, so as it be under a serious preacher, and so as you attend regularly. I should think it a very good exercise for you, if you were to get a blank paper book, and were to write down in it any thing which may strike you in the sermons you hear on a Sunday; this would improve your style of writing, and teach you to think on what you hear. Pray endeavour to carry this plan into execution, I am sure you will find it worth the trouble. You attend the church now and then, I con-

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clude, and if you do, I should wish to direct your attention to our admirable liturgy, and avoid, if possible, remarking what may seem absurd in the manner it is repeated.

I must not conceal from you that I am very sorry you do not attend some eminent minister in the church, such as Mr. Cecil, or Mr. Pratt, or Mr. Crowther, in preference to the meeting; since I am convinced a man runs less danger of being misled, or of building on false foundations, in the establishment, than out, and this too for plain reasons:—Dissenters are apt to think they are religious, *because* they are dissenters—"for," argue they, "if we had not a regard for religion why should we leave the establishment at all. The very act of leaving it shews we have a regard for religion; because we manifest an aversion to its abuses." Besides this, at the meeting-house you are not likely to hear plain and unwelcome truths so honestly told as in the church, where the minister is not so dependant on his flock, and the prayers are so properly selected, that you will meet with petitions calculated for all your wants, bodily and spiritual, without being left at the mercy of the minister to pray for what and in what manner he likes. Remember, these are not offered as reasons why you should always attend the church, but to put you in mind that there are advantages there which you should avail yourself of, instead of making invidious comparisons between the two institutions.

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Winteringham, Jan. 31st, 1805.

DEAR BEN,

I HAVE long been convinced of the truth of what you say, respecting the effects of close reading on a man's mind, in a religious point of view, and I am more and more convinced that literature is very rarely the source of satisfaction of mind to a Christian. I would wish you to steer clear of too abstracted and subtle a mode of thinking and reasoning, and you will so be happier than your friend. A relish for books will be a sweet source of amusement, and a salutary relaxation to you throughout life; but let it not be more than a *relish*, if *you* value your own peace. I think, however, that you ought to strengthen your mind a little with logic, and for this purpose I would advise you to go through Euclid with sedulous and serious attention, and likewise to read Duncan through. You are too desultory a reader, and regard *amusement* too much; if you wish your reading in good earnest to *amuse* you, when you are old, as well as now in your youth, you will take care to form a taste for substantial and sound authors, and will not be the less eager to study a work because it requires a little labour to understand it.

After you have read Euclid, and amused yourself with

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Locke's sublime speculations, you will derive much pleasure from Butler's Analogy, without exception the most unanswerable demonstration of the folly of infidelity that the world ever saw.

Books like these will give you more strength of mind and consistent firmness, than either you or I now possess; while on the other hand, the effeminate *Panada* of Magazines, Tales, and the tribe of penny-catching pamphlets, of which desultory readers are so fond, only tend to enervate the mind, and incapacitate it for every species of manly exertion.

* * * * * *

I continue to be better in health, although the weather is a great obstacle to my taking a proper proportion of exercise. I have had a trip to Hull of late, and saw the famous painter R—— there, with whom I had a good deal of talk. He is a pious man, and a great astronomer; but in manners and appearance, a complete artist. I rather think he is inclined to Hutchinsonian principles, and entertains no great reverence for Sir Isaac Newton.

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Winteringham, 1st March, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,

* * * * * *

I HOPE and trust that you have at length arrived at that happy temperament of disposition, that although you have much cause of sadness within, yet are yet willing to be amused with the variegated scenes around you, and to join, when occasions present themselves, in innocent mirth. Thus, in the course of your peregrinations, occurrences must continually arise, which, to a mind willing to make the best of every thing, will afford amusement of the chastest kind. Men and manners are a never-failing source of wonder and surprise, as they present themselves in their various phases. We may very innocently laugh at the brogue of a Somerset peasant—and I should think that person both cynical and surly who could pass by a group of laughing children without participating in their delight, and joining in their laugh. It is a truth most undeniable and most melancholy, that there is too much in human life which extorts tears and groans, rather than smiles. This, however, is equally certain, that our giving way to unremitting sadness on these accounts, so far from ameliorating the condition of mortality, only adds to the aggregate of human misery, and throws a gloom over those moments

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when a ray of light is permitted to visit the dark valley of life, and the heart ought to be making the best of its fleeting happiness. Landscape too, ought to be a source of delight to you; fine buildings; objects of nature, and a thousand things which it would be tedious to name. I should call the man, who could survey such things as these without being affected with pleasure, either a very weak-minded and foolish person, or one of no mind at all. To be always sad and always pondering on internal griefs, is what I call utter selfishness; I would not give two-pence for a being who is locked up in his own sufferings, and whose heart cannot respond to the exhilarating cry of nature, or rejoice because he sees others rejoice. The loud and unanimous chirping of the birds on a fine sunny morning, pleases me, because I see they are happy; and I should be very selfish, did I not participate in their seeming joy. Do not however, suppose that I mean to exclude a man's own sorrows from his thoughts, since that is an impossibility, and were it possible, would be prejudicial to the human heart. I only mean that the whole mind is not to be incessantly engrossed with its cares, but with cheerful elasticity to bend itself occasionally to circumstances, and give way without hesitation to pleasing emotions. To be pleased with little is one of the greatest blessings.

Sadness is itself sometimes infinitely more pleasing than joy, but this sadness must be of the expansive and generous kind, rather referring to mankind at large, than the individual; and this is a feeling, not incompatible

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with cheerfulness and a contented spirit. There is difficulty, however, in setting bounds to a pensive disposition; I have felt it, and I have felt that I am not always adequate to the task. I sailed from Hull to Barton the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers; the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasing emotions which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied for Hebe, with a loud laugh seized me by the great coat, and asked me to lend it her; she was one of those unhappy creatures who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood, and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another female who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face, which shewed she knew her situation. This incident, apparently trifling, induced a train of reflections, which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute:—and there was a soldier's wife with a wan and hagged face, and a little infant in her arms, whom I would also have wished to place in it.—I then grew out of humour with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries; and I wished for a lodging,

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in the wilderness, where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction, or vice; but after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that to those who sought it there was also a cure. So I banished my vain meditations, and knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men, than our wisdom—I leave them in his hands.

* * * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

Winteringham, 5th Feb. 1805.

DEAR MOTHER,

* * * * * *

THE spectacles for my father are, I hope, such as will enable him to read with ease, *although they are not set in silver*. If they hurt him through stiffness I think the better way will be to wear them with the *two end joints shut too*, and with a piece of ribbon to go round the back of the head, &c. The Romaine's Sermons and the cheap tracts, are books which I thought might be useful. You may think I am not yet privileged to make presents, since they will in the end come out of your

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pocket, but I am not in want of cash at present, and have reason to believe, from my own calculations, I shall not have occasion to call upon you for what I know you can so ill spare. I was quite vexed afterwards that I did not send you all the volumes of the Cheap Repository, as the others, which are the *general tracts*, and such as are more entertaining, would have been well adapted to your library. When I next go to Hull, I purpose buying the remaining volumes, and when I next have occasion to send a parcel, you will receive them. The volume you have now got contains all the *Sunday* reading tracts, and on that account I sent it separately. As I have many things to remind me of my sister Smith, I thought (though we neither of us need such mementos) that she would not be averse to receive the sermons of the great and good, though in some respects singular, Romaine, at my hands, as what old fashioned people would call *a token of a brother's love*, but what in more courtly phrase is denominated *a memento of affection*.

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TO WM. ROUGH, ESQ.

Winteringham, 17th Feb. 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I BLUSH when I look back to the date of your too long unanswered letter, and were I not satisfied that the contents of my sheet of post must always be too unimportant to need apology, I should now make one.

The fine and spirited song (song in the noblest sense of the word) which you sent me, on the projected invasion, demands my best thanks. The fervid patriotism which animates it would, I think, find an echo in every bosom in England; and I hope and trust the world has not been deprived of so appropriate an exhortation. I perceive, however, one thing, which is, that your fire has been crampt by the "crambo" of the rhyme, at all times a grievous shackle to poets, and yet capable of such sweet and expressive modulation, as makes us hug our chains and exult in the hard servitude. My poor neclected muse has lain absolutely unnoticed by me for the last four months, during which period I have been digging in the mines of *Scapula* for Greek roots; and, instead of drinking with eager delight the beauties of Virgil, have been cutting and drying his phrases for future use. The place where I live is on the banks of the Humber: here no *Sicilian* river, but rough with cold winds, and bordered with killing swamps. What with

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neglect, and what with the climate, so congenial to rural meditation, I fear my good Genius, who was wont to visit me with nightly visions "in woods and brakes, and by the river's marge," is now dying of a fen-ague; and I shall thus probably emerge from my retreat, not a hair-brained son of Imagination, but a sedate black-lettered book-worm, with a head like an etymologicon magnum.

Forgive me this flippancy, in which I am not very apt to indulge, and let me offer my best wishes that it is not with your muse as with mine. Eloquence has always been thought akin to poetry: though her efforts are not so effectually perpetuated, she is not the less honoured, or her memory the less carefully preserved. Many very plausible hypotheses are contradicted by facts, yet I should imagine that the genius which prompted your "*Conspiracy*" would be no common basis on which to erect a superstructure of oratorical fame.—"Est enim oratori finitimus Poëta, numeris adtsrictior paulo, verborum autem licentiâ liberior, multis vero ornandi generibus socius, ac pene par:" &c. You no doubt are well acquainted with this passage, in the 1st Dial. De Orat. so I shall not go on with it; but I encourage a hope that I shall one day see a living proof of the truth of this position, in *you*. Do not quite exclude me from a kind of fellow-feeling with you in your oratorical pursuits, for you know I must make myself a fit herald for the important message I am ordained to deliver, and I shall be-

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stow some pains to this end. No inducement whatever should prevail on me to enter into orders, if I were not thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Religion I profess, as contained in the New Testament; and I hope that whatever I know to be the Truth I shall not hesitate to proclaim, however much it may be disliked or despised. The discovery of Truth, it is notorious, ought to be object of all true Philosophy; and the attainment of this end must, to a philosopher, be the greatest of all possible blessings. If then a man be satisfied that he has arrived at the fountain head of pure Truth, and yet, because the generality of men hold different sentiments, dares not avow it, but tacitly gives assent to *falsehood*, he withholds from men what, according to his principles, it is for their good to know—he prefers his *personal good to* Truth—and he proves that, whatever he may profess, he is not imbued with the spirit of *true* Philosophy.

I have some intention of becoming a candidate for Sir William Brown's medals this year; and, if I should, it would be a great satisfaction to me to subject my attempts to so good a classic as I understand you to be. In the mean time, you will confer a real favour on me if you will transcribe some of your Latin verses for me, as I am anxious to see the general character of modern Latin, as it is received at Cambridge; and elegant verses always give me great pleasure, in whatever language I read them. Such I know yours will be.

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In this remote corner of the world, where we have neither books nor booksellers, I am as ignorant of the affairs of the literary world as an inhabitant of Siberia. Sometimes the newspaper gives me some scanty hints; but, as I do not see a review, I cannot be said to hold converse with *the Republic*. Pray is the voice of the Muses quite suspended in the clang of arms, or do they yet sing tho' unheeded? *All* literary information will be to me quite new and interesting; but do not suppose I hope to intrude on your more valuable time with these things. When you shall have leisure I hope to hear from you; and whatever you say, coming from you, it cannot fail to interest.

Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Very sincerely, yours,

H. K. WHITE.

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TO MR. K. SWANN.

Winteringham, 16th March, 1805.

DEAR KIRKE,

* * *

* * *

I WAS affected by the death of young B——. He once called upon me, with Mr. H——, when I was very ill, and on that occasion Mr. H—— said to us both, "*Young men, I would have you both pack off to Lisbon, for you wont last long if you stay here.*" Mr. H—— was then about to set out for Hamburgh; and he told me afterwards, that he never expected to see me again, for that he thought I was more desperately gone in consumption than B——. Yet you see how the good providence of God has spared me, and I am yet living, as I trust, to serve him with all my strength. Had I died then, I should have perished for ever; but I have now hope, through the Lord Jesus, that I shall see the day of death with joy, and possibly be the means of rescuing others from a similar situation. I certainly thought of the ministry at first with improper motives, and my views of Christianity were for a long time very obscure; but I have, I trust, gradually been growing out of darkness into light, and I feel a well-grounded hope, that

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God has sanctified my heart for great and valuable purposes. Woe be unto me if I frustrate his designs.

* * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, April, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * * *

YOU wrote me a long sheet this last time, and I have every reason to be satisfied with it, yet I sometimes wish I could make you write closer and smaller. Since your mind must necessarily be now much taken up with other things, I dare not press my former inquiries on subjects of reading. When your leisure season comes, I shall be happy to hear from you on these topics.

It is a remark of an ancient philosophical poet, (Horace) that every man thinks his neighbour's condition happier than his own; and indeed common experience shews, that we are too apt to entertain romantic notions of absent, and to think meanly of present, things; to extol what we have had no experience of, and to be discontented with what we possess. The man of business

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sighs for the sweets of leisure; the person, who, with a taste for reading, has few opportunities for it, thinks that man's life the sum of bliss, who has nothing to do but to study. Yet it often happens that the condition of the envier is happier than that of the envied. You have read Dr. Johnson's tale of the poor Tallow-Chandler, who, after sighing for the quiet of country life, at length scraped money enough to retire, but found his long-sought-for leisure so insupportable, that he made a voluntary offer to his successor to come up to town every Friday, and melt tallow for him gratis. It would be so with half the men of business, who sigh so earnestly for the sweets of retirement; and you may receive it as one of the maturest observations I have been able to make on human life, that there is no condition so happy as that of him who leads a life of full and constant employment. His amusements have a zest which men of pleasure would gladly undergo all his drudgery to experience, and the regular succession of business, provided his situation be not too anxious, drives away from his brain those harassing speculations which are continually assaulting the man of leisure and the man of reading. The studious man, though his pleasures are of the most refined species, finds cares and disturbing thoughts in study. To think much and deeply, will soon make a man sad. His thoughts, ever on the wing, often carry him where he shudders to be even in imagination. He is like a man in sleep—sometimes his dreams are pleasing, but at others horror itself takes possession of his imagination; and this inequality of mind is almost inseparable from

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much meditation and mental exercise. From this cause it often happens, that lettered and philosophical men are peevish in their tempers, and austere in their manners. The inference I would draw from these remarks, is generally this, that although every man carries about him the seeds of happiness or misery in his own bosom, yet it is a truth not liable to many exceptions, that men are more equally free from anxiety and care in proportion as they recede from the more refined and mental, to the grosser and bodily employments and modes of life, but that the happiest condition is placed in the middle, between the extremes of both. Thus a person with a moderate love of reading and few opportunities of indulging it, would be inclined to envy one in my situation, because such a one has nothing to do but to read; but I could tell him, that though my studious pleasures are more comprehensive than his, they are not more exquisite, and that an occasional banquet gives more delight than a continual feast. Reading should be dearer to you than to me, because I always read and you but seldom.

Almond and I took a small boat on Monday, and set out for Hull, a distance of thirteen miles, as some compute it, though others make it less. We went very merrily with a good pair of oars, until we came within four miles of Hull, when, owing to some hard working, we were quite exhausted; but as the tide was nearly down, and the shore soft, we could not get to any villages on the banks. At length we made Hull, and just ar-

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rived in time to be grounded in the middle of the harbour, without any possible means of getting ashore till the flux or flood. As we were half famished, I determined to wade ashore for provisions, and had the satisfaction of getting above the knees in mud almost every step I made. When I got ashore, I recollected I had given Almond all my cash. This was a terrible dilemma—to return back was too laborious, and I expected the tide flowing every minute. At last I determined to go to the inn where we usually dine when we go to Hull, and try how much credit I possessed there, and I happily found no difficulty in procuring refreshments, which I carried off in triumph to the boat. Here new difficulties occurred; for the tide had flowed in considerably during my absense, although not sufficiently to move the boat, so that my wade was much worse back than it had been before. On our return, a most placid and calm day was converted into a cloudy one, and we had a brisk gale in our teeth. Knowing we were quite safe, we struck across from Hull to Barton, and when we were off Hazel Whelps, a place which is always rough, we had some tremendous swells, which we weathered admirably, and (bating our getting on the wrong side of a bank, owing to the deceitful appearance of the coast) we had a prosperous voyage home, having rowed twenty-six miles in less than five hours.

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TO MR. K. SWANN.

Winteringham, April 6th, 1805.

MY DEAR KIRKE,

* * *

* * *

YOUR complaint of the lukewarmness of your affections towards spiritual things, is a very common one with christians. We all feel it; and if it be attended with an earnest desire to acquit ourselves in this respect, and to recover our wonted fervour, it is a complaint indicative of our faithfulness. In cases of christian experience, I submit my own opinion to any body's, and have too serious a distrust of it myself to offer it as a rule or maxim of unquestionable authority; but I have found, and think, that the best remedy against lukewarmness, is an obstinate persisting in prayer, until our affections be moved; and a regular habit of going to religious duties with a prepared and meek heart, thinking more of obtaining communion with God, than of spending so many minutes in seeking it. Thus, when we pray, we must not kneel down with the idea that we are to spend so many minutes in supplication, and after the usual time have elapsed, go about our regular business: we must remind ourselves that we have *an object* in prayer, and that until that ob-

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ject be attained, that is, until we are satisfied that our Father hears us, we are not to conceive that our duty is performed, although we may be in the posture of prayer for an hour.

* * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

Winteringham, 12th April, 1805.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

* * * * * *

I HAVE constructed a planetarium or *orrery*, of a very simple kind, which cannot fail to give even children an idea of the order and course of the heavenly bodies. I shall write a few plain and simple lectures upon it, with lessons to be got off by heart by the children, so that you will be able without any difficulty to teach them the rudiments of astronomy. The machine, simple as it may seem, is such, that you cannot fail to understand the planetary system by it, and were it not that I cannot afford the additional expence, I could make it much more complete and interesting. You must not expect any thing striking in the instrument itself, as it

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only consists of an index plate, with rods and balls.—It will explain the situation of the planets, their courses, the motion of the earth and moon, the causes of the *seasons*, the different lengths of day and night, the reason of eclipses, transits, &c. When you have seen it, and read the explanatory lectures, you will be able to judge of its plainness; and if you find you understand it, you may teach geography scholars its use. Should it fail in other points of view, it will be useful to Maria and Catharine.

* * * * * *

Remember to keep up the plan of family worship on Sundays, with strictness until I come, and it will probably pave the way for still farther improvements, which I may perhaps have an opportunity of making while I stay with you. Let Maria and Catharine be more particularly taught to regard Sunday as a day set apart from all worldly occupations.—Let them have every thing prepared for the Sabbath on the preceding day; and be carefully warned on that day in particular to avoid paying too great an attention to dress. I know how important habits like these, will be to their future happiness even in this world, and I therefore press this with earnestness.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, 20th May, 1805.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * * * *

MY first business must be to thank you for the * * * * which I received by Mr. K. Swann; you must not suppose that I feel reluctance to lie under obligations to so affectionate a brother, when I say, that I have felt uneasy every since on more accounts than one. I am convinced in the first place, that you have little to spare, and I fear in the second that I shall prove an hindrance to a measure which I know to be necessary for your health, I mean your going to some watering-place for the benefit of sea-bathing. I am aware of the nature of injuries received at the joints, especially the knee; and I am sure nothing will strengthen your knee more for the present, and prevent the recurrence of disease in it for the future. I would have you, therefore, if by any means, you can be spared in London, go to one of the neighbouring coasts, and take sufficient time to recover your strength. You may pitch upon some pleasant place, where there will be sufficient company to amuse you, and not so much as to create bustle, and make a toil of reflection, and turn retirement into riot. Since you

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must be as sensible as I am, that this is necessary for your health, I shall feel assured, if you do not go, that I am the cause, a consideration I would gladly spare myself.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I WROTE you a long letter from Winteringham sometime ago, which I now apprehend you have never received, or if you have, some more important concerns have occupied your time than writing to me on general subjects. Feeling, however, rather weary to-night, I have determined to send this sheet to you, as a proof that if I am not a *punctual*, I am certainly far from a ceremonious correspondent.

Our adventure on the Humber you should have learnt from K. Swann, who, with much minuteness, filled up three sides of a letter to his friend, with the account. The matter was simply this: He, Almond, and myself, made an excursion about twelve or fourteen miles up the Humber, on our return ran aground, were left by the

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tide on a sand-bank, and were obliged to remain six hours in an open boat, exposed to a heavy rain, high wind, and piercing cold, until the tide rose, when two men brought a boat to our assistance. We got home about twelve o'clock at night: no evil consequences ensued, owing to our using every exertion we could think of to keep warmth in our bodies.

* * *

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, 27th June, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is some time since I wrote to you, and still longer since I heard from you; but you are acquainted with my unceremonious disposition, and will, I hope, pardon me for obtruding an unbidden guest on your notice. I have a question to ask of you in the first place, and I shall then fill up my letter with all the familiarity of a man talking by your side, and saying any thing, rather than be accused of saying nothing. My leisure will scarcely permit me to write to you again while I am here, and I shall therefore make the best use of the present occasion.

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We have been fagging through Rollin's ancient history and some other historical books, as I believe, to no great purpose. Rollin is a valuable and truly pious writer, but so crammed and garnished with reflections, that you lose the thread of the story, while the poor man is prosing about the morality of it; when too, after all, the moral is so obvious as not to need insisting upon. You may give my compliments to your good friends Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, and tell them I had much rather pay them my devoirs at a distance, than come into close contact with them or their cathartics. Medical Greek and Medical Latin would act as a sudorific upon any man, who should hear their tremendous technicals pronounced with the true ore rotundo of a Scotch Physician.

And now, my dear Sir, we will cry a truce to flippancy—I have neither time nor inclination to indulge in it to excess. You and I have been some time asunder in the pursuit of our several studies, you to the lively and busy seat of gaiety, fashion, and folly—I to the retired haunts of a secluded village, and the studious walls of a silent and ancient parsonage. At first sight one would think that my lot had been most profitable, as undoubtedly it is most secure; but when we come to consider the present state of things in the capital, the boundless opportunities of spiritual improvement which offer themselves, and the very superior society which every serious man may there join with, the tables seem turned in your favour. I hope and trust this is really

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the case, and that with philosophical strength of mind, you have turned an unregarding ear to the voice of folly, and continued fixed upon the serener and far more exquisite occupations of a religious life. I have been cultivating in retirement, by slow and imperceptible degrees, a closer communion with God; but you have been led, as it were, in triumph by the energetic discourses of the many good men whom you have had the opportunity of hearing, to heights of religious satisfaction, which I can at present only sigh for at a distance. I appeal to you, whether the Grace of God is *not* the source of exquisite enjoyments? What can be more delightful than that sweet and placid calm which it casts over one's mind; or than the tenderness it sheds abroad in our hearts, both with regard to God and our poor fellow-labourers. Even worldly-minded men confess that this life is, at best, but a scene of anxiety, and disappointment, and distress. How absurd then, and inconsistent must be their conduct, when, in spite of this so general and confirmed an experience, they neglect what can alone alleviate the sorrows of this life, and provide for the happiness of the next. How much more is he to be envied, who can exclaim with St. Paul, "*The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*" "*I have learnt, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.*" "*The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*" There is, in truth, an indescribable satisfaction in the service of God; his grace imparts such composure in time of trouble, and such fortitude in the anticipation of

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it, at the same time, that it increases our pleasures by making them innocent, that the christian viewed, either as militant in this troublous scene, or as a traveller who is hastening by a difficult, but short journey, to a better country, is a most enviable and happy character. The man who lives without God in the world, on the other hand, has neither rest here nor certainty or hope for the future. His reflections must, at all times, be dubious and dark, not to say distressing: and his most exquisite enjoyments must have a sting of fear and apprehension in them, which is felt when the gay hour is over, and its joys no more remembered. Many wicked and dissipated men sigh in secret for the state of the righteous, but they conceive there are insuperable obstacles in the way of religion, and that they must amend their lives before they can hope for acceptance, or even dare to *seek* acceptance with God. But what a miserable delusion is this! If this were truly the case, how awful would be the condition of the sinner; for we know that our hearts are so depraved and so obstinately addicted to sin, that they cannot forsake it without some more than mortal power to cut asunder the bonds of innate corruption, and loosen the affections from this sinful bondage. I was talking a few days ago with a young surgeon, who is just returned from the East Indies, and was expostulating with him on his dissolute habits: "Sir" said he, "I know you are happy, and I would give worlds to be able to subdue my passions; but it is impossible, it never *can* be done: I have made resolution upon resolution, and the only effect has been, that I have plunged deeper

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into vice than ever." What could be a stronger illustration of the Scripture truth, That man's heart is naturally corrupt, and desperately wicked. Since wickedness is misery, can we conceive that an all-good and benevolent God would have *originally* created man with such a disposition? It is sin which has made the world a vale of tears. It is the power of the cross of Jesus Christ alone that can redeem us from our natural depravity.—"Yes," my friend, "*We know* on *whom* we have believed; and we are persuaded, that he *is* able to keep that which we have committed unto him against the great day." When I occasionally reflect on the history of the times when the great Redeemer appeared, behold God preparing his way before him, uniting all the civilized world in one language (Greek), for the speedier disseminating of the blessed Gospel; and then when I compare his precepts with those of the most famous of ancient sages, and meditate on his life, his manners, his sufferings, and cruel death, I am lost in wonder, love, and gratitude. Such a host of evidence attended him, as no power but that of the devil could withstand. His doctrines, compared with the morality of the then world, seem indeed to have dropt down from heaven. His meekness, his divine compassion and pity for and forgiveness of his bitterest enemies, convinces me that he was indeed the Word, that he was what he professed to be, God, in his Son, reconciling the world to himself. These thoughts open my eyes to my own wretched ingratitude and disregard of so merciful and compassionate a master; under such impressions, I could ardently long to be

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separated altogether from the affairs of this life, and live alone to my Redeemer. But, alas! this does not last long—the pleasing outside of the delusive world entices my heart away; beauty smiles one into a disgust of religion, and the fear of singularity frowns me into the concealment of it. How artfully does the arch-deceiver insinuate himself into our hearts! He tells us, that there is a deal of unnecessary moroseness in religion, a deal too many humiliating conditions in the gospel, and many ignorant absurdities in its professors; while on the other hand the polite world is so cheerful and pleasing, so full of harmless gaiety and refined elegance, that we cannot but love it. This is an insidious species of reasoning. Could we but see things in their true colours; were *but the false varnish off*, the society of the gospel would seem an assembly of *angels*, that of the world a congregation of devils: but it is the best way not to reason with the Tempter. I have a Talisman, which at once puts to flight all his arguments; it is the name of my Saviour, and against that the gates of hell *shall not* prevail. That is my anchor and my confidence; I can go with that to the bed of death, and lift up the eyes of the dying and despairing wretch to the great Intercessor; I can go with this into the society of the cheerful, and come away with lightness of heart and entertainment of spirit. In every circumstance of life I can join with Job, who, above fourteen hundred years before Jesus Christ, exclaims in the fervor of holy anticipation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my

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skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

The power of the gospel was never more strongly illustrated than in the late mission to Greenland. These poor and unlettered tribes, who inhabit nearly the extremest verge of animal existence, heard the discourses of the Danish missionaries on the being of a God with stupid unconcern, expressed their assent to every thing that was proposed to them, and then hoped to extort some present for their complacency. For ten years did a very learned and pious man labour among them without the conversion of a single soul. He thought that he must prove to them the existence of a God, and the original stain of our natures, before he could preach the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, and he could never get over this first step; for they either could not understand it, or would not, and when no presents were to be had, turned away in disgust. At length he saw his error, and the plan of operations was altered. Jesus Christ was preached in simplicity, without any preparation. The Greenlanders seemed thoughtful, amazed, and confounded; their eyes were opened to their depraved and lost state. The gospel was received every where with ardent attention. The flame spread like wild-fire over the icy wastes of Greenland; numbers came from the remotest recesses of the Northern Ocean to hear the word of life, and the greater part of the population of that extensive country has in time been baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

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I have now filled my sheet.—Pardon my prolixity, and believe me, my prayers are offered up, frequently, for your continuance of the path you have chosen. For myself, I need *your* prayers—may we be a mutual assistance to each other, and to all our fellow-labourers in the Lord Jesus.

Believe me,

Your sincere friend,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, 6th July, 1805.

DEAR CHARLESWORTH,

* * * * * *

I BEG you will admire the elegance of texture and shape of the sheet on which I have the honour to write to you, and beware, lest in drawing your conclusions, you conceive that I am turned exciseman; for I assure you I write altogether in character;—a poor Cambridge scholar, with a patrimony of a few old books, an ink-horn, and some sundry quires of paper, manufactured as the en-

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velope of pounds of tea, but converted into repositories of learning and taste.

The classics are certainly in disrepute. The ladies have no more reverence for Greek and Latin, than they have for an old peruke, or the ruffles of Queen Anne. I verily believe, that they would hear Homer's Greek without evidencing one mark of terror and awe, even though spouted by an university orator, or a Westminster stentor. O tempora, O mores! the rural elegance of the twanging *French horn*, and the vile squeak of the *Italian fiddle*, are more preferred than all the energy and all the sublimity of all the Greek and Roman orators, historians, poets, and philosophers, put together. Now, Sir, as a classic, I cannot bear to have the honorable fame of the ancients thus despised and contemned, and therefore I have a controversy with all the beaux and belles, Frenchmen and Italians. When they tell me, that I walk by rule and compass, that I balance my body with strict regard to the centre of gravity, and that I have more Greek in my pate, than grace in my limbs; I can bear it all in sullen silence, for you know it must be a libel, since I am no mathematician, and therefore cannot have learned to walk ill by system. As for grace, I do believe since I read Xenophon, I am become a very elegant man, and in due time shall be able to spout Pindar, dancing in due gradation the advancing retrograde and medium steps, according to the regular progress of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode. You and I will be very fashionable men, after the manner of the

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Greeks; we will institute an orchestra for the exercise of the *ars saltandi*, and will recline at our meals on the legitimate Triclinium of the ancients—only banish all modern beaus and belles, to whom I am a professed and declared enemy.

So much for flippancy—

Vale! S. R. V. B. E. E. Q. V.

H. K. WHITE.

TO WILLIAM ROUGH, ESQ.

Brigg, near Winteringham, July, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just missed you at Lincoln, where I had some expectations of seeing you, and had not circumstances prevented, I had certainly waited there till to-morrow morning for that purpose. This letter, which I wrote at Brigg, I shall convey to you at Kirton, by some person going to the session; many of whom, I have no doubt, are to be found in this litigious little town.

Your mis-directed epistle, to my great sorrow, never reached my hands. As I was very anxious to get it, I made many enquiries at the post-offices round; but they

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were all in vain. I consider this as a real loss, and I hope you will regard me as still under the pressure of vexation, until I receive some substitute from your hands.

Had I any certain expectation of hearing you address *the Court*, or *Jury sworn*, at Kirton, no circumstances should prevent me from being present; so do I long to mark the dawnings of that eloquence which will one day ring through every court in the Midland Circuit. I think the noise of ***, the overbearing petulance of ***, and the decent assurance of ***, will readily yield to that pure, chaste, and manly eloquence, which, I have no doubt, you chiefly cultivate. It seems to me, who am certainly no very competent judge, that there is an uniform *mode*, or *art*, of pleading in our courts, which is in itself faulty, and is, moreover, a bar to the higher excellencies. You know, before a barrister begins, in what manner he will treat the subject; you anticipate his *positiveness*, his complete confidence in the stability of his case, his contempt of his opponent, his voluble exaggeration, and the vehemence of his indignation. All these are as of course. It is no matter what sort of a face the business assume: if Mr. ——— be all impetuosity, astonishment and indignation on one side, we know he would not have been a whit less impetuous, less astonished, or less indignant, on the other, had he happened to have been retained. It is true, this assurance of success, this contempt of an opponent, and dictatorial decision in speaking, are calculated to have effect on the minds of a

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jury; and if it be the business of a counsel to obtain his ends by *any* means, he is right to adopt them; but the misfortune is, that all these things are mechanical, and as much in the power of the opposite counsel as in your own; so that it is not so much who argues best, as who speaks last, loudest, or longest. True eloquence, on the other hand, is confident only where there is real ground for confidence, trusts more to reason and facts than to imposing declamation, and seeks rather to convince than dazzle. The obstreperous rant of a pleader may, for a while, intimidate a jury, but plain and manly argument, delivered in a candid and ingenious manner, will more effectually work upon their understandings, and will make an impression on which the froth of declamation will be lost. I think a man, who would plead in this manner, would gain the confidence of a jury, and would find the avenues of their hearts much more open, than a man of more assurance, who, by too much confidence where there is much doubt, and too much vehemence where there is greater need of coolness, puts his hearers continually in mind that he is pleading for hire. There seems to me so much beauty in truth, that I could wish our barristers would make a distinction between cases, in their opinion well or ill founded, embarking their whole heart and soul in the one, and contenting themselves with a perspicuous and forcible statement of their client's case, in the other.

Pardon my rambling. The *cacoethes scribendi* can

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only be used by indulgence, and we have all a propensity to talk about things we do not understand.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Winteringham, Aug. 20th 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * * *

I AM very sensible af all your affection, in your anxiety that I should not diminish my books; but I am by no means relieved from the anxiety which, on more accounts than one, I am under, as to my present situation, so great a burthen to the family, when I ought to be a support. My father made some heavy complaints when I was at home, and though I am induced to believe that he is enough harassed to render it very excusable, yet I cannot but feel strongly the peculiarity of my situation; and, at my age, feel ashamed that I should add to his burthens. At present I have my hands completely tied behind me. When I get to college I hope to have more opportunities of advantage, and, if I am fortunate, I shall probably relieve my father and mother from the

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weight which I now lay upon them. I wish you, if you read this letter to my mother, to omit this part.

* * * * *

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

Winteringham, Sept. 10th, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter has at length reached me at this place, where I have been for the last ten months employed in classical reading, with Mr. Grainger. It gives me pleasure to hear of you, and of poetry; for, since I came here, I have not only been utterly shut out from all intercourse with the lettered world, but have totally laid aside the pen of inspiration. I have been actuated to this by a sense of duty; for I wish to prove that I have not coveted the ministerial office through the desire of learned leisure, but with an ardent wish to do my duty, as a teacher of the truth. I should blush to present myself as a candidate for that office in an unqualified and unprepared state, and as I have placed my idea of the necessary qualifications very high, all the time between now and my taking my degree will be little enough for these purposes alone. I often, however, cast a look of fond regret to the darling occupations of my younger

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hours, and the tears rush into my eyes, as I fancy I see the few wild flowers of poetic genius, with which I have been blessed, withering with neglect. Poetry has been to me something more than amusement, it has been a cheering companion, when I have had no other to fly to; and a delightful solace, when consolation has been in some measure needful. I cannot, therefore, discard so old and faithful a friend without deep regret, especially when I reflect that, stung by my ingratitude, he may desert me for ever!

* * * * *

With regard to your intended publication, you do me too much honour by inserting my puerilities along with such good company, as I know I shall meet there. I wish I could present you with some sonnets worthy of your work. I have looked back amongst my old papers, and find a few verses under that name, which were written between the time when "Clifton Grove" was sent to the press, and its final appearance. The looking over these papers has recalled a little of my old warmth, and I have scribbled some lines, which, as they owe their rise to your letter, I may fairly (if I have room) present to you. I cannot read the sonnets which I have found amongst my papers with pleasure, and therefore I shall not presume to shew them to you. I shall anxiously expect the publication of your work.

I shall be in Cambridge next month, being admitted a

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Sizar at St. John's. Trinity would have suited my plans better, but the expenses of that college are greater.

With thanks for your kind remembrance of me, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Very respectfully and thankfully yours,

H. K. WHITE.

YES, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poësy.
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserv'd neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poësy!—Tho' thou hast ceas'd
To hover o'er the many voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou can'st still
Call the warm tear from its thrice hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart.—Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceas'd—
It cannot, will not cease; the heav'nly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek,
Still, tho' unbidden, plays.—Fair Poësy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain,
Sunshine and storm, with various interchange,
Have mark'd full many a day, and week, and month,
Since by dark wood, or hamlet far retir'd,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd.—Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep bespangled vault,
Wreathe thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,

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And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chastened fire,
Or in the caverns of the ocean flood,
Thrid the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp, unwillingly
Must turn away;—there are severer strains,
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote
The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Releas'd and disembodied) there are strains
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Thro' the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Have purged and purified.—To these my soul,
Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes
Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
Spirits unseen upon my footsteps wait,
And minister strange music, which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete,
And full fruition filling all the soul.
Surely such ministry, tho' rare, may soothe
The steep ascent, and cheat the lassitude
Of toil; and but that my fond heart
Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone,
When by clear fountain, or embowered brake,
I lay a listless muser, prizing far,
Above all other lore, the poet's theme;
But for such recollections I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of science unregretting; eye afar

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Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And with bold step, and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where thron'd in light she sits, the Queen of Truth.

These verses form nearly the only poetical effort of this year. Pardon their imperfections.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, Oct. 18th, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,

I AM at length finally settled in my rooms, and, according to my promise, I write to you to tell you so. I did not feel quite comfortable at first here; but I now begin to feel at home, and relish my silent and thoughtful cup of tea more than ever. Amongst our various occupations, that of attending chapel is to me not the least irksome, for the service is read in general below the span of my auditory nerve; but when they chaunt, I am quite charmed, for our organ is fine, and the voices are good. This is, however, only on high days and festivals, in which number the present day is to be reckoned (St. Luke's).

My mathematical studies do not agree with me, and

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you may satisfy yourself I shall never be a senior wrangler. Many men come up with knowledge enough for the highest honours, and how can a man be expected to keep up with them, who starts without any previous fund? Our lectures begin on Monday, and then I shall know more of college difficulties.

My rooms are in the top story of the farthest court of St. John's (which you perhaps remember) near the cloisters. They are light, and tolerably pleasant, though, as there was no furniture in them, and I have not yet bought many necessary articles, they look very bare. Your phiz over the chimney-piece has been recognised by two of my fellow students, the one recollected its likeness to Mr. Maddock, of Magdalene; and the other said it was like a young man whom he had seen with Mr. Maddock, and whom he supposed to be his brother.

Of my new acquaintances, I have become intimate with a Mr. ***, who, I hope, will be senior wrangler. He is a very serious and friendly man, and a man of no common *mathematical* talents. He lives in the same court with me. Besides him, I know of none whose friendship I should value; and, *including* him, no one whose hand I would take in preference to that of my old friend; so long as I see my old friend with his old face. When you have learned to be other than what you are, I shall not regret that B. M. is no longer my friend, but that my former friend is now no more.

* * *

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I walked through Magdalene the other day, and I could not help anticipating the time when I should come to drink your tea, and swallow your bread and butter, within the sacred walls. You must know our college was originally a convent for Black Friars; and if a man of the reign of Henry the Sixth were to peep out of his grave, in the adjoining church-yard, and look into our portals, judging by our dress and appearance, he might deem us a convent of Black Friars still. Some of our brethren, it is true, would seem of very unsightly bulk, but many of them, with eyes sunk into their heads, from poring over the mathematics, might pass very well for the fasting and mortified shadows of penitent monks.

With regard to the expenses of *our* college, I can now speak decisively; and I can tell you, that I shall be here an independant man. I am a Senior Sizar, under very favourable circumstances, and, I believe, the profits of my situation will nearly equal the actual expenses of the college. But this is no rule for other colleges. I am on the *best side* (there are two divisions) of St. John's, and the expenses here are less than any where else in the university.

I have this week written some very elaborate verses, for a college prize, and I have at length learned that I am not qualified for a competitor, not being a Lady Margaret's scholar: so that I have lost my labour. Compared with the other men of this large college, I find I am a respectable classic, and if I had time to give

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to the languages, I think I should ultimately succeed in them in no small degree; but the fates forbid; mathematics, I must read, and in mathematics I know I never shall excel. These are harassing reflections for a poor young man gaping for a fellowship!

If I choose I could find a good deal of religious society here, but I must not indulge myself with it too much. Mr. Simeon's preaching strikes me much.

* * *

I beg you will answer a thousand such questions as these, without my asking them.

This is a letter of intelligence:—Next shall be sentiment (or a Gothic arch, for they are synonimous according to Mr. M).

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, October 26th, 1805.

DEAR MOTHER,

* * * * *

YOU seem to repose so little confidence in what I say with regard to my College expenses, that I am not en-

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couraged to hope you will give me much credit for what I am about to say; namely, that had I no money at all, either from my friends or Mr. Simeon, I could manage to live here. My situation is so very favourable, and the necessary expenses so very few, that I shall want very little more than will suffice for cloaths and books. I have got the bills of Mr. * *, a Sizar of this College, now before me, and from them and his own account, I will give you a statement of what my College bills will amount to.

* * * * *

Thus, my College expenses will not be more than 12 or 15l. a year at the most. I shall not have any occasion for the whole sum I have a claim upon Mr. Simeon for, and if things go well, I shall be able to live without being dependent on any one. The Mr. * *, whose bills I have borrowed, has been at College three years. He came over from * * with 10l. in his pocket, and has no friends, nor any income or emolument whatever, except what he receives for his Sizarship: yet he does support himself, and that too very genteelly. It is only men's extravagance that makes College life so expensive. There are Sizars at St. John's, who spend 150l. a year; but they are gay dissipated men, who chuse to be Sizars in order that they may have more money to lavish on their pleasures. Our dinners and suppers cost us nothing, and if a man chuse to eat milk-breakfasts, and go without tea, he may live absolutely for nothing; for his

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College emoluments will cover the rest of his expenses. Tea is indeed almost superfluous, since we do not rise from dinner 'till half past three, and the supper bell rings a quarter before nine. Our mode of living is not to be complained of, for the table is covered with all possible variety, and on feast days, which our fellows take care are pretty frequent, we have wine.

You will now, I trust, feel satisfied on this subject, and will no longer give yourself unnecessary uneasiness on my account.

* * *

I was unfortunate enough to be put into unfurnished rooms, so that my furniture will cost me a little more than I expected; I suppose about 15l. or perhaps not quite so much. I sleep on a hair matrass, which I find just as comfortable as a bed; it only cost me 4l. along with blankets, counterpane, and pillows, &c. I have three rooms—a sitting room, a bed room, and a kind of scullery or pantry. My sitting room is very light and pleasant, and what does not often happen, the walls are in good case, having been lately stained green.

I must commission my sister to make me a pair of letter racks, but they must not be fine, because my furniture is not very fine. I think the old shape (or octagons one upon another) is the neatest, and white the best colour. I wish Maria would paint vignettes in the squares, because then I should see how her drawing proceeds.

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You must know that these are not intended as mere matters of shew, but are intended to answer some purpose; there are so many particular places to attend on particular days, that unless a man is very cautious, he has nothing else to do than to pay forfeits for non-attendance. A few cards, and a little rack, will be a short way of helping the memory.

I think I must get a supply of sugar from London, for if I buy it here, it will cost me 1s. 6d. per pound, which is rather too much. I have got tea enough to last the term out.

* * *

Although you may be quite easy on the subject of my future support, yet you must not form splendid ideas of my success at the University, for the lecturers all speak so low, and we sit at such a distance, that I cannot hear a syllable. I have, therefore, no more advantage than if I were studying at home.

I beg we may have no more doubts and fears at least on my score. I think I am now very near being off your hands, and since my education at the University is quite secure, you need not entertain gloomy apprehensions for the future; my maintenance will at all events be decent and respectable, and you must not grieve yourself because I cannot be as rich as an alderman.

* * *

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Do not shew this letter to *all comers*, nor leave it about, for people will have a very mean idea of University education, when they find it costs so little; but if they are saucy on the subject, tell them—I have a lord just under me.

* * *

TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

* * * * * *

CUM diutius à te frustra litteras expectàssem memet in animum tuum revocare aut iterum otio obtrudere nolebam.

Penes te erat aut nobiscum denuo per litteras colloqui aut familiaritatem et necessitatem nostram silentio dimittere. Hoc te prætulisse jam diu putaveram, cùm epistola tua mihi in manus venit.

* * * * * *

Has litteras scribebam intra sanctos sanctissimi Johannis Collegii muros, in celeberrimâ hâc nostrâ academiâ Cantabrigæ.

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Hic tranquillitate denique litterarum propriâ, summâ cum voluptate conjunctâ fruor. Hic omnes discendi vias, omnes scientiæ rationes indago et persequor: nescio quid tandem evasurus. Certe si parum proficio, mihi culpæ jure datum erit; modo valetudo me sinat.

Haud tamen vereor, si verum dicere cogor, ut satis proficiam: quanquam infirmis auribus aliorum lecturas vix unquam audire queam. In Mathematicis parum adhuc profeci: utpote qui perarduum certamen cum eruditissimis quibusque in vet. Linguis et moribus versatis jam jam sim inîturus.

His in studiis pro mea perbrevi sanè et tanquam hesternâ consuetudine haud mediocriter sum versatus.

Latinè minus eleganter scribere videor quam Græcè; neque vero eadem voluptate scriptores Latinos lectito quam Græcos: cum autem omnem industriæ meæ vim Romanis litteris contulerim haud dubito quin faciles mihi et propitias eas faciam.

Te etiam revocatum velim ad hæc elegantia deliciasque litterarum. Quid enim accommodatius videri potest aut ad animum quotidianis curis laboribusque oppressum reficiendum et recreandum aut ad mentem et facultates ingenii acuendas quam exquisita et expolita summâque vi et acumine ingenii elaborata veterum scriptorum opera?

* * *

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TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

St. John's, November, 1805.

MY DEAR JAMES,

YOU do not know how anxious I am to hear how you go on in all things; and whether you still persist in steadfastness and seriousness. I know, my dear lad, that your heart is too good to run into actual *vice*, yet I fear the example of gay and wicked persons may lead you to think lightly of religion, and then, who knows where it may end? Neville however will always be your director, and I trust you conceal none, even of your very thoughts, from him. Continue, James, to solicit the fatherly superintendance of your Maker, night and morning. I shall not fear for you, while I am assured you do this fervently, and not in a hurried or slovenly manner. With constant prayer, we have nothing to fear from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil: God will bring us through it, and will save us in the midst of peril. If we consider the common condition of man's life, and the evils and misfortunes to which we are daily exposed, we have need to bless God every moment for sparing us, and to beg of him, that when the day of misfortune comes, and come it must, sooner or later to all, we may be prepared with christian fortitude to endure the shock. What a treasure does the religious man possess in this, that when every thing else fails, he has God for his refuge: and can look to a world where he is

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sure, through Christ Jesus, that he will not be disappointed.

I do not much heed to what place of worship you may go, so as you are but a serious and regular attendant. Permit me, however, to explain the true nature of the question, with regard to the church liturgy, in order that you may be the better able to judge.

You know from the epistles of St. Paul, that soon after the death of Jesus Christ, there were regular churches established in various places, as at Corinth, Galatia, Thessalonica, &c. &c. Now, we are not certain that they used forms of prayer at all, in these churches, much more that any part of ours was used in their time; but it is certain, that in the year of our Lord, 286, there was a general liturgy in use throughout all the churches of Christ. Now, if in that early time, when christians were much more like the apostles than they are now, they used a form of prayer in the churches, it is fair to conclude that the practice was not unscriptural: besides, at this very time, St. John, the evangelist, had not been dead above 100 years, and one of his disciples, though at a very great age, was actually living. St. Chrysostom, who lived above 354 years after Christ, wrote some of our prayers, and the greater part of them have been in general use for a thousand years. About the year 286, about one thousand five hundred years ago, immense multitudes of savages, the Goths and Vandals, being enticed by the fertility of the Italian country, and the riches

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of its possessors, came down from Germany, Hungary, and all the northern parts of Europe, upon the Roman empire then enfeebled with luxury, and endeavoured to gain possession of the south. They were at first repulsed; but as fast as they were defeated or slain, new hordes, allured by the accounts which their countrymen gave of its opulence and abundance, succeeded in their stead; 'till the forces of the Romans grew unequal to the contest, and gradually gave way to the invaders, who, wherever they came, reduced every thing to a state of barbarism. The christians, about this time, were beginning to prevail in the Roman territories, and under the Emperor Constantine, who was the first christian king, were giving the blow to idolatry. But the savage intolerance of the invaders, who reduced the conquered to abject slavery, burnt books wherever they found them, and even forbade the cultivation of learning, reduced them to the utmost distress. At this time they wrote and used in their churches, all that part of the *litany*, which begins with the Lord's prayer, and ends with the prayer of St. Chrysostom. Thus you see how venerably ancient are many of our forms, and how little they merit that contempt, which ignorant people pour upon them. Very holy men, men now we have every reason to believe in heaven, composed them, and they have been used from age to age ever since, in our churches, with but few alterations. But you will say they were used by the Roman catholics, who are a very superstitious and bigotted set of people. This is no objection at all, because the Roman catholics were not always so bad, and what

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is a proof of this, is, that there once was no other religion in the world; and we cannot think that church very wicked, which God chose, once, to make the sole guardian of his truth. There have been many excellent and pious men among the Roman catholics, even at the time their public faith was corrupted.

You may have heard of the reformation: you know it was brought about by Luther and Calvin, in the sixteenth century, about 1536. Now, Calvin is the founder of the sect of independants, such as those who meet at Castlegate, yet he had a hand in framing the liturgy, which, with alterations, we now use, and he selected it in part from the liturgy of the Roman church; because, they had received it from the primitive christians, who were more immediately taught by the apostles. *The reformation* means that change in religion, which was brought about as said before, by Luther and Calvin, in consequence of the abuses and errors which had crept into the Romish church.

You may possibly think the responses or answers of the clerk and people rather ridiculous. This absurdity, however, generally consists more in the *manner* than in the thing. They were intended to be pronounced aloud by the people, and were used as a means to keep their attention awaken, and shew their sincerity. At the time this form was invented, not one man in five or six hundred could read, and these repetitions answered another purpose, of fixing important ejaculations and sentences

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in their minds. In these days the same necessity does not exist, but we still retain the form on account of its other advantages, and through reverence of such an antiquity, as almost vouches for its being acceptable to God, who has permitted it to be used by the wisest and best of men, for so long a period.

I think I have now nearly tired you. Pray write to me soon, and believe me,

My dear James,

Your very affectionate Brother,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 10, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,

* * *

THE reasons why I said mathematical studies did not agree with me, were these—that I am more inclined to classical pursuits, and that considering what disadvantages I lie under, in being deaf, I am afraid I cannot excel in them. I have at present entirely laid them aside, as I am reading for the University scholarship, which will soon be vacant: there are expected to be 13 or 14

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candidates, some of whom are of great note, from *Eton*; and I have as much expectation of gaining it, as of being elected supreme magus over the mysteries of Mithra. The scholarship is of no value in itself, adequate to the labour of reading for it, but it is the greatest classical honour in the University, and is a pretty sure road to a fellowship. My classical abilities here have attracted some attention, and my Latin Themes in particular, have drawn forth enquiries from the tutors, as to the place of my education. The reason why I have determined to sit for the scholarship is this, that to have simply been a candidate for it, establishes a man's character, as many of the first classics in the University have failed of it.

* * *

I begin now to feel at home in my little room, and I wish you were here to see how snugly I sit by my blazing fire in the cold evenings. College certainly has charms, though I have a few things rankling at my heart which will not let me be quite happy.—*Ora, Ora, pro me.*

This last sentence of mine is of a curious tendency to be sure; for who is there of mortals who has *not* something rankling at his heart, which will not let him be happy?

It is curious to observe the different estimations two men make of one another's happiness. Each of them surveys the external appearance of the others situation,

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and comparing them with the secret disquieting circumstances of his own, thinks him happier; and so it is that all the world over, be we favoured as we may, there is always something which others have, and which we ourselves have not, necessary to the completion of our felicity. I think, therefore, upon the whole, there is no such thing as positive happiness in this world, and a man can only be deemed felicitous, as he is in comparison less affected with positive evil. It is our business, therefore, to support ourselves under existing ills, with the anticipation of future blessings. Life, with all its bitters, is a draught soon drunk; and though we have many changes to fear on this side the grave, beyond it we know of none.

Your life and mine are now marked out: and our calling is of such a nature, that it ill becomes us to be too much affected with circumstances of an external nature. It is our duty to bear our evils with dignified silence. Considering our superior consolations, they are small in comparison with those of others, and though they may cast a sadness both over our hearts and countenances, which time may not easily remove, yet they must not interfere with our active duties, nor affect our conduct towards others, except by opening our heart with warmer sympathy to their woes, their wants, and miseries.

As you have begun in your religious path, my beloved friend, persevere. Let your love to the crucified continue as pure as it was at first, while your zeal is more tempered, and your piety more rational and mature. I hope

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yet to live to see you a pious and respected parish priest; as for me—I hope I shall do my duty as I have strength and ability, and I hope I shall always continue, what I now profess myself,

Your friend and brother,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, Cambridge, 10th Dec. 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I AM so truly hurt that you should again complain of my long silence, that I cannot refrain from sending this by the post, although I shall send you a parcel to-morrow. The reason of my not having sent you the cravats sooner, is the difficulty I have found in getting them together, since part were in the hands of my laundress, and part dirty. I do not know whether you will find them right, as my linen is in other respects deficient, and I have a cause at issue with my washerwoman on that score. This place is, literally, a den of thieves; my bed-maker, whom we call a *gyp*, from a Greek word signifying a Vulture, runs away with every thing he can lay his hands on, and when he is caught, says he only borrows them. He stole a sack of coals a week, as regularly as the week came, when first I had fires; but I

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have stopped the run of this business, by a monstrous large padlock, which is hung to the staple of the bin. His next trick was to bring me four candles for a pound instead of six, and this trade he carried on for some time, until I accidently discovered the trick; he then said he had always brought me right, until that time, and that then he had brought me *fives*, but had given Mr. H. (a man on the same stair-case) one, because *he thought* he understood I had borrowed one of him: on enquiring of Mr. H. he had not given him one according to his pretence; but the gentleman was not caught yet, for he declared he had *lent* one to the bed-maker of Lord B. in the rooms below. His neatest trick is going to the grocer every now and then, for articles in your name, which he converts to his own use. I have stopped him here too, by keeping a check-book. Tea, sugar, and pocket handkerchiefs, are his natural perquisites, and I verily believe he will soon be filling his cannister out of mine before my face. There is no redress for all this: for if you change you are no better off, they are all alike. They know you regard them as a pack of thieves, and their only concern is to steal so dexterously that they may not be confronted with direct proof.

* * *

Do not be surprised at any apparent negligence in my letters: my time has so many calls for it, that half my duties are neglected. Our College examination comes on next Tuesday, and it is of the utmost moment that I

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acquit myself well there. A month after will follow the scholarship examination. My time therefore, at present, will scarcely permit the performance of my promise, with respect to the historical papers, but I have them in mind, and I am much bent on perfecting them, in a manner superior to their commencement.

I would fain write to my brother James, who must by no means think I forget him, but I fear I shall see him before I write to him, on the accounts above stated. The examination for the scholarship is distinct from that of our College, which is a very important one; and while I am preparing for the one, I necessarily neglect the other.

I wish very much to hear from you on religious topics, and remember, that although my leisure at present will not allow me to write to you all I wish, yet it will be the highest gratification to me to read your letters, especially when they relate to your christian progress. I beseech you not to relax, as you value your peace of mind, and the repose of a dying bed. I wish you would take in the Christian Observer, which is a cheap work, and will yield you much profitable amusement. I have it here for nothing, and can send you up some of the numbers, if you like.

Remember, and let my mother know, that I have no chance for the University scholarship, and that I only sit

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for the purpose of letting the University know, that I am a decent proficient in the languages.

There is one just vacant, which I can certainly get, but I should be obliged to go to Peter-house in consequence, which will not be advisable—but I must make enquiries about it. I speak with certainty on this subject, because it is restricted to candidates who are in their first year, amongst whom I should probably be equal to any. The others are open to batchelors.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, December 16th, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

IN consequence of an alteration in my plans, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the latter end of this week, and I wish you so to inform my aunt. The reason of this change is this, that I have over-read myself, and I find it absolutely necessary to take some relaxation, and to give up study entirely, for a short time, in order that I may go on better hereafter.

This has been occasioned by our College lectures,

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which I had driven too late, on account of my being occupied in preparations for the University scholarship examination, and then I was obliged to fag so hard for the College lectures, as the time drew on, that I could take no exercise. Thus I soon knocked myself up, and I now labour under a great general relaxation, and much nervous weakness.

Change of air and place will speedily remove these symptoms, and I shall certainly give up the University scholarship, rather than injure my health.

Do not mention these things to my mother, as she will make it a cause of unnecessary uneasiness.

* * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, December 19th, 1805.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I WAS sorry to receive your letter, desiring me to defer my journey, and I am sorry to be forced to tell you the reason of my coming to town sooner than you wish me. I have had an attack of my old nervous complaint, and my spirits have been so wretchedly shattered, that my

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surgeon says I shall never be well till I have removed somewhere, where I can have society and amusement. It is a very distressing thing to be ill in College, where you have no attendance, and very little society. Mr. Catton, my tutor, has prevailed upon me, by pressing wishes, to go into the hall to be examined with the men of my year—I have gone through two examinations, and I have one to come: after that is over, he told me I had better go to my friends directly, and relieve myself with complete relaxation from study. Under these circumstances, the object of my journey to London will be answered, by the mere residence in my aunt's family, and by a cessation from reading. While I am here, I am wretched; I cannot read, the slightest application makes me faint; I have very little society, and that is quite a force upon my friends. I am determined, therefore, to leave this place on Saturday morning, and you may rest satisfied that the purpose of my journey will be fully accomplished by the prattle of my aunt's little ones, and her care. I am not an invalid, since I have no sickness or ailment, but I am weak and low-spirited, and unable to read. The last is the greatest calamity I can experience of a worldly nature. My mind preys upon itself. Had it not been for *Leeson*, of Clare Hall, I could not have gone through this week. I have been examined twice, and almost without looking over the subjects, and I have given satisfaction, but I am obliged to be kept up by strong medicines to endure this exertion, which is very great.

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I am happy, however, to tell you, I am better; and Mr. Farish, the surgeon, says, a few days will re-establish me when I get into another scene, and into society.

* * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

London, December 24th 1805.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

YOU will, no doubt, have been surprised at not having heard from me for so long a time, and you will be no less so to find that I am writing this at my aunt's in this far-famed city. I have been so much taken up with our college examinations of late, that I could not find time to write, even to you, and I am now come to town, in order to give myself every relaxation and amusement I can; for I had read so much at Cambridge, that my health was rather affected, and I was advised to give myself the respite of a week or a fortnight in order to recover strength. I arrived in town on Saturday night, and should have written yesterday, in order to remove any uneasiness you might feel on my account, but there is no post on Sunday.

I have now to communicate some agreeable intelligence to you: Last week being the close of the Mi-

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chaelmas term and our college examination, our tutor, who is a very great man, sent for me, and told me he was sorry to hear I had been ill; he understood I was low spirited, and wished to know whether I frightened myself about College expenses. I told him, that they did contribute some little to harrass me, because I was as yet uncertain what the bills of my first year would amount to. His answer was to this purpose: "Mr. White, I beg you will not trouble yourself on this subject; your emoluments will be very great, very great indeed, and I will take care your expenses are not very burthensome.—Leave that to me!" He advised me to go to my friends, and amuse myself with a total cessation from reading. After our college examination (which lasted six days) was over, he sent for me again, and repeated what he had said before about the expenses of the college, and he added, that if I went on as I had begun, and made myself a good scholar, I might rely on being provided for by the college; for if *the county should be full*, and they could not elect me a fellow, they would recommend me to another college, where they would be glad to receive a clever man from their hands, or at all events they could *always* get a young man a situation as a private tutor in a nobleman's family; or could put him in some handsome way of preferment. We make it a rule, he said, of providing for a clever man, whose fortune is small; and you may therefore rest assured, Mr. White, that after you have taken your degree, you will be provided with a genteel competency *by the college*. He begged I would be under no appre-

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hensions on these accounts; he shook hands with me very affectionately, and wished me a speedy recovery. These attentions from a man, like the tutor of St. John's, are very marked; and Mr. Catton is well known for doing more than he says. I am sure after these assurances, from a principal of so respectable a society as St. John's, I have nothing more to fear; and I hope you will never repine on my account again—according to every appearance, my lot in life is certain.

* * * * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

London, Xmas, 1805.

BY DEAR BEN,

YOU would have had no reason to complain of my long silence, had I preferred my self-justification to your ease. I wrote you a letter, which now lies in my drawer at St. John's, but in such a weak state of body, and in so desponding and comfortless a tone of mind, that I knew it would give you pain, and therefore I chose not to send it. I have indeed been ill, but thanks to God, I am recovered. My nerves were miserably shattered by over-application, and the absence of all that could amuse,

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and the presence of many things which weighed heavy upon my spirits. When I found myself too ill to read, and too desponding to endure my own reflections, I discovered that it is really a miserable thing to be destitute of the soothing and supporting hand, when nature most needs it. I wandered up and down from one man's room to another, and from one college to another; imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burthen which pressed upon my spirits; and I am sorry to say, that those who, when I was cheerful and lively, sought my society with avidity, now, when I actually needed conversation, were too busy to grant it. Our college examination was then approaching, and I perceived with anguish that I had read for the university scholarship, until I had barely time to get up our private subjects, and that as I was now too ill to read, all hope of getting through the examination with decent respectability, was at an end. This was an additional grief. I went to our tutor, with tears in my eyes, and told him I must absent myself from the examination; a step which would have precluded me from a station amongst the prize-men until the second year. He earnestly entreated me to run the risk. My surgeon gave me strong stimulants and supporting medicines during the examination week, and I passed, I believe, one of the most respectable examinations amongst them. As soon as ever it was over, I left Cambridge by the advice of my surgeon and tutor, and I feel myself now pretty strong. I have given up the thought of sitting for the university scholarship, in consequence of my illness, as the course of my

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reading was effectually broken. In this place I have been much amused, and have been received with an attention in the literary circles which I neither expected nor deserved. But this does not affect me as it once would have done; my views are widely altered, and I hope that I shall in time learn to lay my whole heart at the foot of the cross.

I have only one thing more to tell you of about my illness; it is that I have found in a young man, with whom I had little acquaintance, that kind care and attention which I looked for in vain from those who professed themselves my nearest friends. At a time when * * * could not find leisure to devote a single evening to his sick friend, even when he earnestly implored it; William Leeson constantly, and even against my wishes, devoted *every* evening to the relieving of my melancholy, and the enlivening of my solitary hours. With the most constant and affectionate assiduity, he gave me my medicines, administered consolation to my broken spirits, and even put me to bed.

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TO MR. P. THOMPSON.

London, 1st January, 1806.

SIR,

I OWE it both to my feelings and my duty, that I should thank you for the kind enquiries you have thought it worth while to make concerning me and my affairs. I have just learned the purport of a letter, received from you, by Mr. Robinson, the bookseller; and it is a pleasing task to me, at the same time that I express my sense of your benevolent concern in my behalf, to give you, myself, the information you require.

The little volume which, considered as the production of a very young man, may have interested you, has not had a very great sale, although it may have had as much countenance as it deserved. The last report I received from the publishers, was 450 sold. So far it has answered the expectations I had formed from it, that it has procured me the acquaintance, and perhaps I may say the friendship, of men equally estimable for their talents and their virtues. Rewarded by their countenance, I am by no means dissatisfied with my little book; indeed I think its merits have, on the whole, rather been overrated than otherwise, which I attribute to the lenity so readily afforded to the faults of youth, and to the promptitude with which benevolent minds give encouragement where encouragement seems to be wanted.

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With regard to my personal concerns, I have succeeded in placing myself at Cambridge, and have already kept one term. My college is St. John's, where, in the rank of Sizar, I shall probably be enabled to live almost independantly of external support; but should I need that support, I have it in my power to draw on a friend, whose name I am not permitted to mention, for any sum not exceeding 30l. per ann. With habits of frugality, I shall never need this sum; so that I am quite at ease with respect to my college expenses, and am at full leisure to pursue my studies with a free and vacant mind.

I am at present in the great city, where I have come, in consequence of a little injudicious application, a suitor to health, variety, and amusement. In a few days I shall return to Cambridge, where (should you ever pass that way) I hope you will not forget that I reside there three-fourths of the year. It would, indeed, give me pleasure, to say personally how much I am obliged by your enquiries.

I hope you will put a favourable construction both on the minuteness and the length of this letter; and permit me to subscribe myself,

Sir,

Very thankfully and obediently,

Yours,

H. K. WHITE.

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, February 17th, 1806.

DEAR BEN,

* * *

* * *

DO not think I am reading hard. I believe it is all over with that. I have had a recurrence of my old complaint within this last four or five days, which has half unnerved me for every thing. The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies—a very slight over-stretch of the mind in the day-time, occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake—my life. I can only say, the game is not yet decided—I allude to the violence of the palpitation.

I am going to mount the Gog-magog hills this morning, in quest of a good night's sleep. The Gog-magog hills for my body, and the Bible for my mind, are my only medicines.—I am sorry to say, that neither are

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quite adequate. *Cui, igitur, dandum est vitio? Mihi prorsus.* I hope, as the summer comes, my spirits (which have been with the swallows a winter's journey) will come with it. When my spirits are restored, my health will be restored—the *fons mali* lies there. Give me serenity and equability of mind, and all will be well there.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, 11th March, 1806.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *

* * *

I HOPE you read Mason on Self-knowledge now and then. It is a useful book; and it will help you greatly in framing your spirit to the ways of humility, piety, and peace. Reading, occasional meditation, and constant prayer, will infallibly guide you to happiness, as far as we *can* be happy *here;* and will help you on your way to that blessed abode, where I hope, ardently hope, we shall all meet hereafter in the assembly of the saints. Go coolly and deliberately, but determinately, to the work of your salvation. Do nothing *here* in a hurry; deliberate upon every thing; take your steps

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cautiously, yet with a simple reliance on the mercy of your God and Saviour; and wherever you see your duty lie, lose no time in acting up to it. This is the only way to arrive at comfort in your christian career, and the constant observance of this maxim will, with the assistance of God, smooth your way with quietness and repose, even to the brink of eternity and beyond the gulph that bounds it.

I had almost dropped the idea of seeing Nottingham this next long vacation, as my stay in Cambridge may be importantly useful; but I think, now, I shall go down for my health's, and more particularly for my mother's sake, whom my presence will comfort and perhaps help. I should be glad to moor all my family in the harbour of religious trust, and in the calm seas of religious peace. These concerns are apt, at times, to escape me; but they now press much upon my heart, and I think it is my first duty to see that my family are safe in the most important of all affairs.

* * *

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TO THE REV. J. PLUMBTRE.

St. John's, March 12th, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE you will excuse the long delay which I have made in sending the song. I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience, if indeed so unimportant a subject can have given you any thought at all. If you think it worth while to send the song to your publisher, I should prefer the omission of the writer's name, as the insertion of it would only be a piece of idle ostentation, and answer no end. My name will neither give credit to the verses, nor the verses confer honor on my name.

It will give me great pleasure to hear that your labours have been successful in the town of * * * where, I fear, much is to be done. I am one of those who think that the love of virtue is not sufficient to make a virtuous man; for the love of virtue is a mere mental preference of the beautiful to the deformed; and we see but too often that immediate gratification outweighs the dictates of our judgment. If men could always perform their duty as well as they can discern it, or if they could attend to their real interests as well as they can see them, there would be little occasion for moral instruc-

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tion. Sir Richard Steele, who wrote like a saint, and who, in his Christian Hero, shews the strongest marks of a religious and devout heart, lived, notwithstanding all this, a drunkard and a debauchee. And what can be the cause of this apparent contradiction? Was it that he had not strength of mind to act up to his views? Then a man's salvation may depend on strength of intellect!! Or does not this rather shew that superior motives are wanting? That assistance is yet necessary, when the ablest of men has done his utmost? If then such aid be necessary, how can it be obtained?—by a virtuous life?—Surely not: because, to live really a virtuous life, implies this aid to have been first given. We are told in scripture, how it may be attained, namely, by humble trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, as our atoning sacrifice. This, therefore, is the foundation of religious life, and as such, ought to be the fundamental principle of religious instruction. This is the test of our obedience, the indispensible preliminary before we can enjoy the favour of God. What, therefore, can we urge with more propriety from the pulpit than FAITH?—to preach morality does not include the principle of faith—to preach faith includes every branch of morality, at the same time that it affords it its present sanctions and its strongest incitements.

I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience, and I must beg of you to excuse the badness of the writing, for which I have the plea of illness. I hope your health

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is yet firm, and that God will in mercy prosper your endeavours for the good of your flock.

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, Cambridge, April, 1806.

DEAR MOTHER,

* * * * * *

I AM quite unhappy to see you so anxious on my account, and also that you should think me neglectful of you. Believe me, my dear mother, my thoughts are often with you. Never do I lay myself on my bed, before you have all passed before me in my prayers, and one of my first earthly wishes is to make you comfortable, and provide that rest and quiet for your mind which you so much need: And never fear, but I shall have it in my power, some time or other. My prospects wear a flattering appearance. I shall be almost sure of a fellowship somewhere or other, and then, if I get a curacy in Cambridge, I shall have a clear income of 170l. per ann. besides my board and lodging, perhaps

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more. If I do not reside in Cambridge I shall have some quiet parsonage, where you may come and spend the summer months. Maria and Kate will then be older, and you will be less missed. On all accounts *you* have much reason to indulge happier dreams. My health is considerably better. Only do you take as much care of yours as I do of mine, and all will be well. I exhort and entreat, and beseech you, as you love me, and all your children, that you will take your bitters *without ceasing*. As you wish me to pay regard to your exhortations attend to this.

* * * * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, April, 1806.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM a good deal surprised at not having heard from you, in answer to my last. You will be surprised to hear the purport of my present letter; which is no less than that I shall spend the ensuing Easter vacation in Nottingham. The reasons which have induced me to make this so wide an alteration in my plan, are these: I have had some symptoms of the return of my old complaint, and both my doctor and tutor think I had better take a fortnight's relaxation at home. I hope you will not think I

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have neglected exercise, since I have taken more this term than I ever did before; but I shall enlarge my hours of recreation still more, since I find it necessary, for my health's sake, so to do.

You need not give yourself any uneasiness as to my health, for I am quite recovered. I was chiefly afflicted with sleeplessness and palpitations of the heart, which symptoms have now disappeared, and I am quite restored to my former good health. My journey will reestablish me completely, and it will give me no small pleasure to see you after so long an absence from home. I shall be very idle while I am at Nottingham; I shall only amuse myself with teaching Maria and Kate.

* * * * * *

(SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED)

TO MRS. WEST.

I HAVE stolen your first volume of Letters from the chimney-piece of a college friend, and I have been so much pleased both with the spirit, conduct, and style of the work, that I cannot refrain from writing to tell you so. I shall read the remaining volumes immediately; but as I am at this moment just in that desultory mood, when a man can best write a letter, I have deter-

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mined not to delay what, if I defer at all, I shall probably not do at all.

Well, then, my dear Madam, although I have insidiously given you to understand, that I write to tell you how much I approve your work, I will be frank enough to tell you, likewise, that I think, in one point, it is faulty; and that, if I had not discovered what I consider to be a defect in the book, I should probably not have written for the mere purpose of declaiming on its excellencies.

Start not, Madam, it is in that very point whereon you have bestowed most pains, that I think the work is faulty—*Religion*. If I mistake not, there will be some little confusion of idea detected, if we examine this part narrowly; and as I am not quite idle enough to write my opinions without giving the reasons for them, I will endeavour to explain why I think so.

Religion, then, Madam, I conceive to be the service a creature owes to his Creator; and I take it for granted *that* service implies some self-denial and some labour; for if it did not involve something unpleasing to ourselves, it would be a duty we should all *of necessity* perform. Well, then, if religion call for self-denial, there must be some motive to induce men voluntarily to undergo such privations as may be consequent on a religious life, and those motives must be such as affect either the present state of existence, or some other future state of

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existence. Certainly then, those motives which arise from the expectation of a future state of existence, must in reality be infinitely more important than those which are founded in temporal concerns, although, to mankind, the immediate presence of temporal things may outweigh the distant apprehension of the future. Granting therefore, that the future world is the main object of our religious exercises, it will follow, that they are the most important concerns of a man's life, and that every other consideration is light and trifling in the comparison. For the world to come is everlasting, while the present world is but very short. Foolish then, indeed, and short-sighted must that creature be, which can prefer the conveniences and accommodations of the present, to the happiness of the eternal future.

All Christians, therefore, who undertake to lay down a chart for the young and inexperienced, by which they may steer with security through the ocean of life, will be expected to make religion a prominent feature on the canvas: and that too not only by giving it a larger space, but by enforcing the superiority of this consideration to every other. Now this is what I humbly conceive you have not altogether done, and I think, indeed, if I be competent to judge, you have failed in two points:—in making religion only a subordinate consideration to a young man, and in not defining distinctly the essentials of religion.

I would ask you, then, in what way you so impress religion on the mind of your son, as one would expect

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that person would impress it, who was conscious that it was of the first importance. Do you instruct him to turn occasionally, when his leisure may permit, to pious and devout meditation? Do you direct him to make religion the one great aim and end of his being? Do you exhort him to frequent private and earnest prayer to the Spirit of Holiness, that he would sanctify all his doings? Do you teach him that the praise or the censure, the admiration, or the contempt of the world is of little importance, so as his heart be right before the great Judge? Do you tell him that, as his reason now opens, he should gradually withdraw from the gayer and occasionally more unlicensed diversions of the world—the ball-room, the theatre, and the public concert, in order that he may abstract his mind more from the too-fascinating delights of life, and fit himself for the new scene of existence, which will sooner or later open upon his view? No, Madam, I think you do not do this. You tell him there is a deal of enthusiasm in persons who, though they mean well, are over strict in their religious performances. You tell him, that assemblies, dances, theatres, are elegant amusements, though you couple the fine arts with them, which I am sorry to see in such company. I, too, am enthusiastically attached to the fine arts. Poetry, painting, and music are amongst my most delicious and chastest pleasures, and happy, indeed, do I feel when I can make even these contribute to the great end, and draw my soul from its sphere to fix it on its Maker and Redeemer. I am fond, too, of tragedy; and though I do not find it with so much purity and chastity in Shakespeare

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as in the old Greek dramatists, yet I know how to appreciate its beauties in him too. Besides these, I have a thousand other amusements of the most refined nature, without either theatres, balls, or card tables. The theatre is not in itself an immoral institution, but in its present state it is; and I feel much for an uncorrupted frank lad of fourteen, who is permitted to visit this stew of licentiousness, impudence, and vice. Your plan seems to me this:—Teach a boy to lead an honest, upright life, and to do his duty, and he will gain the good will of God by the very tenor of his actions. This is, indeed, an easy kind of religion, for it *involves no self-denial;* but true religion does involve self-denial. The inference is obvious. I say it involves no self-denial; because a well-educated sensible lad will see so many inconveniences in vicious indulgences, that he will chuse the virtuous, by a natural effort of the understanding; and so, according to this system, he will ensure heaven by the soundness of his policy, and the rectitude of his understanding.

Admitting this to be a true doctrine, Christianity has been of no material service to mankind; and the Son of God might have spared his blood, for the heathens knew all this, and not only knew it, but many of them put it into practice. What then has Christianity done?—But the scripture teaches us the reverse of this: it teaches us to give God our whole heart, to live to him, to pray continually, and to fix our affections, not on things temporal, but on things eternal. Now, I ask you, whether, without any sophistry, or any perversion of the meaning of

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words, you can reconcile this with your religious instruction to your son?

I think likewise, that you do not define the essentials of religion distinctly. We are either saved by the atonement of Jesus Christ, or we are not; and if we *are*, then all men are necessarily saved, or some are necessarily not saved; and if some are not saved, it must be from causes either existing in the individuals themselves, or from causes existing in the œconomy of God's dispensations. Now, Madam, we are told that Jesus Christ died for all; but we grant that all are not saved. Why then are some not saved? Is it because they do not act in a manner worthy of God's favour? Then a man's salvation depends upon his *actions*. But we are told in Scripture, that it does not depend on his actions—"By faith are "ye saved without the works of the law"—therefore it either must depend on some other effort of the creature, or on the will of the Creator. I will not dispute the question of Calvinism with you. I will grant that Calvinism is indefensible; but this all must concede who believe the Scriptures, that we are to be saved by faith only through Jesus Christ. I ask, therefore, whether you have taught this to your son, and I ask whether there is one trait in your instructions, in common with the humbling, self-denying religion taught by the Apostles, by the homilies of our Church, and by all the reformers? The chief argument of the latter against the Romish church, was their asserting the validity of works. Now, what ideas must your son have of Christian faith? You

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say, that even *Shakespeare's debauchees were believers;* and he is given to understand, that he is a good Christian if he do his duty to his master and fellows, go to church every Sunday, and keep clear of enthusiasm. And what has Jesus Christ to do with your system? and where is that *faith* banished, of which every page of Scripture is full?—Can this be right? *"Closet devotion"* is the means of attaining faith; and humble prayer is the true means of arriving at fervency in religion, without enthusiasm. You condemn Socinianism, but I ask you where Jesus Christ appears in your scheme, and where the influences of the Holy Ghost, and even his names, are banished from it.

* * * * * *

TO MR. P. THOMPSON.

Nottingham, April 8th, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

I SINCERELY beg your pardon for my ungrateful disregard of your polite letter. The intervening period has been so much taken up, on the one hand, by ill health, and on the other, by occupations of the most indispensible kind, that I have neglected almost all my friends, and you amongst the rest. I am now at Not-

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tingham, a truant from study, and a rejected votary at the shrine of health; a few days will bring me back to the margin of the Cam, and bury me once more in the busy routine of college exercises. Before, however, I am again a man of bustle and occupation, I snatch a few moments to tell you how much I shall be gratified by your correspondence, and how greatly I think myself flattered by your esteeming mine worth asking for.

The little sketch of your past occupations and present pursuits, interested me. Cultivate, with all assiduity, the taste for letters which you possess. It will be a source of exquisite gratification to you: and if directed as it ought to be, and I hope as it will be directed, it will be more than gratification (if we understand pleasure alone by that word), since it will combine with it utility of the highest kind. If polite letters were merely instrumental in cheering the hours of elegant leisure, in affording refined and polished pleasures, uncontaminated with gross and sensual gratifications, they would still be valuable; but in a degree infinitely less than when they are considered as the handmaids of the virtues, the correctors as well as the adorners of society. But literature has, of late years, been prostituted to all the purposes of the bagnio. Poetry, in particular, arrayed in her most bewitching colours, has been taught to exercise the arts of the *Leno*, and to charm only that she may destroy. The muse, who once dipped her hardy wing in the chastest dews of Castalia, and spoke nothing but what had a tendency to confirm and invigorate the manly

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ardour of a virtuous mind, now breathes only the voluptuous languishings of the harlot, and, like the brood of Circe, touches her charmed chords with a grace, that while it ravishes the ear, deludes and beguiles the sense. I call to witness Mr. Moore, and the tribe of imitators which his success has called forth, that my statement is true. Lord Strangford has trodden faithfully in the steps of his pattern.

* * * * *

I hope, for the credit of poetry, that the good sense of the age will scout this insidious school; and what may we not expect, if Moore and Lord Strangford apply themselves to a chaster muse—they are both men of uncommon powers. You may remember the reign of Darwinian poetry, and the fopperies of Della Crusca. To these succeeded the school of *simplicity*, in which Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge are so deservedly eminent. I think that the new tribe of poets endeavour to combine these two opposite sects, and to unite richness of language and warmth of colouring with simplicity and pathos. They have certainly succeeded; but Moore unhappily wished to be a Catullus, and from him has sprung the licentiousness of the new school. Moore's poems and his translations will, I think, have more influence on the female society of this kingdom, than the stage has had in its *worst period*, the reign of Charles II. Ladies are not ashamed of having the delectable Mr. Little on their toilette, which is a pretty

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good proof that his voluptuousness is considered as quite veiled by the sentimental garb in which it is clad. But voluptuousness is not the less dangerous for having some slight semblance of the veil of modesty. On the contrary, her fascinations are infinitely more powerful in this retiring habit, than when she boldly protrudes herself on the gazer's eye, and openly solicits his attention. The broad indecency of Wycherly, and his cotemporaries, was not half so dangerous as this *insinuating* and *half-covered mock*-delicacy, which makes use of the blush of modesty in order to heighten the charms of vice.

I must conclude somewhat abruptly, by begging you will not punish my negligence towards you, by retarding the pleasure I shall receive from your answer.

I am,

Very truly yours,

H. K. WHITE.

Address to me, St. John's college, Cambridge.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, May, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

* * *

* * *

MY long delayed, and very anciently promised letter to Charlesworth, will reach him shortly. Tell him that I have written once to him in Latin, but that having torn the paper in two, by a mistake, I could not summon resolution to copy it.

I was glad to hear of the *eclat* with which he disputed and came off on so difficult a subject as the Nerves; and I beg him, if he have made any discoveries, to communicate them to me, who, being persecuted by these same nerves, should be glad to have some better acquaintance with my invisible enemies.

* * *

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, June 30th, 1806.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday, and I hope you will not think my past silence at all in need of apology, when you know that our examination only closed on Saturday.

I have the satisfaction of informing you, that, after a week's scrutiny, I was deemed to be the first man. I had very little hopes of arriving at so distinguishing a station, on account of my many checks and interruptions. It gave me great pleasure to observe how all the men rejoiced in my success. It was on Monday that the classes were published. I am a prize-man both in the mathematical, and logical, or general examination, and in Latin composition.

Mr. Catton has expressed his great satisfaction at my progress; and he has offered to supply me with a private tutor for the four months of the vacation, free of any expense. This will cost the college twelve or fifteen guineas at least. My last term bill amounts only to 4l. 5s. 3d. after my exhibitions are deducted.

I had engaged to take charge of a few classical pupils for a clergyman in Warwickshire, during *one* month of

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the vacation, for which I was to receive, besides my board, &c. &c. ten guineas; but Mr. Catton says this is a piece of extreme folly, as it will consume time, and do me no good. He told me, therefore, positively, that he would not give me an *exeat*, without which no man can leave his college for a night.

I cannot, therefore, at all events, visit Nottingham with my aunt, nor meet her there.

I could now, if I chose, leave St. John's College and go to another, with great *eclat*, but it would be an unadviseable step. I believe, however, it will be impossible for them to elect me fellow at St. John's, as my county is under particular restrictions. They can give me a fellowship of smaller value; but I had rather get one at another college; at all events, the smaller colleges will be glad to elect me from St. John's.

* * * *

With regard to cash, I manage pretty well, though my fund is at present at its lowest ebb. My bills, however, are paid; and I have no occasion for money, except as a private convenience. The question therefore is, whether it will be more inconvenient to you than convenient to me, for you to replenish my purse. Decide impartially. I have not drawn upon my mother since Christmas, except for the expense of my journey up from Nottingham to Cambridge; nor do I mean to do it till next Christmas, when,

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as I have ordered a suit of cloaths, I shall have a good many calls for money.

Let me have a long letter from you soon.

* * * * *

TO HIS AUNT*.

St. John's, Cambridge, Jan. 6th, 1806.

MY DEAR AUNT,

I AM at length once more settled in my rooms at Cambridge, but I am grown so idle, and so luxurious, since I have been under your hands, that I cannot read with half my usual diligence.

I hope you concluded the Christmas holidays on Monday evening, with the customary glee; and I hope my uncle was well enough to partake of your merriment. You must now begin your penitential days, after so much riot and feasting; and with your three little prattlers around you, I am sure your evenings will flow pleasantly by your own fire-side. Visiting and gaiety are very well, by way of change, but there is no enjoyment so lasting as that of one's own family. Elizabeth will soon be old enough to amuse you with her conversation, and I trust

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* This letter is misplaced, not having been received in time to be inserted in right order.

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you will take every opportunity of teaching her to put the right value on things, and to exercise her own good sense. It is amazing how soon a child may become a real comfort to its mother, and how much even young minds will form habits of affection towards those who treat them like reasonable beings, capable of seeing the right and the wrong of themselves. A very little girl may be made to understand that there are some things which are pleasant and amusing, which are still less worthy of attention than others more disagreeable and painful. Children are, in general, fond of little ornaments of dress, especially females, and though we may allow them to be elevated with their trifling splendors, yet we should not forget to remind them, that although people may admire their dress, yet they will admire them much more for their good sense, sweetness of temper, and generosity of disposition. Children are very quick-sighted to discern whether you approve of them, and they are very proud of your approbation when they think you bestow it: we should therefore be careful how we praise them, and for what. If we praise their dress, it should be slightly, and as if it were a matter of very small importance; but we should never let any mark of consideration, or goodness of heart, in a child, pass by, without some token of approbation. Still we must never praise a child too much, nor too warmly, for that would beget vanity; and when praise is moderately, yet judiciously bestowed, a child values it more, because it feels that it is just. I don't like punishments. You will never

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torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother, more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-mistresses in the universe. We should teach our children to make friends of us, to communicate all their thoughts to us, and, while their innocent prattle will amuse us, we shall find many opportunities of teaching them important truths, almost without their knowing it.

I admire all your little ones, and I hope to see Elizabeth one day an accomplished and sensible girl. Give my love to them, and tell them not to forget their Cousin Henry, who wants a housekeeper at college!

Though I have written so long a letter, I am, indeed, offended with you, and I dare say you know the reason very well.

* * *

P. S. Whenever you are disposed to write a letter, think of me.

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TO HIS SISTER.

St. John's, June 25th, 1806.

MY DEAR SISTER,

* * * * *

THE intelligence you gave me of Mr. Forest's illness, &c. &c. cannot affect me in any way whatever. The mastership of the school must be held by a *clergyman*, and I very well recollect that he is restrained from holding any curacy, or other ministerial office. The salary is not so large as you mention; and if it were, the place would scarcely be an object to me, for I am very certain, that if I chuse, when I have taken my degree, I may have half a dozen pupils, to prepare for the university, with a salary of 100l. per annum, which would be more respectable, and more consonant to my habits and studies, than drilling the fry of a trading town, in learning which they do not know how to value. Latin and Greek are nothing like so much respected in Nottingham as Wingate's Arithmetic.

* * * * *

It is well for you that you can still enjoy the privilege of sitting under the sound of the gospel; and the wants of others, in these respects, will, perhaps, teach you how

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to value the blessing. All our comforts, and almost all our hopes, here lie at the mercy of every succeeding hour. Death is always at hand, to bereave us of some dear connection, or to snatch us away from those who may need our counsel and protection. I do not see how any person, capable of reflection, can live easily and fearlessly in these circumstances, unless he have a well-grounded confidence in the providing care of the Almighty, and a strong belief that his hand is in every event, and that it is a hand of mercy. The chances and changes of mortal life are so many and various, that a person cannot possibly fortify himself against the contingencies of futurity without some such hold as this, on which to repose amidst the contending gales of doubt and apprehension. This I say as affecting the present life:—our views of the future can never be *secure*, they can never be comfortable or calm, without a solid faith in the Redeemer. Men may reason about the divine benevolence, the certainty of a future state, and the probable means of propitiating the great Judge, but their speculations will only entangle them in the mazes of doubt, perplexity, and alarm, unless they found their hopes on that basis which shall outstand the tide of ages. If we take this away, the poor bark of mortality loses its only stay, and we steer at random, we know not how, we know not whither: the religion of Jesus Christ is strength to the weak, and wisdom to the unwise. It requires no preparatives of learning, or study, but is, if possible, more obvious and easy to the illiterate than to the erudite. No man, therefore, has any excuse if he

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neglect it. The way is plain before him, and he is invited to enter. He has only to kneel at the foot of the cross, and cry, with the poor publican, "Lord have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner." If he do this, and examine his own heart, and mortify the body of sin within him, as far as he is able, humbly and earnestly imploring the assistance of God's holy spirit, we cannot doubt but he will meet with the approbation and assistance of the Almighty. In this path we must all tread. In this path I hope that you, my dear Sister, are now proceeding. You have children, to whom can you commit them, should Providence call you hence, with more confidence than the meek and benevolent Jesus? What legacy can you leave them more certainly profitable, than the prayers of a pious mother? And if taught by your example, as well as by your instructions, they should become themselves patterns of a holy and religious life, how sweetly will the evening of your days shine upon your head, as you behold them treading in those ways which you know, by experience, to be ways of pleasantness and peace. I need not press this subject. I know you feel all that I say, and more than I can express. I only fear that the bustle of family cares, as well as many anxieties of mind on other accounts, should too much divert you from these important objects. Let me only remind you, that the prayers of the afflicted are particularly acceptable to God. The sigh of the penitent is not too light to reach his ear. The eye of God is fixed as intently upon your soul, at all times, as it is upon the revolution of the heavenly bodies, and the regulation of

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systems. God surveys all things, and he contemplates them with perfect attention; and, consequently, he is as intently conversant about the smallest as about the greatest things. For if he were not as perfectly intent on the soul of an individual being, as he is about the general concerns of the universe, then he would do one thing less perfectly than another; which is impossible in God.

* * * * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, July 9th, 1806.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE scarcely time to write you a long letter; but the pleasing nature of my intelligence will I hope, make up for its shortness.

After a week's examination, I am decided to be the first man of my year, at St. John's; an honour I had scarcely hoped for, since my reading has been so very broken and interrupted. The contest was very stiff, and the men all acquitted themselves very well. We had thirteen men in the *first class*, though there are seldom more than six or eight who attain that rank in common.

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I have learned also that I am a prize-man in classical composition, though I do not yet know whereabouts I stand. It is reported that here too I am first.

Before it was known that I was the first man, Mr. Catton, our college tutor, told me that he was so satisfied with the manner in which I had passed through the examination, that if I chose to stay up during the summer, I should have a private tutor in the mathematics, and that it should be no expense to me. I could not hesitate at such a proposal, especially as he did not limit the time for my keeping the private tutor, but will probably continue it as long as I like. You may estimate the value of this favour, when I tell you that a private tutor, for the whole vacation, will cost the college at least twelve or fourteen guineas, and that during term time they receive ten guineas the term.

I cannot of course leave the college this summer, even for a week, and shall therefore miss the pleasure of seeing my Aunt G——, at Nottinghan. I have written to her.

It gave me much pleasure to observe the joy all the men seemed to feel at my success. I had been on a water excursion, with a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and some ladies, and just got home as the men were assembling for supper; you can hardly conceive with what pleasure they all flocked round me, with the most hearty

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congratulations, and I found that many of them had been seeking me all over the college, in order to be the first to communicate the good tidings.

* * * * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, July, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE good and very bad news to communicate to you. Good, that Mr. Catton has given me an exhibition, which makes me up a clear income of 63l. per annum, and that I am consequently more than independent; bad, that I have been very ill, notwithstanding regular and steady exercise. Last Saturday morning I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics for my tutor, spent an hour with him, between eight and nine got my breakfast, and read the Greek History *(at breakfast)* till ten, then sat down to decypher some logarithm tables. I think I had not done any thing at them, when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven my laundress found me bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up and staggered about the room, and she, being frightened, ran away, and told my Gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he

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came I was sallying out with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it; he made me put on my coat, and then I went to Mr. Farish's: he opened a vein, and my recollection returned. My own idea was, that I had fallen out of bed, and so I told Mr. Farish at first; but I afterwards remembered that I had been to Mr. Fiske and breakfasted.

Mr. Catton has insisted on my consulting Sir Isaac Pennington, and the consequence is, that I am to go through a course of blistering, &c. which, after the bleeding, will leave me weak enough.

I am, however, very well, except as regards the doctors; and yesterday I drove into the country to Saffron Walden, in a gig. My tongue is in a bad condition, from a bite which I gave it, either in my fall, or in the moments of convulsion. My nose has also come badly off. I believe I fell against my reading-desk. My other wounds are only rubs and scratches on the carpet.

I am ordered to remit my studies for a while, by the common advice both of doctors and tutors. Dr. Pennington hopes to prevent any recurrence of the fit. He thinks it looks towards epilepsy, of the horrors of which malady I have a very full and precise idea; and I only pray that God will spare me as respects my faculties, however else it may seem good to him to afflict me. Were I my own master, I know how I should act; but I am tied here by bands which I cannot burst. I know that change

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of place is needful; but I must not indulge in the idea. The college must not pay my tutor for nothing. Dr Pennington and Mr. Farish attribute the attack to a too continued tension of the faculties. As I am much alone now, I never get quite off study, and I think incessantly. I know nature will not endure this. They both proposed my going home, but Mr. * * did not hint at it, although much concerned; and indeed I know home would be a bad place for me *in my* present situation. I look round for a resting place, and I find none. Yet there is one, which I have long too, too much disregarded, and thither I must now betake myself. There are many situations worse than mine, and I have no business to complain. If these afflictions should draw the bonds tighter which hold me to my Redeemer, it will be well.

You may be assured that you have here a plain statement of my case, in its true colours, without any palliation. I am now well again, and have only to fear a relapse, which I shall do all I can to prevent, by a relaxation in study.

I have now written too much.

I am very sincerely yours,

H. K. WHITE.

P. S. I charge you, as you value my peace, not to let my friends hear, either directly or indirectly, of my illness.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, 30th July, 1806.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I HAD deferred sitting down to write to you until I should have leisure to send you a very long letter, but as that time seems every day farther off, I shall beg your patience no longer, but fill my sheet as well as I can.

I must first reply to your queries. I beg pardon for having omitted to mention the receipt of the * * * but, as I acknowledged the receipt of the parcel, I concluded that you would understand me to mean its contents, as specified in your letter. But I know the accuracy of a man of business too well, to think your caution strange. As to the college prizes, I have the satisfaction of telling you that I am entitled to two, viz. the first for the general examination, and one of the first for the classical composition. I say *one* of the first on this account—I am put equal with two others at the top of the list. In this contest I had all the men of the three years to contend with, and, as both my equals are my seniors in standing, I have no reason to be dissatisfied.

* * *

The Rhetoric Lecturer sent me one of my Latin Essays to copy, for the purpose of inspection; a compliment which was paid to none of the rest.

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* * *

We three are the only men who are honoured with prizes, so that we have cut four or five Eton men, who are always boasting of their classical ability.

With regard to your visit here, I think you had better come in term time, as the university is quite empty, and *starers* have nothing but the buildings to gaze at. If, however, you can come more conveniently now than hereafter, I would advise you not to let this circumstance prevent you. I shall be glad to see Mr. *** with you. You may spend a few days very pleasantly here, even in vacation time; though you will scarcely meet a gownsman in the streets.

I thought the matter over about *****, but I do not think I have any influence here. Being myself a young man, I cannot, with any chance of success, attempt to *direct* even that interest which I may claim with others.

* * *

The university is the worst place in the world for making interest. The great mass of men are themselves busily employed in wriggling themselves into places and livings, and there is in general too much anxiety for No. 1, to permit any interference for a neighbour, No. 2.

* * *

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TO HIS MOTHER.

St. John's, Aug. 1806.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE no hesitation in declining the free-school, on the ground of its precluding the exercise of the ministerial duties. I shall take the liberty of writing Mr. ——, to thank him for having thought of me, and to recommend to his notice Mr. ———.

* * * * * *

But do not fret yourself, my dear mother; in a few years we shall, I hope, be in happier circumstances. I am not too sanguine in my expectations, but I shall certainly be able to assist you, and my sisters, in a few years. **** As for Maria and Kate, if they succeed well in their education, they may, perhaps, be able to keep a school of a superior kind, where the profits will be greater, and the labour less. I even hope that this may not be necessary, and that you, my father, and they, may come and live with me when I get a parsonage. You would be pleased to see how comfortably Mr. —— lives with his mother and sisters, at a snug little rectory about ten miles from Cambridge. So much for castle-building.

* * *

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TO MR. ***.

St. John's, Aug. 15th, 1806.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I HAVE deferred writing to you until my return from Mr. ——'s knowing how much you would like to hear from me in respect to that dear family. I am afraid your patience has been tried by this delay, and I trust to this circumstance alone as my excuse.

My hours have seldom flowed so agreeably as they did at S——, nor perhaps have I made many visits which have been more profitable to me, in a religious sense. The example of Mr. —— will, I hope, stimulate me to a faithful preparation for the sacred office to which I am destined. I say a *faithful* preparation, because I fear I am apt to deceive myself with respect to my present pursuits, and to think I am only labouring for the honour of God, when I am urging literary labours to a degree inconsistent with duty, and my real interests. Mr. —— is a good and careful pastor; my heart has seldom been so full as when I have accompanied him to the chambers of the sick, or have heard his affectionate addresses to the attentive crowd, which fills his school-room on Sunday evening.—He is so earnest, and yet so sober; so wise, and yet so simple! You, my dear R——, are now very nearly approaching to the sacred office, and I

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sincerely pray that you may be stimulated to follow after the pattern of our excellent friend. You may have Mr. ——'s zeal, but you will need his learning and his judgment to temper it. Remember, that it is a work of much more self-denial, for a man of active habits to submit to a course of patient study, than to suffer many privations for Christ's sake. In the latter the heart is warmly interested, the other is the slow and unsatisfactory labour of the head, tedious in its progress and uncertain in its produce. Yet there is a pleasure, great and indescribable pleasure, in *sanctified* study: the more wearisome the toil, the sweeter will it be to those who sit down with a subdued and patient spirit, content to undergo much tedium and fatigue, for the honour of God's ministry. Reading, however dry, soon becomes interesting, if we pursue it with a resolute spirit of investigation, and a determinate purpose of thoroughly mastering what we are about. You cannot take up the most tiresome book, on the most tiresome subject, and read it with fixed attention for an hour, but you feel a desire to go on; and here I would exhort you, whatever you read, read it accurately and thoroughly, and never to pass over any thing, however minute, which you do not quite comprehend. This is the only way to become really learned, and to make your studies satisfactory and productive. If I were capable of directing your course of reading, I should recommend you to peruse Butler's Analogy, Warburton's Divine Legation, Prideaux and Shuckford's Connexions, and Milner's Church History, Century for Century, along with Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

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The latter is learned, concise, clear, and written in good scholastic Latin. Study the Chronology of the Old Testament, and, as a mean of making it interesting, trace out the completion of the prophecies. Read your Greek Testament with the nicest accuracy, tracing every word to its root, and seeking out the full force of particular expressions, by reference both to Parkhurst and Scapula. The derivation of words will throw great light on many parts of the New Testament: thus, if we know that the word διακονος, a deacon, comes from δια and κόνιω, to bustle about in the dust; we shall have a fuller notion of the humility of those who held the office in the primitive church. In reading the Old Testament, wherever you find a passage obscure, turn to the Septuagint, which will often clear up a place better than fifty commentators: Thus, in Joel, the day of the Lord is called "*a day of gloominess, a day of darkness, and of clouds, like the morning spread upon the mountains,*" which is a contradiction. Looking at the Septuagint, we find that the passage is mispointed, and that the latter metaphor is applied to the *people:* "A people great and strong, like the morning spread upon the mountain." The Septuagint is very easy Greek, quite as much so as the Greek Testament; and a little practice of this kind will help you in your knowledge of the language, and make you a good critic. I perceive your English style is very unpolished, and I think this a matter of *great* moment. I should recommend you to read, and imitate as nearly as you can, the serious papers in the eighth volume of the Spectator, particularly those on the Ubiquity of the Deity.

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Accustom yourself to write down your thoughts, and to polish the style some time after composition, when you have forgotten the expression. Aim at conciseness, neatness, and clearness, never making use of *fine* or *vulgar* words. Avoid every epithet which does not add *greatly* to the idea, for every addition of this kind, if it do not strengthen, weakens the sentiment; and be cautious never to express by two words what you can do as well by one: a multiplicity of words only hides the sense, just as a superabundance of cloaths does the shape. Thus much for studies.

* * *

I recommend you to pause and consider *much* and well on the subject of matrimony. You have heard my sentiments with regard to a *rich* wife; but I am much too young, and too great an enthusiast, to be even a tolerable counsellor on a point like this. You must think for yourself, and consult with prudent and pious people, whose years have taught them the wisdom of the present world, and whose experience has instructed them in that of the world to come. But a little sober *thought* is worth a world of advice. You have, however, an infallible adviser, and to his directions you may safely look. To him I commend all your ways.

I have one observation to make, which I hope you will forgive in me, it is, that you fall in love too readily. I have no notion of a man's having a certain species of

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affection for *two* women at once. I am afraid you let your admiration outrun your judgement in the outset, and then comes the *denouément* and its attendant, disappointment and disgust. Take good heed you do not do this in marriage, for if you do, there will be great risk of your making shipwreck of your hopes. Be content to learn a woman's good qualities, as they gradually reveal themselves; and do not let your imagination adorn her with virtues and charms to which she has no pretension. I think there is often a little disappointment after marriage—our angels turn out to be mere Eves—but the true way of avoiding, or, at least, lessening this inconvenience, is to estimate the object of our affections really as she is, without deceiving *ourselves* and injuring *her*, by elevating her above her sphere. This is the way to be happy in marriage, for, upon this plan, our partners will be continually breaking in upon us and delighting us with some new discovery of excellence; while, upon the other plan, we shall always be finding that the reality falls short of what we had so fondly and so foolishly imagined.

Be very sedulous and very patient in your studies. You would shudder at the idea of obtruding yourself on the sacred office in a condition rather to disgrace than to adorn it. St. Paul is earnest in admonishing Timothy to give attention to reading: and that holy apostle himself, quotes from several of the best authors among the Greeks. His style is also very elegant, and polished on occasion. *He*, therefore, did not think the graces of composition beneath his attention, as some foolish and

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ignorant preachers of the present day are apt to do. I have written a longer letter to you than I expected, and I must now therefore say, good bye.

I am,

Very affectionately yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

St. John's, Aug. 12, 1806.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I CAN but just manage to tell you, by this post, what I am sure you will be glad to learn, even at the expense of sevenpence for an empty sheet, that Mr. Catton has given me an exhibition, which makes my whole income sixty guineas a year. My last term's bill was 13l. 13s. and I had 7l. 12s. to receive; but the expenses of this vacation will leave me bare until Christmas.

I have the pleasure of not having solicited either this or any other of the favours which Mr. Catton has so liberally bestowed upon me: and though I have been the possessor of this exhibition ever since March last, yet Mr. Catton did not hint it to me until this morning when he gave me my bill.

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I have, of course, signified to Mr. Simeon, that I shall have no need whatever of the stipend which I have hitherto received through his hands. He was extremely kind on the occasion, and indeed his conduct towards me has ever been *fatherly*. It was Mr. Wilberforce who allowed me 20l. per ann. and Mr. Simeon added 10l. He told me that my conduct gave him the most heartfelt joy; that I was so generally respected, without having made any compliances, as he understood, or having, in any instance, concealed my principles. Indeed this is a praise which I may claim, though I never conceived that it was at all an object of praise. I have always taken some pains to let those around me know my religious sentiments, as a saving of trouble, and as a mark of that independence of opinion which, I think, every one ought to assert: and, as I have produced my opinions with frankness and modesty, and supported them (if attacked) with coolness and candour, I have never found them any impediment to my acquaintance with any person, whose acquaintance I coveted.

* * *

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TO MR. R. W. A.

St. John's, Aug. 18th, 1806.

DEAR ALMOND,

I AM glad to hear of your voyages and travels through various regions and various seas, both of this island, and its little suckling the isle of Wight.

Many hair's-breadth 'scapes and perilous adventures you must needs have had, and many a time, on the extreme shores of the south, must you have looked up with the eye of intelligent curiosity, to see whether the same moon shone *there* as in the pleasant, but now far distant, groves of Colwick. And now, my very wise and travelled friend, seeing that your head is yet upon your shoulders, and your neck in its right natural position, and seeing, that after all the changes and chances of a long journey, and after being bang'd from post to pillar, and from pillar to post, seeing, I say, that after all this, you are safely housed once more under your paternal roof, what think you, if you were to indulge your mind as much as you have done your eyes and gaping muscles? A few trips to the fountains of light and colour, or to the regions of the good lady who χερσὶν ἀδάλοις διέπει ἄφορβον πόντον, a ramble down the Galaxy, and a few peeps on the *unconfined* confines (ποταμὸν ἄποτμον, ὕπνον ἄυπνον, βίον ἀ βιώτοναλ) of infinite space, would prove, perhaps, as

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delectable to your immaterial part, as the delicious see-saw of a post-chaise was to your corporeal; or, if these ætherial, aëronautical, mathematical volutations should displease you, perhaps it would not be amiss to saunter a few weeks on the site of Troy, or to lay out plans of ancient history on the debateable ground of the Peloponnesians and Athenians. There is one Thucydides, who lives near, who will tell you all about the places you visit, and the great events connected with them: he is a sententious old fellow, very shrewd in his remarks, and speaks, moreover, very excellent Greek at your service. I know not whether you have met with any guide in the course of your bodily travels, who can be compared to him. If you should make Rome in your way, either there or back, I should like to give you a letter of introduction to an old friend of mine, whose name is Livy, who, as far as his memory extends, will amuse you with pretty stories, and some true history. There is another honest fellow enough, to whom I dare not recommend you, he is so very crabbed and tart, and speaks so much in epigrams and enigmas, that I am afraid he would teach you to talk as unintelligibly as himself. I do not mean to give you any more *advice*, but I have one *exhortation*, which I hope you will take in good part, it is this, that if you *set out* on this journey you would please to proceed to *its end*; for I have been acquainted with *some young men*, who have turned their faces towards Athens or Rome, and trudged on manfully for a few miles, but when they had travelled till they grew weary, and worn out a good pair of shoes, have suddenly become dis-

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heartened, and returned without any recompense for their pains.

And now let me assume a more serious strain, and exhort you to cultivate your mind with the utmost assiduity. You are at a critical period of your life, and the habits which you now form will, most probably, adhere to you through life. If they be idle habits I am sure they will.

But even the cultivation of your mind is of minor importance to that of your heart, your temper, and disposition. Here I have need not to *preach*, but to *learn*. *You* have had less to encounter in your religious progress than *I* have, and your progress has been therefore greater, greater even than your superior faculties would have warranted. I have had to fight hard with vanity at home, and applause abroad; no wonder that my vessel has been tossed about, but greater wonder that it is yet *upon* the waves. I exhort you to pray with me, (and I entreat you to pray *for* me) that we may both weather out the storm, and arrive in the haven of sound tranquillity, even on this side the grave.

We have all particular reason to watch and pray, lest self too much predominate. We should accustom ourselves to hold our own comforts and conveniences as subordinate to the comforts and conveniences of others in all things, and a habit thus begun in little matters might probably be extended without difficulty to those of a higher nature.

* * *

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, 11th Sept. 1806.

MY DEAR BEN,

I CAN scarcely write more to you now than just to calm your uneasiness on my account. I am perfectly well again, and have experienced no recurrence of the fit; my spirits too are better, and I read very moderately. I hope that God will be pleased to spare his rebellious child; this stroke has brought me nearer to him: whom indeed have I for my comforter, but him?

I am still reading, but with moderation, as I have been during the whole vacation, whatever you may persist in thinking.

My heart turns with more fondness towards the consolations of religion than it did, and in some degree I have *found* consolation. I still, however, conceive that it is my duty to pursue my studies temperately, and to fortify myself with Christian resignation and calmness, for the worst. I am much wanting in these virtues, and indeed in all christian virtues, but I know how desirable they are, and I long for them. Pray that I may be strengthened and enlightened, and that I may be enabled to go where duty bids, wherever that be.

* * *

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's, Cambridge, 22d Sept. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * *

YOU charge me with an accession of gallantry of late: I plead guilty. I really began to think of marriage, (very prematurely, you'll say,) but if I experience any repetition of *the fit*, I shall drop the idea of it for ever. It would be folly and cruelty to involve another in all the horrors of such a calamity.

I thank you for your kind exhortations to a complete surrender of my heart to God, which are contained in your letter. In this respect I have betrayed the most deplorable weakness and indecision of character. I know what the truth is, and I love it; but I still go on giving myself half to God and half to the world, as if I expected to enjoy the comforts of religion along with the vanities of life. If, for a short time, I keep up a closer communion with God, and feel my whole bosom bursting with sorrow and tenderness as I approach the footstool of my Saviour, I soon relapse into indifference, worldly-mindedness, and sin; my devotions become listless and perfunctory: I doat on the world, its toys, and its corrup-

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tions, and am mad enough to be willing to sacrifice the happiness of eternity to the deceitful pleasures of the passing moment. My heart is indeed a lamentable sink of loathsome corruption and hypocrisy. In consistency with my professed opinions, I am often obliged to talk on subjects of which I know but little in experience, and to rank myself with those who have felt, what I only approve from my head, and, perhaps, esteem from my heart. I often start with horror and disgust from myself, when I consider how deeply I have imperceptibly gone into this species of simulation. Yet I think my love for the Gospel, and its professors, is sincere; only I am insincere in suffering persons to entertain an high opinion of me, as a child of God, when indeed I am an alien from him. On looking over some private memorandums which were written at various times in the course of the two last years, I beheld, with inexpressible anguish, that my progress has, if any thing, been retrograde. I am still as dark, still as cold, still as ignorant, still as fond of the world, and have still fewer desires after holiness. I am very, very dissatisfied with myself, and yet I am not prompted to earnest prayer. I have been so often earnest, and always have fallen away, that I go to God without hope, without faith. Yet I am not *totally* without hope; I know God will have my whole heart, and I know, when I give him *that*, I shall experience the light of his countenance with a permanency. I pray that he would assist my weakness, and grant me some portion of his grace, in order that I may overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, to which I have long,

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very long, been a willing, though an unhappy slave. Do you pray earnestly with me, and for me, in these respects, I know the prayers of the faithful avail much; and when you consider with how great temptations I am surrounded, and how very little strength I have wherewith to resist them, you will feel with me the necessity of earnest supplication and fervent intercession, lest I should be lost, and cast away for ever.

I shall gladly receive your spiritual advice and directions. I have gone on *too* long in coldness and unconcern; who knows whether, if I neglect the present hour, the day of salvation may not be gone by for ever!!

* * *

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

St. John's, 22d Sept. 1806.

MY DEAR CHARLESWORTH,

THANK you for taking the blame of our neglected correspondence on your own shoulders. I thought it rested elsewhere. Thrice have I begun to write to you, once in Latin and twice in English; and each time have the fates opposed themselves to the completion of my design. But, however, *pax sit rebus*, we are naturally

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disposed to forgive, because we are, as far as intention goes, mutually offenders.

I thank you for your invitation to Clapham, which came at a fortunate juncture, since I had just settled with my tutor that I should pay a visit to my brother in London this week. I shall of course see you; and shall be happy to spend a few days with you at Clapham, and to rhapsodize on your common. It gives me pleasure to hear you are settled, and I give you many hearty good wishes for practice and prosperity. I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how indeed should it be otherwise? A man cannot cook his dinner while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *helluones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain. While a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner and enlivens it with her society; receives you after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles, and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject who would not be poetical? A wife!—a domestic fire-side!—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness! It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! and if, with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero*, still avoid the *irrupta copula;* still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman, why then you deserve

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to be a fellow of a college all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy and careless bed-maker; and, lastly, to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor. Why man, I dare no more *dream* that I shall ever have it in my power to have a wife, than that I shall be Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England. A suite of rooms, in a still and quiet corner of old St. John's, which was once occupied by a crazy monk, or by one of the translators of the Bible, in the days of good King James, must form the boundary of my ambition. I must be content to inhabit walls which never echoed with a female voice, to be buried in glooms which were never cheered with a female smile. It is said, indeed, that women were sometimes permitted to visit St. John's, when it was a monastery of White-Friars, in order to be present at particular religious ceremonies: but the good monks were careful to sprinkle holy-water wherever their profane footsteps had carried contagion and pollution.

It is well that you are free from the restrictions of monastic austerity, and that, while I sleep under the shadow of towers and lofty walls, and the safeguard of a vigilant porter, you are permitted to inhabit your own cottage, under your own guardianship, and to listen to the sweet accents of domestic affection.

Yes, my very Platonic, or rather Stoical friend, I must see you safely bound in the matrimonial noose, and then,

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like a confirmed bachelor, ten years hence, I shall have the satisfaction of pretending to laugh at, while, in my heart, I envy you. So much for rhapsody. I am coming to London for relaxation's sake, and shall take it pretty freely; that is, I shall seek after fine sights—stare at fine people—be chearful with the gay—foolish with the simple—and leave as little room to suspect as possible that I am (any thing of) a philosopher and mathematician. I shall probably talk a little Greek, but it will be by stealth, in order to excite no suspicion.

* * *

I shall be in town on Friday or Saturday. I am in a very idle mood, and have written you a very idle letter, for which I entreat your pardon, and I am,

Dear C——,

Very sincerely yours,

H. K. WHITE.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

(FOUND IN HIS POCKET AFTER HIS DECEASE.)

St. John's College, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1806.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I AM safely arrived, and in college, but my illness has increased upon me much. The cough continues, and is attended with a good deal of fever. I am under the care of Mr. Farish, and entertain very little apprehension about the cough, but my over exertions in town have reduced me to a state of much debility; and until the cough be gone I cannot be permitted to take any strengthening medicines. This places me in an awkward predicament; but I think I perceive a degree of expectoration this morning, which will soon relieve me, and then I shall mend apace.

Under these circumstances, I must not expect to see you here at present; when I am a little recovered it will be a pleasant relaxation to me.

* * *

Our lectures began on Friday, but I do not attend them until I am better. I have not written to my mother, nor shall I while I remain unwell. Will you tell her, as a

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reason, that our lectures began on Friday. I know she will be uneasy if she do not hear from me, and still more so if I tell her I am ill.

I cannot write more at present, than that I am,

Your truly affectionate Brother,

H. K. WHITE.

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HINTS, &c.

WHY will not men be contented with appearing what they are? As sure as we attempt to pass for what we are not, we make ourselves ridiculous. With religious professors this ought to be a consideration of importance, for when we assume credit for what we do not possess, we break the laws of God in more ways than we are aware of; vanity and deceit are both implicated.

Why art thou so disquieted, O my soul, and why so full of heaviness? O put thy trust in God: for I will yet thank him which is the help of my countenance, and my God. *Ps.* 42.

Domine Jesu in te speravi, miserere mei! Ne sperne animum miserrimi peccatoris.

The love of Christ is the only source from whence a Christian can hope to derive spiritual happiness and peace. Now the love of Christ will not reside in the bosom already pre-occupied with the love of the world, or any other predominating affection. We must give up every thing for it, and we know it deserves that distinction; yet, upon this principle, unless the energy of Divine grace were what it is, mighty and irresistible, who would be saved?

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The excellence of our liturgy and our establishment is more and more impressed upon my mind: how admirable do her confessions, her penitentiary offerings, her intercessions, her prayers, suit with the case of the christian. It is a sign that a man's heart is not right with God, when he finds fault with the liturgy.

Contempt of religion is distinct from unbelief: unbelief may be the result of proud reasonings and independent research; but contempt of the christian doctrine must proceed from profound ignorance.

LORD, give me a heart to turn all knowledge to thy glory, and not to mine; keep me from being deluded with the lights of vain philosophy; keep me from the pride of human reason: let me not think my own thoughts, nor dream my own imaginations; but in all things acting under the good guidance of thy Holy Spirit, may I live in all simplicity, humility, and singleness of heart, unto the Lord Jesus Christ, now and for evermore. Amen.

[The above prayer was prefixed to a Manual, or Memorandum book.]

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A PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father, at the close of another day I kneel before thee in supplication, and ere I compose my body to sleep, I would steal a few moments from weariness, to lift up my thoughts to thy perfections, to meditate on thy wonderful dispensations, and to make my request known unto thee.

Although the hours of this day have not been spent in the busy haunts of society, but in the pursuit of needful and godly knowledge, yet I am conscious that my thoughts and actions have been far from pure; and many vain and foolish speculations, many sinful thoughts and ambitious anticipations, have obtruded themselves on my mind. I know that I have felt pleasure in what I ought to have abhorred, and that I have not had thy presence continually in mind; so that my ghostly enemy has mixed poison with my best food, and sowed tares with the good seed of instruction. Sometimes, too, the world has had too much to do with my thoughts; I have longed for its pleasures, its splendors, its honours, and have forgotten that I am a poor follower of Jesus Christ, whose inheritance is not in this land, but in the fields above. I do therefore supplicate and beseech thee, Oh! thou my God and Father, that thou wilt not only forgive these my wanderings, but that thou wilt chasten my heart, and establish my affections, so that they may not be shaken

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by the light suggestions of the tempter Satan; and since I am of myself very weak, I implore thy restraining hand upon my understanding, that I may not reason in the pride of worldly wisdom, nor flatter myself on my attainments, but ever hold my judgment in subordination to thy word, and see myself as what I am, an helpless dependant on thy bounty. If a spirit of indolence and lassitude have at times crept on me, I pray thy forgiveness for it; and if I have felt rather inclined to prosecute studies which procure respect from the world, than the humble knowledge which becomes a servant of Christ, do thou check this growing propensity, and only bless my studies so far as they conduce to thy glory, and as thy glory is their chief end. My heart, O Lord! is but too fond of this vain and deceitful world, and I have many fears lest I should make shipwreck of my hope on the rocks of ambition and vanity. Give me, I pray thee, thy grace to repress these propensities; illumine more completely my wandering mind; rectify my understanding; and give me a simple, humble, and affectionate heart to love thee and thy sheep with all sincerity. As I increase in learning, let me increase in lowness of spirit; and inasmuch as the habits of studious life, unless tempered by preventing grace, but too much tend to produce formality and lifelessness in devotion, do thou, O heavenly Father, preserve me from all cold and speculative views of thy blessed Gospel; and while with regular constancy I kneel down daily before thee, do not fail to light up the fire of heavenly love in my bosom, and to draw my heart heavenward with earnest longings [to thyself.]

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And now, O Blessed Redeemer! my rock, my hope, and only sure defence, to thee do I cheerfully commit both my soul and my body. If thy wise Providence see fit, grant that I may rise in the morning, refreshed with sleep, and with a spirit of chearful activity for the duties of the day; but whether I wake here or in eternity, grant that my trust in thee may remain sure, and my hope unshaken. Our Father, &c.

[This prayer was discovered amongst some dirty loose papers of H. K. W's.]

Mem.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1806.

ON running over the pages of this book, I am constrained to observe, with sorrow and shame, that my progress in divine light has been little or none.

I have made a few conquests over my corrupt inclinations, but my heart still hankers after its old delights; still lingers half-willing, half-unwilling, in the ways of worldly-mindedness.

My knowledge of divine things is very little improved. I have read less of the Scriptures than I did last year. In reading the Fathers, I have consulted rather the pride of my heart, than my spiritual good.

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I now turn to the cause of these evils, and I find that the great root, the main spring is—love of the world; next to that, pride; next to that, spiritual sloth.

[This Memorandum was written a very few weeks before his death.]

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TRIBUTARY VERSES.

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TRIBUTARY VERSES.

SONNET.

Addressed to H. K. White, on his Poems lately published.

HENRY! I greet thine entrance into life!
Sure presage that the myrmidons of fate,
The fools unmeaning laugh, the critic's hate,
Will dire assail thee; and the envious strife
Of bookish schoolmen, beings over rife,
Whose pia-mater studious is fill'd
With unconnected matter half distill'd
From letter'd page, shall bare for thee the knife,
Beneath whose edge the poet oft-times sinks:
But fear not! for thy modest work contains
The germ of worth; thy wild poetic strains,
How sweet to him, untutor'd bard, who thinks
Thy verse "has power to please, as soft it flows
Thro' the smooth murmurs of the frequent close."

G. L. C—, 1803.

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SONNET,

To Mr. Henry Kirke White, on his Poems lately published.

BY ARTHUR OWEN, ESQ.

HAIL! gifted youth, whose passion-breathing lay
Pourtrays a mind attun'd to noblest themes,
A mind, which wrapt in fancy's high-wrought dreams,
To nature's veriest bounds its daring way
Can wing: what charms throughout thy pages shine,
To win with fairy thrill the melting soul!
For though along impassion'd grandeur roll,
Yet in full power simplicity is thine.
Proceed, sweet bard! and the heav'n-granted fire
Of pity, glowing in thy feeling breast,
May nought destroy, may nought thy soul divest
Of joy—of rapture in the living lyre,
Thou tun'st so magically: but may fame
Each passing year add honours to thy name.

Richmond, Sept. 1803.

TO MR. H. K. WHITE.

HARK! 'tis some sprite who sweeps a fun'ral knell,
For Dermody no more.—That fitful tone
From Eolus' wild harp alone can swell,
Or Chatterton assumes the lyre unknown.

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No; list again! 'tis Bateman's fatal sigh
Swells with the breeze, and dies upon the stream:
'Tis Margaret mourns, as swift she rushes by,
Rous'd by the dæmons from adulterous dream.

O! say, sweet youth! what genius fires thy soul?
The same which tun'd the frantic nervous strain
To the wild harp of Collins?—By the pole,
Or 'mid the seraphim and heav'nly train,
Taught Milton everlasting secrets to unfold,
To sing Hell's flaming gulph, or Heav'n high arch'd with gold?

H—— WALKER.

LINES

On the Death of Mr. Henry Kirke White.

BY THE REV. J. PLUMPTRE.

SUCH talents and such piety combin'd,
With such unfeign'd humility of mind,
Bespoke him fair to tread the way to fame,
And live an honour to the christian name.
But Heaven was pleas'd to stop his fleeting hour,
And blight the fragrance of the opening flow'r.
We mourn—but not for him, remov'd from pain,
Our loss, we trust, is his eternal gain:—
With him we'll strive to win the Saviour's love,
And hope to join him with the blest above.

October 24th, 1806.

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SONNET

ON HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

I.

MASTER so early of the various LYRE
Energic, pure, sublime!—Thus art thou gone?
In its bright dawn of fame that spirit flown
Which breath'd such sweetness, tenderness, and fire!
Wert thou but shewn to win us to admire
And veil in death thy splendor?—But unknown
Their destination who least time have shone
And brightest beam'd.—When these the ETERNAL SIRE,

II.

—Righteous and wise, and good are all his ways—
Eclipses, as their sun begins, to rise,
Can mortal judge, for their diminisht days,
What blest equivalent in changeless skies
What sacred glory waits them?—His the praise;
Gracious, whate'er he gives, whate'er denies.

24th Oct. 1806. C. L.

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LINES

On the Death of Mr. Henry Kirke White, late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

WRITTEN ABOUT AND IN THAT COLLEGE.

SORROWS are mine—then let me joys evade,
And seek for sympathies in this lone shade.
The glooms of death fall heavy on my heart;
And, between life and me, a truce impart.
Genius has vanisht in its opening bloom,
And youth and beauty wither in the tomb!
Thought ever prompt to lend th' enquiring eye
Pursues thy spirit through futurity.
Does thy aspiring mind new powers essay,
Or, in suspended being, wait the day,
When earth shall fall before the awful train
Of Heaven and Virtues everlasting reign?
May goodness, which thy heart did once enthrone,
Emit one ray to meliorate my own!
And, for thy sake, when time affliction calm,
Science shall please, and poesie shall charm.
I turn my steps whence issued all my woes,
Where the dull courts, monastic glooms impose,
Thence fled a spirit, whose unbounded scope,
Surpass'd the fond creation's, e'en of hope.
Along this path thy living step has fled,
Along this path they bore thee to the dead,

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All that this languid eye can now survey
Witness'd the vigour of thy fleeting day:
And witness'd all, as speaks this anguish'd tear,
The solemn progress of thy early bier.
Sacred the walls that took thy parting breath,
Own'd thee in life, encompass'd thee in death!
Oh! I can feel, as felt the sorrowing friend,
Who o'er thy corse in agony did bend;
Dead as thyself, to all the world inspires,
Paid the last rites mortality requires;
Clos'd the dim eye, that beam'd with mind before;
Composed the icy limbs to move no more!
Some power the picture from my memory tear,
Or feeling will rush onward to despair.
Immortal hopes! come, lend your blest relief;
And raise the soul, bow'd down with mortal grief.
Teach it to look for comfort in the skies:
Earth cannot give what Heav'n's high will denies.

Cambridge, Nov. 1806.

SONNET,

OCCASIONED BY THE SECOND OF H. KIRKE WHITE.

I.

YES; fled already is thy vital fire,
And the fair promise of thy early bloom
Lost, in youth's morn extinct; sunk in the tomb;
Mute in the grave, sleeps thy enchanted lyre!

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And is it vainly that our souls aspire?
  Falsely does the presaging heart presume
  That we shall live beyond life's cares and gloom;
Grasps it eternity with high desire,

II.

But to imagine bliss, feel woe and die;
  Leaving survivors to worse pangs than death?
    Not such the sanction of the ETERNAL MIND.
The harmonious order of the starry sky,
  And awful revelation's angel-breath
    Assure these hopes their full effect shall find.

25th Dec. 1806. C. L.

WRITTEN IN

THE HOMER OF MR. H. KIRKE WHITE.

Presented to me by his Brother, J. Neville White.

I.

BARD of brief days, but ah, of deathless fame!
  While on these awful leaves my fond eyes rest
  On which thine late have dwelt, thy hand late prest,
I pause; and gaze, regretful on thy name.
By neither chance, nor envy, time, nor flame,
  Be it from this its mansion dispossest!
  But thee, ETERNITY clasps to her breast,
And in celestial splendor thrones thy claim.

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II.

No more with mortal pencil shalt thou trace
An imitative radiance: * thy pure lyre
Springs from our changeful atmosphere's embrace,
And beams and breathes in empyreal fire:
The Homeric and Miltonian sacred tone
Responsive hail that lyre congenial to their own.

Bury, 11th Jan. 1807. C. L.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY A LADY.

IF worth, if genius, to the world are dear,
To Henry's shade devote no common tear.
His worth on no precarious tenure hung,
From genuine piety his virtues sprung;
If pure benevolence, if steady sense,
Can to the feeling heart delight dispense;
If all the highest efforts of the mind,
Exalted, noble, elegant, refin'd,
Call for fond sympathy's heart-felt regret,
Ye sons of genius pay the mournful debt:
His friends can truly speak how large his claim,
And, "Life was only wanting to his fame."
Art Thou, indeed, dear youth, for ever fled?
So quickly number'd with the silent dead.

---

* Alluding to his pencil'd sketch of a head surrounded with a glory.

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Too sure I read it in the downcast eye,
Hear it in mourning friendship's stifled sigh:
Ah! could esteem, or admiration, save
So dear an object from th' untimely grave,
This transcript faint had not essay'd to tell,
The loss of one belov'd, rever'd so well.
Vainly I try, even eloquence were weak,
The silent sorrow that I feel, to speak.
No more my hours of pain thy voice will cheer,
And bind my spirit to this lower sphere;
Bend o'er my suffering frame with gentle sigh,
And bid new fire relume my languid eye:
No more the pencil's mimic art command,
And with kind pity guide my trembling hand.
Nor dwell upon the page in fond regard,
To trace the meaning of the Tuscan bard.
Vain all the pleasures, Thou can'st not inspire,
And, " in my breast, th' imperfect joys expire."
I fondly hop'd thy hand might grace my shrine,
And little deem'd I should have wept o'er thine;
In fancy's eye methought I saw thy lyre,
With virtue's energies each bosom fire:
I saw admiring nations press around,
Eager to catch the animating sound:
And when at length sunk in the shades of night,
To brighter worlds thy spirit wing'd its flight;
Thy country hail'd thy venerated shade,
And each grac'd honor to thy memory paid.
Such was the fate hope pictur'd to my view—
But who, alas! e'er found hope's visions true?

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And, ah! a dark presage, when last we met,
Sadden'd the social hour with deep regret;
When Thou thy portrait from the minstrel drew,
The living Edwin starting on my view—
Silent, I ask'd of heav'n a lengthen'd date,
His genius thine, but not like thine his fate.
Shuddering I gaz'd, and saw too sure reveal'd,
The fatal truth, by hope till then conceal'd.
Too strong the portion of celestial flame,
For its weak tenement, the fragile frame;
Too soon for Us it sought its native sky,
And soar'd impervious to the mortal eye;
Like some clear planet, shadow'd from our sight,
Leaving behind long tracks of lucid light:
So shall thy bright example fire each youth,
With love of virtue, piety, and truth.
Long o'er thy loss shall grateful Granta mourn,
And bid her sons revere thy favour'd urn.
When thy lov'd flower, "Spring's victory makes known,"
The primrose pale shall bloom for thee alone:
Around thy urn, the rosemary well spread,
Whose "tender fragance," emblem of the dead—
Shall "teach the maid, whose bloom no longer lives,"
That "virtue every perish'd grace survives."
Farewell! sweet Moralist, heart-sick'ning grief,
Tells me in duty's paths to seek relief,
With surer aim, on faith's strong pinions rise,
And seek hope's vanish'd anchor in the skies.
Yet still on thee shall fond remembrance dwell,
And to the world thy worth delight to tell;

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Tho' well I feel unworthy Thee, the lays,
That to thy memory weeping friendship pays.

STANZAS

Supposed to have been written at the Grave of H. K. White.

BY A LADY.

1.

YE gentlest Gales! oh, hither waft
On airy undulating sweeps,
Your frequent sighs, so passing soft,
Where he, the youthful POET, sleeps!
He breath'd the purest tenderest sigh,
The sigh of sensibility.

2.

And thou shalt lie, his fav'rite flower,
Pale PRIMROSE, on his grave reclin'd:
Sweet emblem of his fleeting hour,
And of his pure, his spotless mind!
Like thee, he sprung in lowly vale;
And felt, like thee, the trying gale.

3.

Nor hence thy pensive eye seclude,
Oh thou, the fragrant ROSEMARY,
Where he, "in marble solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep" doth lie!

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His harp prophetic, sung to thee,
In notes of sweetest minstrelsy.

4.

Ye falling Dews, Oh! ever leave
Your chrystal drops, these flow'rs to steep:
At earliest morn, at latest eve,
Oh let them for their Poet weep!
For tears bedew'd his gentle eye,—
The tears of heavenly sympathy.

5.

Thou western Sun effuse thy beams:
For he was wont to pace the glade,
To watch in pale uncertain gleams,
The crimson-zon'd horizon fade—
Thy last, thy setting radiance pour,
Where he is set to rise no more.

ODE

On the late Henry Kirke White.

AND is the minstrel's voyage o'er?
And is the star of genius fled?
And will his magic harp no more,
Mute, in the mansions of the dead,
Its strains seraphic pour?

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A Pilgrim in this world of woe,
  Condemn'd, alas! awhile to stray,
Where bristly thorns, where briars grow,
  He bade, to cheer the gloomy way,
Its heav'nly music flow.

And oft he bade, by fame inspir'd,
  Its wild notes seek th' ætherial plain,
Till angels, by its music fir'd,
  Have, list'ning, caught th' ecstatic strain,
Have wonder'd, and admir'd.

But now secure on happier shores,
  With choirs of sainted souls he sings,
His harp th' omnipotent adores,
  And from its sweet, its silver strings,
Celestial music pours.

And tho' on earth no more he'll weave
  The lay that's fraught with magic fire,
Yet oft shall Fancy hear at eve
  His now exalted, heav'nly lyre
In sounds Æolian grieve.

JUVENIS.

B. Stoke.

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VERSES

Occasioned by the death of Henry Kirke White.

WHAT is this world at best,
Tho' deckt in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy drest?
What but a ceaseless toil for rest,
A passage to the tomb?
If flow'rets strew
The avenue,
Tho' fair, alas! how fading, and how few!

And every hour comes arm'd
By sorrow, or by woe:
Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
A Scythe the soft-shod pilf'rer brings,
To lay some comfort low:
Some tie t' unbind,
By love entwin'd,
Some silken bond, that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays,
The ravages of time:
Faded the flowers!—The Spring is past!
The scatter'd leaves, the wintry blast,
Warn to a milder clime:
The songster's flee,
The leafless tree,
And bear to happier realms their melody.

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Henry! the world no more
Can claim thee for her own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes,
Before th' eternal throne:
Yet, spirit dear,
Forgive the tear,
Which those must shed, who're doom'd to linger here.

Although a stranger, I
In friendship's train would weep:
Lost to the world, alas! so young,
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?
The poet, all
Their friend may call;
And Nature's self attends his funeral.

Altho' with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view,
True,—it was thine,
To tow'r, to shine;
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

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If Jesus own my name
(Though fame pronounc'd it never)
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
But all whose absence here I moan,
Circling with harps the golden throne,
I shall unite for ever;
At death then why
Tremble or sigh?
Oh! who would wish to live, but he who fears to die!

Dec. 5th, 1807. JOSH. CONDER.

SONNET,

On seeing another, written to Henry Kirke White, in September, 1803, inserted in his "Remains by Robert Southey."

BY ARTHUR OWEN.

AH! once again the long-left wires among,
Truants, the Muse to weave her requiem song;
With sterner lore now busied, erst the lay
Cheer'd my dark morn of manhood, wont to stray
O'er fancy's fields in quest of musky flower;
To me nor fragrant less, though barr'd from view
And courtship of the world: hail'd was the hour
That gave me, dripping fresh with nature's dew,

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Poor Henry's budding beauties—to a clime
Hapless transplanted, whose exotic ray
Forc'd their young vigour into transient day,
And drain'd the stalk that rear'd them! and shall time
Trample these orphan blossoms?—No! they breathe
Still lovelier charms—for Southey culls the wreath!

Oxford, Dec. 17, 1807.

SONNET

IN MEMORY OF MR. H. K. WHITE.

"'TIS now the dead of night," and I will go
To where the brook soft-murmuring glides along,
In the still wood; yet does the plaintive song
Of Philomela through the welkin flow;
And while pale Cynthia carelessly doth throw
Her dewy beams the verdant boughs among,
Will sit beneath some spreading oak tree strong,
And intermingle with the streams my woe;
Hush'd in deep silence every gentle breeze;
No mortal breath disturbs the awful gloom;
Cold, chilling dew-drops trickle down the trees,
And every flower withholds its rich perfume:
'Tis sorrow leads me to that sacred ground
Where Henry moulders in a sleep profound!

J. G.

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REFLECTIONS,

On reading the Life of the late Henry Kirke White.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY,

Author of "The Peasant's Fate."

DARLING of science and the muse,
How shall a son of song refuse
To shed a tear for thee?
To us, so soon, for ever lost,
What hopes, what prospects have been cross'd,
By Heaven's supreme decree?

How could a parent, love beguil'd,
In life's fair prime resign a child,
So duteous, good, and kind?
The warblers of the soothing strain,
Must string the elegiac lyre in vain
To soothe the wounded mind!

Yet Fancy, hov'ring round the tomb,
Half envies, while she mourns thy doom,
Dear poet, saint and sage!
Who into one short span, at best,
The wisdom of an age comprest,
A patriarch's lengthen'd age!

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To him a genius sanctified,
And purg'd from literary pride,
A sacred boon! was giv'n:
Chaste as the psalmist's harp, his lyre
Celestial raptures could inspire
And lift the soul to Heav'n.

'Twas not the laurel earth bestows;
'Twas not the praise from man that flows,
With classic toil he sought:
He sought the crown that martyrs wear,
When rescu'd from a world of care;
Their spirit too he caught.

Here come, ye thoughtless, vain, and gay,
Who idly range in Folly's way,
And learn the *worth of time*:
Learn ye, whose days have run to waste,
How to redeem this pearl, at last,
Atoning for your crime.

This flow'r, that droop'd in one cold clime,
Transplanted from the soil of time
To immortality,
In full perfection there shall bloom,
And those, who now lament his doom,
Must bow to God's decree.

London, 27th Feb. 1808.

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ON READING THE POEM ON SOLITUDE,

In the second Volume of H. K. White's "Remains."

BUT art thou thus indeed "alone?"
Quite unbefriended—all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot,
Who form'd thy frame and fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with him the "star" so pale?
There's not a leaf can fade and die
Unnotic'd by his watchful eye.

Each flutt'ring hope—each anxious fear—
Each lonely sigh—each silent tear—
To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art "all alone?"

J. C.

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ON THE DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TOO, too prophetic did thy wild note swell,
Impassion'd minstrel! when its pitying wail
Sigh'd o'er the vernal primrose as it fell
Untimely, wither'd by the northern gale *.
Thou wert that flower of promise and of prime!
Whose opening bloom mid many an adverse blast
Charm'd the lone wanderer through this desart clime,
But charm'd him with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay.
Yet was not thy departing immature:
For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,
And pure in spirit, as the blest are pure;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhal'd, and blends with heaven †!

T. PARK.

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* See Clifton Grove, p. 16, ed. 1803.

† Young, I think, says of Philander, "he sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

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POEMS,

WRITTEN BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF

CLIFTON GROVE.

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POEMS.

CHILDHOOD:

A POEM.

This is one of Henry's earliest productions, and appears, by the hand-writing, to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen. The picture of the schoolmistress is from nature.

PART I.

PICTUR'D in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys, to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village church-yard and the village green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy-seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view the unclouded skies of former days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles.

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When the gay heart to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Blest Childhood, Hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now no more,
And ev'ry stump familiar to my sight,
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper aspiring, shew'd his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasur'd scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore.
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh, thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy;
Blest Memory, guide with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recal with faithful vigour to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stor'd.

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In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien,
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:
Her neatly-border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care,
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure, in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd, tho' with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fane:
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Tho' sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, tho' oft she try'd
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon enur'd to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;

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First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew;
And oft she strok'd my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh, had the venerable matron thought,
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd thro' life.

Where in the busy scene, by peace unblest,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempests o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest, to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave,
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence, when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles;

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When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmixt delight;
To thee I turn, from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamourous throngs, what happy groupes were seen,
In various postures scatt'ring o'er the green.
Some shoot the marble, others join the chace
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember, how with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd,
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-stye for a town.

Pleas'd with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish geer.
Still as she look'd her wheel kept turning round,
With its belov'd monotony of sound.
When tir'd with play, we'd set us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide)—

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And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she shew'd with pride,
To strangers, still her thriftness testified;
Tho' we poor wights did wonder much in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactur'd cloth.

Oft would we leave, tho' well belov'd, our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promis'd ditty from the maid,
Which well she lov'd, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring:
She told of innocence fore-doom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept.
Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we,
Such hearts of stone there in the world could be.
Poor simple wights, ah! little did we ween,
The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know,
This world's a world of weeping, and of woe!

Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought.
Then first I shed bold fancy's thrilling tear,
Then first that poësy charm'd mine infant ear.
Soon stor'd with much of legendary lore,
The sports of Childhood charm'd my soul no more.

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Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
And there, on mossy carpet listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
Soar on the wings of fancy thro' the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

* * * * *

PART II.

THERE are, who think that Childhood does not share
With age the cup, the bitter cup of care;
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has further cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.

Yet in the youthful breast, for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

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How different manhood!—then does Thought's control
Sink every pang still deeper in the soul;
Then keen affliction's sad unceasing smart,
Becomes a painful resident in the heart;
And care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd hence,
We feel a void no joy can recompence,
And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But Halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep,
And sanguine hope thro' every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife.
Yet even round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And tho' but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.

When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow?
There in each breast each active power dilates,
Which 'broils whole nations, and convulses states.

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There reigns by turns alternate, love and hate,
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim,
There friendship lights her pure untainted flame,
There mild benevolence delights to dwell,
And sweet contentment rests without her cell;
And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'Twas there, Oh George! with thee I learn'd to join
In friendship's bands—in amity divine.
Oh, mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now?
As here I sit on fav'rite Logar's brow,
And trace below each well-remember'd glade,
Where, arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd.
Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save ocean's sullen roar;
Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretch'd out to save;
See thee convuls'd, thy looks to Heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend.
Or where immeasurable wilds dismay,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way,
While sorrow and disease, with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.

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Again I see his door against thee shut,
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut:
I see thee spent with toil, and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land—and rise no more!

Oh that thou could'st from thine august abode,
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road,
That thou could'st see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround.

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering breeze
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the grey mist of the sullen eve,
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe,
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.

Yet ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'Tis fancy's wild aërial dream I ween;
By her inspir'd, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight!
She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wondering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead;

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While present sorrows banish'd far away,
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day,
Or in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace,
And draw minutely ev'ry little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moon-beam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight;
There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy,
Which bright thro' hope's deceitful optics beam'd
And all became the surety which it seem'd;
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In ev'ry tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sustenance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn,
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn,
And taste, delighted of superior joys,
Beheld thro' sympathy's enchanted eyes:
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heav'n's blue concave strew'd

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The fleecy clouds, of ev'ry tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sun-beam glancing play'd,
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone;
We mark'd, delighted, how with aspect gay,
Reviving nature hail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping heads,
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads,
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung pæans to the source of light:
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, 'till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high aërial tour;
Tho' on the ear, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along,
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary cot,
Where, from the peep of day till russet Eve,
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each others arms wear life away.

At sultry noon too, when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run,
There on the turf we lay, while at our feet
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet;
And mus'd on holy theme, and antient lore,
Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung woe unto the wicked land—and wept.

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Or fancy led—saw Jeremiah mourn,
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove,
With Plato talk in his Ilyssian grove;
Or wand'ring where the Thespian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engag'd; and oft we talk'd
Of times when monarch superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom;
While where the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.

While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school!—'Twas fancy's knell,
And sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for oh, what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind?)
Even there we soar'd to many a height sublime,
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.

At evening too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by friendship's unrestrained talk,

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When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day;
How calm was all around; no playful breeze
Sigh'd 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees,
But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The grey-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee,
The distant church bells' mellow harmony;
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch, that clasp'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides,
The craggy rock that jutted on the sight,
The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight,
All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
We lov'd to watch the swallow swimming high,
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colour'd pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And tinged with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While fancy led us o'er the realms of space;
Now we espied the thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war,
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky—
Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white,

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Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er,
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more;
For thou art gone and I am left below,
Alone to struggle thro' this world of woe.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll,
And each revolve conducts me toward the goal;
Yet all is blank, without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief;
And the tir'd soul now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crouds, that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want;
And lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine!
Far other cares be mine—men little crave,
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth.
Yet grieve not I, that fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me;
She gave me more, she placed within my breast
A heart with little pleas'd—with little blest:
I look'd around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse:

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Oh no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of Childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wandering tongue,
And prattles on in desultory song.
That song must close—the gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light,
And ebon darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primæval jet.

The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot
Leads me reluctant from this cherish'd spot;
Again compels to plunge in busy life,
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd for ever from this lov'd retreat,
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er,
My eyes are clos'd to ope on them no more,
Let me ejaculate to feeling due,
One long, one last, affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please,
To give me an old age of peace and ease,
Grant that in these sequester'd shades my days
May wear away in gradual decays:
And oh, ye spirits, who unbodied play,
Unseen upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were * * * * *

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FRAGMENT

OF AN

ECCENTRIC DRAMA.

Written at a very early Age.

In a little volume which Henry had copied out, apparently for the press, before the publication of Clifton Grove, the song with which this fragment commences was inserted, under the title of "The Dance of the Consumptives," in imitation of Shakespeare, taken from an Eccentric Drama, written by H. K. W. when very young." The rest was discovered among his loose papers, in the first rude draught, having, to all appearance, never been transcribed. The song was extracted when he was sixteen, and must have been written at least a year before, probably more, by the hand-writing. There is something strikingly wild and original in the fragment.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

1.

DING-DONG! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
"Swinging slow with sullen roar,"
Dance, dance away, the jocund roundelay!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away.

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2.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
So merrily, merrily, foot it round.
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swelling in the nightly gale.
The sentry ghost,
It keeps its post,
And soon, and soon, our sports must fail!
But let us trip the nightly ground,
While the merry, merry, bells ring round.

3.

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks!
See, see, the winding-sheet!
Our dance is done,
Our race is run,
And we must lie at the alder's feet!
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swinging o'er the weltering wave!
And we must seek,
Our death-beds bleak,
Where the green sod grows upon the grave

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They vanish—The Goddess of Consumption descends, habited in a sky-blue Robe—Attended by mournful Music.

COME, Melancholy, sister mine!
Cold the dews, and chill the night:
Come from thy dreary shrine!
The wan moon climbs the heavenly height,
And underneath her sickly ray,
Troops of squalid spectres play,
And the dying mortals groan,
Startles the night on her dusky throne.
Come, come, sister mine!
Gliding on the pale moonshine:
We'll ride at ease,
On the tainted breeze,
And oh! our sport will be divine.

The Goddess of Melancholy advances out of a deep Glen in the rear, habited in black, and covered with a thick Veil—She speaks.

Sister, from my dark abode,
Where nests the raven, sits the toad,
Hither I come, at thy command,
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me.
Come, let us speed our way,
Where the troops of spectres play.

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To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,
Where Death sits with a horrible leer,
A lasting grin on a throne of bones,
And skim along the blue tomb-stones.
Come, let us speed away,
Lay our snares, and spread our tether!
I will smooth the way for thee,
Thou shalt furnish food for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!
Join our hands, and spread our tether!
I will furnish food for thee,
Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist! who comes here;
Oh, I know her by that tear,
By that blue eye's languid glare,
By her skin, and by her hair:
She is mine,
And she is thine,
Now thy deadliest draught prepare.

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CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air drest,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,—
When they sparkle most she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath,—
Comfort she will breathe in death!
Father, do not strive to save her,—
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed;
The winding-sheet must wrap her head;
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie.
The worm it will riot,
On heavenly diet,
When death has deflower'd her eye.

(They vanish.

While Consumption speaks Angelina enters.

ANGELINA.

With* what a silent and dejected pace
Dost thou, wan moon! upon thy way advance
In the blue welkin's vault.—Pale wanderer!
Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopless love,

* With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!

SIR P. SIDNEY.

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That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course!
Has thy Endymion, smooth-fac'd boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With its thick fringe thy couch.—Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine!—Yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st,
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness:—my journey here,
Tho' it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace
Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time;
Tho' not a hope shall spread its glittering hue
To cheat thy steps, along the weary way.

O that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That when possest it is but lessen'd grief;
And even then, there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view.—O! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave,

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And yet endure the various ills of life
And dark vicissitude!—Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assured, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest,
And on my lowly bed, the grass green sod
Will flourish sweetly.—And then they will weep,
That one so young, and what they're pleas'd to call
So beautiful, should die so soon.—And tell
How painful disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek.
Oh, foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest!—And as for them,
Who, on the score of former intimacy,
May thus remembrance me—they must themselves
Successive fall.
Around the winter fire,
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,
And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions:)—They not long
Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats
Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
Shall drop into their shrouds.—Some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me,
And falling green beneath th' untimely stroke.
Thus, in short time, in the church-yard forlorn,
Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down
And dwell with me, a happy family.
And oh, thou cruel, yet beloved youth,

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Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse,
And say that I was gentle, and deserv'd
A better lover, and I shall forgive
All, all thy wrongs;—and then do thou forget
The hapless Margaret, and be as blest
As wish can make thee—Laugh, and play, and sing,
With thy dear choice, and never think of me.

Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

* * * * * *

TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

I'VE read, my friend, of Diocletian,
And many another noble Grecian,
Who wealth and palaces resign'd,
In cots the joys of peace to find;
Maximian's meal of turnip tops,
(Disgusting food to dainty chops)
I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a curst egregious blunder,
As that a man, of wit and sense,
Should leave his books to hoard up pence,—
Forsake the lov'd Aonian Maids,
For all the petty tricks of trades,

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I never, either now, or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense.
That one who learning's joys hath felt,
And at the Muses' altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And metamorphos'd to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck.
Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension,—
A lawyer working without a fee,—
A parson giving charity,
A truly pious methodist preacher,
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,
But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not stared at thy backsliding;
But when thy wit I can confide in,
When well I know thy just pretence,
To solid and exalted sense,
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand aghast! thy virtues sum to,
And wonder what this world will come to!

Yet whence this strain? shall I repine,
That thou alone dost singly shine?
Shall I lament that thou alone
Of men of parts, hast prudence known?

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LINES,

ON READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

Age fourteen.

OH, Warton! to thy soothing shell,
Stretched remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by,
For ever I could listening lie:
And catching all the muses' fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful quire.

What pleasing themes thy page adorn,
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn!
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And melancholy's mournful chime,
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever lovely lines.

Thy muse deserves the lasting meed;
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the love-lorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains;
Now the sylvan scenes appear,
Through all the changes of the year;
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain,
And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.

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But, ah! the soothing scene is o'er!
On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.
Now, now the rising fire thrills high,
Now, now to heav'n's high realms we fly,
And every throne explore,
The soul entranced, on mighty wings,
With all the poet's heat, up springs,
And loses earthly woes;
Till all alarmed at the giddy height,
The muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

Written at the age of fourteen.

I.

ILL-FATED maid, in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene.
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Or self-content and ease, each torturing wound to heal?

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II.

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom?
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb.
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to woe?
What can induce them in that rout to go,
In which in-numerous before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and woe-begone.

III.

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found?
I who have drank from thine etherial rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus', lov'd Aonian hill?
I, thro' whose soul the muses' strains aye thrill!
Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And tho' our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere let whate'er will betide.

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SONG.

Written at the age of fourteen.

I.

SOFTLY, softly, blow ye breezes,
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly,
Softly zephyrs pass him by!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh,

II.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags and branches dry;
Edwy long have been thy slumbers,
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep,
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

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III.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken,
Fastly closed is his eye;
Paler is his cheek, and chiller
Than the icy moon on high.
Alas! he is dead,
He has chose his death-bed,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

IV.

Is it, is it so my Edwy?
Will thy slumbers never fly?
Could'st thou think I would survive thee?
No, my love, thou bid'st me die.
Thou bid'st me seek,
Thy death-bed bleak,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

V.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
On thy breast I'll lay my head,
And the winds, shall sing our death-dirge,
And our shroud the waters spread;
The moon will smile sweet,
And the wild wave will beat,
Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

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THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

I.

WHEN the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh how hard is the lot of the wandering boy.

II.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a parentless wandering boy.

III.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother, who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

IV.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor little wandering boy.

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V.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale,
I'll go to the grave, where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

FRAGMENT.

——————THE western gale,
Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolv'd,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noon-tide heat;
While rippling o'er its deep-worn pebble bed,
The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge
Full many a flow'ret rears its head,—or pink,
Or gaudy daffodil.—'Tis here, at noon,
The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
And lave them in the fountain; here, secure
From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport,
Or stretch'd supinely on the velvet-turf,
Lull'd by the laden bee, or sultry fly,
Invoke the God of slumber. * * *

* * * * * * * *

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And hark, how merrily, from distant tow'r,
Ring round the village bells, now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud,
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak
A day of jubilee, and oft they bear
Commixt along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy superstition, gabbling eld,
Holds her unhurtful gambols—all the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance,
On the smooth shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon,
Tell of uncharnel'd spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone woods' unfrequented path,
Startling the nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance,
Thou art fall'n man's best friend! With thee he speeds

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In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek: or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

E'en now as leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness,
Which sense refin'd affords,—Ev'n now my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's weeds,
With a small flock, and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life:
The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attain'd another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before,—yet compass'd round
With the same dangers, and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

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CANZONET.

1.

MAIDEN! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast:
Why should horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree,
Thy bed may be,
And thou mayst slumber peacefully.

2.

Maiden! once gay pleasure knew thee;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep:
Love has been a felon to thee;
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:
There's rest for thee,
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM ON DESPAIR.

SOME to Aönian lyres of silver sound
With winning elegance attune their song,
Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,
And charm the soul with softest harmony;

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'Tis then that hope with sanguine eye is seen,
Roving thro' fancy's gay futurity;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,
Pleasure of days to come.—Memory too then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,
Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,
Scenes never to return*.
Such subjects merit poets us'd to raise
The attic verse harmonious, but for me
A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand,
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance
With frantic energy.
'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can,
Of him before whose blast the voice of song,
And mirth, and hope, and happiness, all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where, on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Angola
Howls forth his suff'rings to the moaning wind;
And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murd'rer's heart,
He speaks in every conscience-prompted word
Half utter'd, half suppress'd.—
'Tis him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of timorous terror—discord in the sound:
For to a theme revolting as is this,

* Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.

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Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,
Who love to sit and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,
Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing them with deeds of high emprise
And warlike triumph: but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.
Hence then, soft maids,
And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream;
For aid like yours I seek not; 'tis for powers
Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine!
'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light,
And all the myriads of the burning concave;
Souls of the damned,—Hither, oh! come and join
Th' infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing!
He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang,
Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power;
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
Till the loud pæan ring thro' hell's high vault,
And the remotest spirits of the deep
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

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TO THE WIND.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl as now
My shudd'ring casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the passing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

* * * * * *

THE EVE OF DEATH.

IRREGULAR.

I.

SILENCE of Death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void foreruns a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that, ere the morn,
His spear will forsake its hated rest,
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her naked breast.

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II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep,
No softly-ruffling zephyrs fly;
But nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
But a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven, with ominous croak,
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know, what this silence means,
I know what the raven saith,—
Strike, oh ye bards! the melancholy harp,
For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'd hair,
And Colma with grey side.
No gale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
And hark, how the harp's unvisited strings
Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!
'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!
He will never set more to the brave;
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
For to-morrow he lies to the grave.

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THANATOS.

OH! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;
And where, 'neath outward smiles
Concealed, the snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pit-falls lie in ev'ry flowery way,
And syrens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I'm tir'd with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear;—away—away with life!
And welcome, oh! thou silent maid,
Who, in some foggy vault, art laid;
Where never day-light's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep,
In such forgetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses stupified,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy Death I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal Hellebore;
Death is the best, the only cure,
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom,

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I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great,
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument;
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly too at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And while the harmonious thunders roll,
Chaunt a vesper to my soul:
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

AWAY with death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day;
Where nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire,
Such hateful nothingness to crave;
And yield with joy the vital fire
To moulder in the grave!
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry,—
Away with mortal life!

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But, hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir,
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends, whose graves receiv'd our tear,
The daughter lov'd, the wife ador'd,
To our widow'd arms restor'd;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife;
Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie:
When the glorious prospect lies,
Full before his raptur'd eyes.

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MUSIC,

Written between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, with a few subsequent verbal alterations.

MUSIC, all powerful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,
Soothe anxious care on sleepless couch reclin'd,
And e'en fierce anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie,
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace,
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstasy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise,
Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire,
Urge on the warrior grey with length of days.

Far better she when with her soothing lyre,
She charms the faulchion from the savage grasp,
And melting into pity vengeful ire,
Looses the bloody breast-plate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,
And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
In calm seclusion's hermit walks recline.

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Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,
With rapture thrill'd each worldly passion dies,
And pleas'd attention claims the passive mind.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
Then burst majestic in the varied swell;
Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the soul;
With joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live
For ever 'neath your undefil'd controul.

Oh surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tir'd with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

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ODE

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

———Cum rnit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:
— — — — — — — — — — — — —
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.

VIRGIL.

MOON of Harvest, herald mild,
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
Where innocence and peace reside;
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love,
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene,
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high,
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way,

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Pleasing 'tis, oh, modest moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy,
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest moon!
How many a female eye will roam,
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity;
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou shew'st thy face, oh Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;

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Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy;
God of the winds! oh hear his humble pray'r,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blust'ring
whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you,
Leave I sleep's dull pow'r to woo;
Press ye still the downy bed,
While fev'rish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail,
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes,
Shall grateful rise,
To thee the modest Harvest Moon!

END OF VOL. I.

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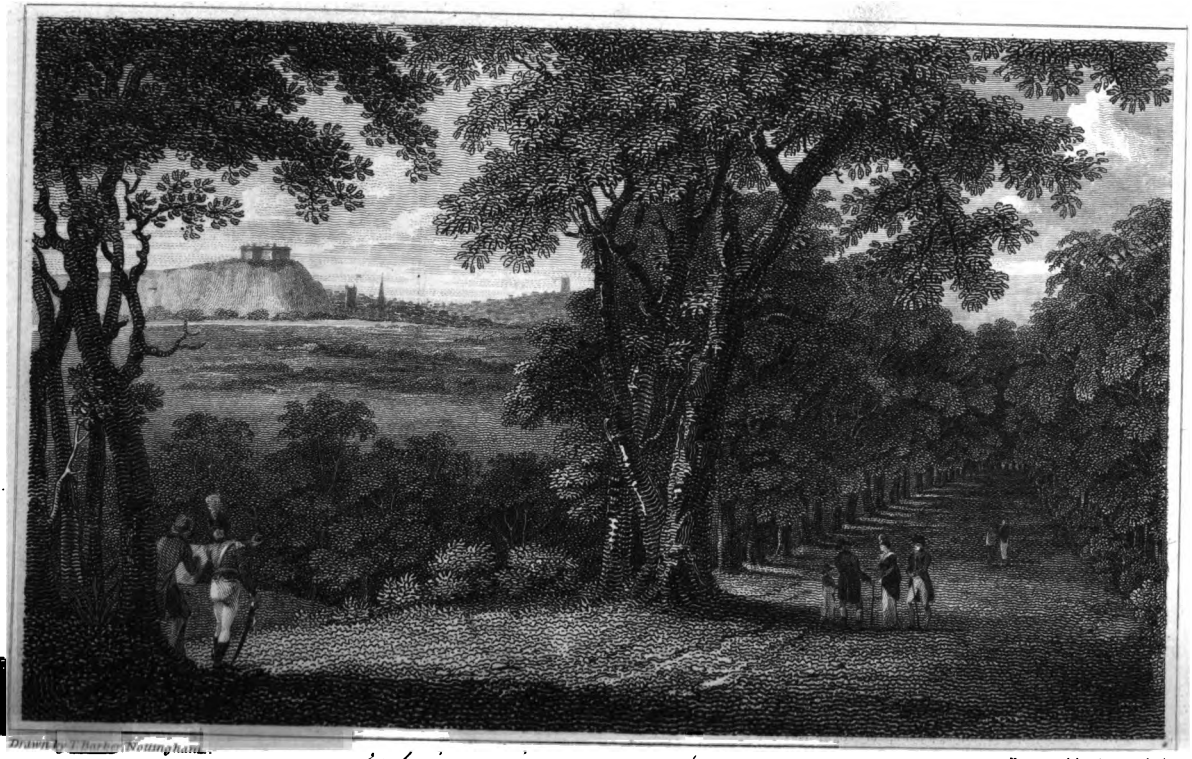

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THE

REMAINS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

OF NOTTINGHAM,

LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

With an Account of his

LIFE,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

ORIGINAL Preface to Clifton Grove. PAGE

To my Lyre 9

Clifton Grove 11

Gondoline, a Ballad 31

Written on a Survey of the Heavens, in the Morning before Day-break 43

Lines supposed to be spoken by a Lover at the Grave of his Mistress 46

My Study 48

To an Early Primrose 52

Sonnet 1. To the Trent 53

——— 2. Give me a Cottage on some Cambrian Wild 53

——— 3. Supposed to have been addressed by a Female Lunatic to a Lady 54

——— 4. In the Character of Dermody 55

——— 5. The Winter Traveller 56

——— 6. By Capel Lofft, Esq. 57

——— 7. Recantatory in reply 58

——— 8. On hearing an Æolian Harp 58

——— 9. "What art thou, MIGHTY ONE" 59

"Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter Winds" 60

The Lullaby of a Female Convict to her Child 61

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POEMS WRITTEN DURING, OR SHORTLY AFTER, THE PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

PAGE

Ode to H. Fuseli, Esq. R. A. 65
Ode to the Earl of Carlisle 69
Description of a Summer's Eve 71
To Contemplation 73
To the Genius of Romance. Fragment 79
The Savoyard's Return 80
" Go to the raging Sea, and say, be still" 82
Written in the Prospect of Death 84
Pastoral Song. " Come, Anna, come" 86
To Midnight 87
To Thought. Written at Midnight 88
Genius 90
Fragment of an Ode to the Moon 94
Fragment. " Oh, thou most fatal of Pandora's train" 96
Sonnet. To Capel Lofft, Esq. 101
———. To the Moon 102
———. Written at the grave of a Friend 103
———. To Misfortune 104
———. " As thus oppress'd with many a heavy Care" 105
———. To April 106
———. " Ye unseen Spirits" 107
———. To a Taper 108
———. " Yes! 'twill be over soon" 109
———. To Consumption 110
———. " Thy judgments, Lord, are just" 111

POEMS OF A LATER DATE.

To a Friend in Distress, who, when Henry reasoned with him calmly, asked, if he did not feel for him . 115

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Christmas Day 117
Nelsoni Mors 119
Hymn. "Awake, sweet Harp of Judah, wake" . . 121
Hymn for Family Worship 123
The Star of Bethlehem 124
Hymn. "O Lord, my God, in Mercy turn" . . . 126
Melody. "Yes, once more that dying Strain" . . . 127
Song, by Waller, with an additional Stanza 128
"I am pleas'd, and yet I'm sad" 129
Solitude 131
"If far from me the Fates remove" 132
"Fanny, upon thy Breast I may not lie" 133

FRAGMENTS.

I. "Saws't thou that Light?" 137
II. "The pious Man, in this bad World" 138
III. "Lo! on the eastern Summit" 138
IV. "There was a little Bird upon that Pile" . . . 139
V. "O pale art thou, my Lamp" 139
VI. "O give me Music" 140
VII. "Ah, who can say, however fair his View" . . 141
VIII. "And must thou go?" 142
IX. "When I sit musing on the chequer'd Past" . . 142
X. "When high Romance, o'er every Wood and Stream" 143
XI. "Hush'd is the Lyre" 143
XII. "Once more, and yet once more" 144
TIME 147
THE CHRISTIAD 173

PROSE COMPOSITIONS.

Remarks on the English Poets 195
Sternhold and Hopkins 200

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PAGE

Remarks on the English Poets. Warton 205
Cursory Remarks on Tragedy 211
Melancholy Hours, No. I. 218
——— II. 222
——— III. 228
——— IV. 236
——— V. 242
——— VI. 251
——— VII. 258
——— VIII. 264
——— IX. 272
——— X. 284
——— XI. 288
——— XII. 293

REFLECTIONS.

I. On Prayer 303
II. 308
III. 313

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CLIFTON GROVE.

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This, and the following Poems, are reprinted from the little volume which Henry published in 1803.

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TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

THE FOLLOWING

TRIFLING EFFUSIONS

OF

A VERY YOUTHFUL MUSE,

ARE

BY PERMISSION DEDICATED,

By her Grace's

MUCH OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

NOTTINGHAM.

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PREFACE.

THE following attempts in Verse, are laid before the Public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of Academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance, which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labour on their amusements; and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

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Πας το οικειος εργον αγαπαω. *"Every one loves his own work," says the Stagyrite; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.*

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation through its means of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers, and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year. —The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the Odes, that, "To an early Primrose," was written at thirteen,—the others are of a later date.—The Sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps no other claim to that specific *denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.*

Such are the Poems, towards which I entreat the

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lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn, he may likewise, possibly, discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember, he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and remembering that, may he forbear from crushing by too much rigour, the painted butterfly, whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

H. K. WHITE.

NOTTINGHAM.

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TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.

I.

THOU simple Lyre!—Thy music wild
Has serv'd to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guil'd,
When even pain has own'd, and smil'd,
Its fascinating power.

II.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
Will little heed thy simple tones;
Them, mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou, and I, must shroud
Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

III.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime;
For me, no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain, to pour,
Or build the polish'd rhyme.

IV.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes canst soar;
Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train:
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
And still the billowy main.

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V.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep,
I, still unknown, may live with thee,
And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
Beneath the alder tree.

VI.

This little dirge will please me more
Than the full requiem's swelling peal;
I'd rather than that crouds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.

VII.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
Perhaps from me debarr'd;
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,
Adorns the accepted bard.

VIII.

And O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam, or Isis, winds along,
Perchance, inspir'd with ardour chaste,
I yet might call the ear of taste
To listen to my song.

IX.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy style
I'd change to happier lays,
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And through the long the fretted aisle
Should swell the note of praise.

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CLIFTON GROVE.

A Sketch in Verse.

LO! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige take its silent flight.
No more, is heard the woodman's measur'd stroke
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceas'd to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below,
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate:
Or, when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Releas'd from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire:
Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin:

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Now, now, my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.
Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come, to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile, the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude, and peace.
And oh! thou sacred power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild controul
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallowed fire.
And thou too, fancy! from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beam sail.

This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected gives a dubious gleam of day;

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Recalls endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclin'd
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamourous brood;
Or lur'd the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted, smil'd.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance, o'er every happy day,
Here, would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific, in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare,
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around revil'd,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smil'd.
Belov'd remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here, dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live, is to be blest.
While happiness evades the busy croud,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou, too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here, dost love to sit, with up-turn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the grey-owls silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night.

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Congenial calms! more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre drest,
To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner death shall o'er me wave
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now, as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above, the embracing branches meet;
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep, down the cliffs impending side
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my up-land path,—across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds,
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does man, while to his opening sight,
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone, his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?

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Could he who thus to vile enjoyments clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs,
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet potion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms:
Thine, are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine, still remain, through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still, my lot is blest, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty, or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:
Though were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me;
For me, yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me, yon labourer guides the shining share,
While happy I, in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.

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This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold,
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune plac'd,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridg'd hills remotest bound
My ken is borne, while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumes the misty scene,
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social faggot blaz'd,
The vacant peal resounds, by little rais'd;
But, lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumbering night rolls on her velvet car;
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour, for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.

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* The Constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation, vide Ovid's Fasti. B. 11, 113.

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Now ceas'd the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night;
Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name;
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.
'Twas here, when hope presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours every prospect drest;
'Twas here, reclining, I indulged her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat?
Say, can a few short years this change atchieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive!
Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread,
And thou too, gay Seducer! art *thou* fled?
Tho' vain thy promise, and the suite severe,
Yet thou could'st guile misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems;
How sweet is manhood in the infants' dreams;

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The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some can rise superior to the pain,
And in their breasts the charmer hope retain:
While others, dead to feeling, can survey
Unmov'd, their fairest prospects fade away:
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So, in these shades, the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceiv'd by suns, and melting snows:
So falls untimely on the desert waste,
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way;
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
And oh! how sweet this walk o'er-hung with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight!
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural style,
And frequent interspers'd, the woodman's pile.

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Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds arise,
What glimm'ring scenes salute my ravish'd eyes:
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,
And swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.
Still, every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night;
Save, when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant, from her solitary nest,
The owl, dull screaming to the wandering moon,
Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon:
Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung!
That tale, so sad! which, still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear.
And (lull'd to rest stern reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.
These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the wind,
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

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A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-fam'd Clifton Maid,
The beauteous MARGARET; for her each swain
Confest in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dar'd to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more, the shepherd on the blooming mead
Attun'd to gaiety his artless reed,
No more entwin'd the pansied wreath, to deck
His favorite wether's unpolluted neck,
But listless, by yon babbling stream reclin'd,
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his hapless love, or boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain,
Her BATEMAN lov'd, nor lov'd the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here deeep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.

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That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears memento's of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded ev'ry breeze
With the fall'n honours of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustomed bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not;—o'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career;
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,
The fitful rains rush'd down in sudden floods.
The night was dark; as now-and-then, the gale
Paus'd for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;
But thro' the covert to her anxious ear,
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.
Strange fears now filled her breast,—she knew not why,
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
She hears a noise,—'tis he—he comes at last.
—Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past,
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;
'Tis Bateman's self,—He springs into her arms,
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
" Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
" And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among,
" And now thou'rt here my fears are fled—yet speak,
" Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
" Say, what is wrong?"—Now, through a parting cloud,
The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,

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And Bateman's face was seen;—'twas deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
" Oh, speak my love!" again the maid conjur'd,
" Why is thy heart in sullen woe immur'd?"
He rais'd his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell;
When thus at last reluctantly he broke
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke.
" Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance,
" I, on these fields must cast my parting glance;
" For three long years, by cruel fate's command,
" I go to languish in a foreign land.
" Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,
" Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
" Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,
" Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
" And on the silken couch of wealth reclin'd,
" Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

Oh! why, replies the maid, my faith thus prove,
Canst thou! ah, canst thou, then suspect my love!
Hear me, just God! if, from my traitorous heart,
My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,
If, when he hail again his native shore,
He find his Margaret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,
Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjur'd bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
To find deserved death in yonder deeps!*

* This part of the Trent is commonly called " *The Clifton Deeps.*'

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Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
" This bind the vow," she said, " this mystic charm,
" No future recantation can disarm,
" The rite vindictive does the fates involve,
" No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceas'd. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the lady of the night,
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay:
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:
Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led.
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk,
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on, in silent grief;
The third, her bosom own'd the kind relief;
Absence had cool'd her love,—the impoverish'd flame
Was dwindling fast, when lo! the tempter came;
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!

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Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime.
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim.
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose.
Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe.
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes, (by memory ne'er forgot)
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And trac'd again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gaz'd intently on the stealing flood.
Death in his mien, and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows wav'd, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,

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And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's* arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plung'd was heard around:
Then all was still,—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before,
The willows wav'd, the moonbeam shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjur'd fair one hang
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

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The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.—
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight came,
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, 'till in the blushing eastern sky
The bloomy morning oped her dewy eye;
Then wakening wide they sought the ravish'd bed,
But lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night
They heard such screams, as froze them with affright;
And many an infant at its mother's breast,
Started dismayed, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They shew the path, down which the fair was borne,
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear.
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats;

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And even now, with Melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This, sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad Islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;
These are thy charms, the joys which these impart
Bind thee, blest Clifton! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or, where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day;
Or wander lone, where wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;
Or, by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranc'd with Pyrenean views;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.

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When splendor offers, and when Fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
Reject the boon, and weary'd with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,
Trace once again Old Trent's romantic shore,
And tir'd with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King,
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or, that my corse, should on some desert strand,
Lie, stretch'd beneath the Simoöm's blasting hand;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favorite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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GONDOLINE;

A BALLAD.

THE night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the Sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good King's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

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And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seiz'd her breast,
And sunken in her eye:
" Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
" And I in peace will die"

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The Curlew scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart,
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
" Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
" And I in peace shall die."

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And now she came to a horrible rift
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak, and blasted oak, o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendant from its dismal top
The deadly night-shade hung,
The hemlock, and the aconite,
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within, was dark, and drear,
And all without, was calm,
Yet Gondoline entered, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And, as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet still, upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose,
So, on the mountain's piny top,
The blustering North-wind blows.

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Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away, in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came,
She followed, till upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul,
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce, and high,
And all the cave so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

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And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve withered witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red
And fiercely, flamed their eyes;
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And uttered a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopt; and each prepared
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the night,
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she lean'd fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen
Rare sport, since the blind cat mew'd,
She'd been to sea, in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

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She call'd around the winged winds,
And raised a devilish rout;
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguil'd.

And there was too in that same bark,
A father, and his son;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old, and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
She said, it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast and wept;
And sweetly folded in her arms
The careless baby slept.

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And she told how, in the shape o' the wind
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
And it was soft and fair,
It must have been a lovely child,
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue;
And the father he tore his thin grey hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole
In the bark, and it fill'd away;
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,
And some did vow, and pray.

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The man, and woman, they soon were dead,
The sailors their strength did urge;
But the billows that beat, were their winding-sheet,
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second begun, she said she had done
The task that Queen Hecat' had set her,
And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said, there was an aged woman
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman, him against,
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had worked the daughter up
To murder her old mother,
That then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

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And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering sorely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,
And she rais'd her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed.

And she said, my child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp, bright knife,
And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she scream'd loud with fear;
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick, and old,
She struggled hard, and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

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And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose: She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said, that she in human gore,
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

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There was a gallant featur'd youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguis'd
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand,
Unto a wealthy Thane:—and thought
Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed:
And soon all mangled o'er with wounds
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse, she tore
His head, half clove in two,
She ceas'd, and from beneath her garb,
The bloody trophy drew.

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The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas BERTRAND'S HEAD!! With a terrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled,—the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible, the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground:
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke,—she half arose,—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare,
The sounds had ceas'd, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And shew'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

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The stream was black, it sounded deep
As it rush'd the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustomed sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS,

In the Morning before Day-break.

YE many-twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems!—big as the burning sun,
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye,
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your etherial hosts.

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Too vast, too boundless, for our narrow mind.
Warp'd with low prejudices, to infold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring;
Through ye, I raise my solemn thoughts to him!
The mighty founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to their golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great."
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene—The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great"
Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne
Till the whole universe is full of HIM.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.

Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height,
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale

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Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God!
Thou, the dread author of these wond'rous works!
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst:
For thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud,
The pageant insects, of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gaudes, and honours of the world appear!
How vain ambition!—Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-pac'd night?—Why on the page,
The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health? or can the hope of glory,
Lend a new throb into my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish, aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one—can that unbodied Fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?
Give a new zest to bliss? or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign?
Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!

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How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER, AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

Occasioned by a Situation in a Romance.

MARY, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,
The big tear in his eye.—Mary awake,
From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight
On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low,
Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
Thy whisper'd tale, of comfort, and of love,
To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst,
When o'er the barren moors the night-wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne
Of the startled night.—O! then, as lone reclining,
I listen'd sadly, to the dismal storm,
Thou, on the lambent lightnings wild careering
Didst strike my moody eye:—dead pale thou wert,

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Yet passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me,
And oh! thy voice it rose so musical,
Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern demon of the tempest, charm'd
Sunk on his rocking throne, to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.
Spirit of her!
My only love!—O! now again arise,
And let once more thine aëry accents fall
Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swelling
On the still air, the distant waterfall
Mingles its melody;—and high, above,
The pensive empress of the solemn night,
Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,
Shews her chaste face, in the meridian sky.
No wicked elves upon the *Warlock-knoll*
Dare now assemble at their mystic revels.
It is a night, when from their primrose beds,
The gentle ghosts of injur'd innocents,
Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze,
Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch,
And strike grim terror to his guilty soul.
The spirit of my love might now awake,
And hold its custom'd converse.
Mary, lo!
Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,
And calls upon thy name.—The breeze that blows

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On his wan cheek, will soon sweep over him
In solemn music, a funereal dirge,
Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale,
The worm that prey'd upon thy youthful bloom,
It canker'd green on his.—Now lost he stands,
The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew
Which bathes his aching temples, gives sure omen
Of speedy dissolution.——Mary, soon,
Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,
And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

MY STUDY,

A Letter in Hudibrastic Verse.

YOU bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the houses topmost height,
A closet, just six feet by four,
With white-wash'd walls, and plaster floor.
So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
To admit a single chair and table:
And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold:

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So wonderous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose;
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.

A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim,
That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture, I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back;
A table, wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs;
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble Servant;
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which, my night-parched throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me, in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em,
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store,
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms and cobler's awls,
And crowds of books, on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves;

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I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay,—I nearly had left out
My bellows destitute of snout;
And on the walls,—Good Heavens! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken pedals,
(For I was once a building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear,
A neck, on which by logic good
I know for sure a head *once* stood;
But who it was the able master,
Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn:
But knowing well, that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it ought of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto, Homer,
Because they both have beards, which you know
Will mark them well from Joan, and Juno,)

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For some great man, I could not tell
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.

Then all around in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see,
Of mighty men, and eke of women
Who are no whit inferior *to* men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground.
For though confin'd, 'twill well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confin'd,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I've friends and 'twill contain them all;
And should it e'er become so cold
That these, it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give;
I shall not then be fit to live.

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TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nurs'd in whirling storms
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first question'd winter's sway,
And dar'd the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed, and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life, she rears her head
Obscure and unobserv'd;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

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SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the River Trent. Written on Recovery from Sickness.

ONCE more, O TRENT! along thy pebbly marge
A pensive invalid, reduced, and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
Wooes to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
O! to his ear how musical the tale
Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat!
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail,
How wildly novel on his senses float!
It was on this that many a sleepless night,
As, lone, he watched the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
The owl's dull wing, and melancholy scream,
On this he thought, this, this, his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

SONNET II.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where far from cities, I may spend my days:
And, by the beauties of the scene beguil'd,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.

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While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But, with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desart shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET III*.

Supposed to have been addressed by a Female Lunatic to a Lady.

LADY, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,
And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young,
Oh may thy bosom never, never know,
The pangs with which my wretched heart is wrung.
I had a mother once—a brother too—
(Beneath yon yew my father rests his head;)
I had a lover once,—and kind, and true,
But mother, brother, lover, all are fled!
Yet, whence the tear which dims thy lovely eye?
Oh! gentle lady—not for me thus weep,

* This Quatorzain had its rise from an elegant Sonnet, "occasioned by seeing a young Female Lunatic," written by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the Monthly Mirror.

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The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,
And soft, and sound, will be my peaceful sleep.
Go thou, and pluck the roses while they bloom—
My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

SONNET IV.

Supposed to be written by the unhappy Poet Dermody, in a Storm, while on board a Ship in his Majesty's service.

LO! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
While the pale pilot o'er the helm reclin'd,
Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife, and little home and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,
For not for me, shall wife, or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell,
Sweetly as solemn peal, of pious passing-bell.

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SONNET V.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

GOD help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far;
  The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
  The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow-ways,
And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star
To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war
  Of winds and elements, on thy head will break,
  And in thy agonizing ear the shriek,
Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
Will often ring appalling—I portend
  A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
  Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my head,
And him, who rides where wind and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

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SONNET VI.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

This Sonnet was addressed to the Author of this Volume, and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, misnomered Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much-respected Writer, for the permission so politely granted, to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.

YE, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,
" Severest of those orders which belong,
" Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"
Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze?
And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,
Assume, its rules disown'd? whom from the throng
The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
Of its full harmony:—they fear to wrong
The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name
Of that distinguished import, lays, though sweet,
Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar frame.
O think! to vindicate its genuine praise
Those it beseems, whose *Lyre* a favouring impulse sways.

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SONNET VII.

Recantatory, in reply to the foregoing elegant Admonition.

LET the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night,
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight;
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild cadence to conform,
The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest-shade
With wildest song;—Me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

SONNET VIII.

On hearing the Sounds of an Æolian Harp.

SO ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the enfuriate gust, it did career,
It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr;—then it died,

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Melting in melody;—and I descried
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of Druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied:
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds,
Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death?

SONNET IX.

WHAT art thou, MIGHTY ONE! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands.
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands,
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud, and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

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A BALLAD.

BE hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
  Ye pelting rains a little rest;
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
  T. at wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh, cruel was my faithless love,
  To triumph o'er an artless maid:
Oh, cruel was my faithless love,
  To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exil'd from my native home,
  He should have wip'd the bitter tear:
Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
  A heart-sick weary wand'rer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms,
  The winds they will not let it sleep;
Ah, little knows the hapless babe,
  What makes its wretched mother weep!

Now lie thee still, my infant dear,
  I cannot bear thy sobs to see,
Harsh is thy father, little one,
  And never will he shelter thee.

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Oh, that I were but in my grave,
And winds were piping o'er me loud,
And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
Wert nestling in thy mother's shroud!

THE LULLABY

OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

*SLEEP Baby mine, enkerchieft on my bosom,
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
Sleep Baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother,
To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled;
Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,
And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be:
Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping,
In her low grave of shame and infamy!

* Sir Philip Sidney has a Poem beginning "Sleep Baby mine."

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Sleep, Baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest;
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

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POEMS,

WRITTEN DURING, OR SHORTLY AFTER, THE PUBLICATION

OF

CLIFTON GROVE.

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ODE,

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

On seeing Engravings from his Designs.

MIGHTY Magician! who on Torneo's brow,
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
And listen to the distant death-shriek long
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,
While the weird sisters weave the horrid song:
Or when along the liquid sky
Serenely chaunt the orbs on high,
Dost love to sit in musing trance
And mark the northern meteor's dance,
(While far below the fitful oar
Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore.)
And list the music of the breeze,
That sweeps by fits the bending seas;
And often bears with sudden swell
The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,
By the spirits sung who keep
Their night watch on the treacherous deep,

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And guide the wakeful Helms-man's eye
To Helice in northern sky;
And there upon the rock inclin'd
With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
Such as bound in magic spell
Him* who grasp'd the gates of Hell,
And bursting Pluto's dark domain
Held to the day the Terrors of his reign.

Genius of Horror and romantic awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him† thy darling child who best
Thy shuddering images exprest?
Sullen of soul and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurn'd the croud,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty Magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
And oh for ever must its efforts sleep,
May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain?
Oh yes, 'tis his!——Thy other son!
He throws thy dark-wrought Tunic on,

---

* Dante. † Ibid.

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Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,
Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes.
Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep
Where round his head the volley'd light'nings flung,
And the loud winds that round his pillow rung
Wooed the stern infant to the arms of sleep.
Or on the highest top of Teneriffe,
Seated the fearless Boy, and bade him look
Where far below the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulph bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death-sob, and disdaining rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fir'd his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.
Then Superstition at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,
And set before his awe-struck sight
The savage feast and spectred fight;
And summon'd from his mountain tomb
The ghastly warrior son of gloom,
His fabled runic rhymes to sing
While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing;
Thou shew'dst the trains the shepherd sees,
Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
Which on the mists of evening gleam
Or croud the foaming desart stream;
Lastly her storied hand she waves
And lays him in Florentian caves;
There milder fables lovelier themes
Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams,

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There pity's lute arrests his ear,
And draws the half reluctant tear;
And now at noon of night he roves
Along the embowering moonlight groves,
And as from many a cavern'd dell
The hollow wind is heard to swell,
He thinks some troubled spirit sighs,
And as upon the turf he lies,
Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
He sees below the gliding sprite,
And hears in Fancy's organs sound
Aërial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and smooths the whole,
And breathes her polish o'er his soul;
Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,
The wonderous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams:——The shadow flies,
And fainting fast its image dies.
But lo! the Painter's magic force
Arrests the phantoms fleeting course;
It lives—It lives—the canvas glows,
And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.
The Bard beholds the work atchiev'd,
And as he sees the shadow rise,
Sublime before his wandering eyes,
Starts at the image his own mind conceiv'd.

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ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

RETIRED, remote from human noise,
A humble Poet dwelt serene,
His lot was lowly, yet his joys
Were manifold I ween.
He laid him by the brawling brook
At eventide to ruminate,
He watched the swallow swimming round,
And mused, in reverie profound,
On wayward man's unhappy state,
And pondered much, and paused on deeds of antient date.

II. 1.

"Oh, 'twas not always thus," he cried,
"There was a time, when genius claimed
Respect from even towering pride,
Nor hung her head ashamed:
But now to wealth alone we bow,
The titled, and the rich alone,
Are honoured, while meek merit pines,
On penury's wretched couch reclines,
Unheeded in his dying moan,
As overwhelmed with want and woe, he sinks unknown.

III. 1.

Yet was the muse not always seen
In poverty's dejected mien,

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Not always did repining rue,
And misery her steps pursue,
Time was, when nobles thought their titles graced,
By the sweet honours of poetic bays,
When Sidney sung his melting song,
When Sheffield joined the harmonious throng,
And Lyttelton attuned to love his lays.
Those days are gone—alas, for ever gone!
No more our nobles love to grace
Their brows with anadems, by genius won,
But arrogantly deem the muse as base;
How differently thought the sires of this degenerate race!"

I. 2.

Thus sang the minstrel:—still at eve
The upland's woody shades among
In broken measures did he grieve,
With solitary song.
And still his shame was aye the same,
Neglect had stung him to the core;
And he, with pensive joy did love
To seek the still congenial grove,
And muse on all his sorrows o'er,
And vow that he would join the abjured world no more.

II. 2.

But human vows, how frail they be!
Fame brought Carlisle unto his view,
And all amaz'd, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.

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Filled with wild rapture, up he rose,
No more he ponders on the woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

III. 2.

Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hope to rest,
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer!
Ah, soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flashed across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a simple solitary beam,
While all around remained in customed night.
Still leaden ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen,
To illume the heavy gloom with pure and steady light.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

DOWN the sultry arc of day,
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And Eve along the western skies
Sheds her intermingling dyes.

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Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creeking comes the empty wain,
And Driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft, with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And Thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penned the sheep-cote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet *Rover* carries,
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try,
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly-walk.

Now on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;

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And little Tom, and roguish Kate,
Are swinging on the meadow-gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the 'squire refuse;
How parson on his tythes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale ey'd moon is mounted high,
And from the alehouse drunken Ned
Had reeled—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell
In some retired Lapponian cell,
Where far from noise, and riot rude,
Resides sequestered solitude.

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Come, and o'er my longing soul
Throw thy dark and russet stole,
And open to my duteous eyes,
The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footstep still
The morning, in her buskin grey,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest,
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among
Her gale-transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embowered,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flowered,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still,
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifers frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love.
Or when the noon-tide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,

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Where, in the embowered translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us, on the marge reclin'd,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries died,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But oh, when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers rising near,
Steal on the still reposing ear;
While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mixed dissolving sound,
And the zephyr flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic nigh,
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the croaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;
And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore,
Till the full soul brimming o'er,

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Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear.
Or else, serenely silent, set
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast,
Rears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass,
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymphs lone secure retreat,
Unpressed by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch in eve's ethereal braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star.
Fair vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial night:
Meanwhile, upon our wondering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,
(So erst did music's silver tone,
Wake slumbering chaos on his throne.)
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,
While in the castles mouldering tower,
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull silence brooding in the air.

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Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car,
Black suited night drives on from far,
And Cynthia's 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear,
And summons to her silent call
Sweeping in their airy pall,
The unshrived ghosts, in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morrice-dance;
While, around the mystic ring,
The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapt in mists along the sky,
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet,
To the low Abbey's still retreat,
Embowered in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worms light may gild the gloom,
And show to fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.
And oh! as through the mouldering arch,
With ivy filled and weeping larch,
The night gale whispers sadly clear,
Speaking dear things to fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade,
Of some deep-wailing ruined maid—

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Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of woe and fortune's frown;
And bid us cast the eye of hope,
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
Or if these joys, to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side;
Or in the meadow or the wood,
Or by the lone romantic flood;
Let us in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass,
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass;
And darkly on the trophied wall,
Her faint ambiguous shadows fall;
Let us, while the faint winds wail,
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Count the echoings of our feet;
While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,
By fallen Genius' sainted urn!
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call,

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And scan the formless views of things;
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

OH! thou who in my early youth,
When Fancy wore the garb of truth,
Wert wont to win my infant feet,
To some retir'd, deep-fabled seat,
Where by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was known to glide;
Or lay me in some lonely glade,
In native Sherwood's forest shade,
Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
And there as musing deep I lay,
Would steal my little soul away,
And all thy pictures represent,
Of siege and solemn tournament;
Or bear me to the magic scene,
Where clad in greaves and gaberdine,
The warrior knight of chivalry,
Made many a fierce enchanter flee;

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And bore the high-born dame away,
Long held the fell magician's prey.
Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
Of murders, and of goblins pale,
Haunting the guilty baron's side,
(Whose floors with secret blood were died,)
Which o'er the vaulted corridore,
On stormy nights was heard to roar,
By old domestic, waken'd wide
By the angry winds that chide.
Or else the mystic tale would tell,
Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

* * * * *

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

I.

OH! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province, I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

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II.

Of distant climes the false report
It lur'd me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear belov'd retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

III.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall whyle away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province, I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

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LINES

Written Impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published:—"It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished, as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it."

GO to the raging sea, and say, "be still,"
Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will;
Preach to the storm, and reason with despair,
But tell not Misery's son *that life is fair!*

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
And every year with new delight hast told,
Thou, who recumbent in the lacquer'd barge,
Hast dropt down Joy's gay stream of pleasant marge,
Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea,
The storms of misery never burst on *thee!*

Go to the mat, where squalid want reclines,
Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines;
Abide with him whom penury's charms control,
And bind the rising yearnings of his soul,
Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch, *that life is fair!*

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled;

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Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His mutt'ring mouth, contorted with despair,
And ask if genius could inhabit there.

Oh yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd;
But now Neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more;
Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round,
And added Grief compels him to the ground.
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd, and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steals on;
And the pale mother pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy, her wretched life away.

Go, child of fortune! to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there,
And tell us then that life is *wond'rous fair!*

Yet Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth,
T' encourage genius, and to foster worth;
On thee, th' unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;
'Tis just that life to thee should only shew,
Her fairer side but little mix'd with woe.

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WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SAD solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind;
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,
When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me wearisome; while all around,
All, all save me, sink in forgetfulness;
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the hand
Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few—The sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion; for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that ties my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smil'd but to deceive,
And disappointment still pursued her blandishments;

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Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulph of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futurity.
Aye, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness,—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulph of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London;—Some short bustle's caus'd,
A few enquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
For better things!—I hop'd I should not leave
The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
Henceforth, oh world, no more of thy desires!
No more of hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!
I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
And my tir'd soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for Heaven.

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PASTORAL SONG.

COME, Anna! come, the morning dawns,
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies;
Come let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise;
While nature clad in vesture gay,
Hails the lov'd return of day.

Our flocks that nip the scanty blade
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
And then, secure beneath the shade,
We'll listen to the throstle's tale;
And watch the silver clouds above,
As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,
That with its tones, so softly sweet,
In cadence with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noon-tide heat.
While near the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum;
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
To these sweet heights again we'll come;
And thou to thy soft lute shalt play
A solemn vesper to departing day.

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ODE

TO MIDNIGHT.

SEASON of general rest, whose solemn still
Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,
But speaks to philosophic souls delight;
Thee do I hail, as at my casement high,
My candle waning melancholy by,
I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb that through the ether sails,
And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,
Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame;
To her, while all around in sleep recline,
Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,
And sing the gentle honours of her name;

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,
To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,
And pours upon my ear her thrilling song;
And Superstition's gentle terrors come,
See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom!
See round yon church-yard elm what spectres throng!

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Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,
My flageolet,—and as I pensive play,
The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene:
The traveller late journeying o'er the moors,
Hears them aghast,—(while still the dull owl pours
Her hollow screams each dreary pause between).

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light,
Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep;
And 'mid the dreary solitude serene,
Cast a much-meaning glance upon the scene,
And raise my mournful eye to Heaven and weep.

ODE

TO THOUGHT.

Written at Midnight.

I.

HENCE away vindictive thought!
Thy pictures are of pain;
The visions through thy dark eye caught,
They with no gentle charms are fraught,
So prithee back again.
I would not weep,
I wish to sleep,
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

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II.

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?
Is this thy new delight?
Pale visitant.—It is not thine
To keep thy sentry through the mine,
The dark vault of the night;
'Tis thine to die,
While o'er the eye,
The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly.

III.

Go thou and bide with him who guides
His bark through lonely seas;
And as reclining on his helm,
Sadly he marks the starry realm,
To him thou mayst bring ease;
But thou to me
Art misery,
So prithee, prithee plume thy wings and from my pillow flee.

IV.

And Memory pray what art thou?
Art thou of pleasure born?
Does bliss untainted from thee flow?
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,
Is it without a thorn?
With all thy smiles,
And witching wiles,
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway defiles.

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V.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot
To call the solemn hour;
Lull'd by the winds he slumbers deep,
While I in vain, capricious sleep,
Invoke thy tardy power;
And restless lie,
With unclos'd eye,
And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

GENIUS,

AN ODE.

I. 1.

MANY there be who, through the vale of life,
With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go,
While jarring discord's inharmonious strife
Awakes them not to woe.
By them unheeded, carking care,
Green-ey'd grief, and dull despair;
Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor, and with equal breath;
Alike through cloudy, and through sunny day,
Then sink in peace to death.

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II. 1.

But ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping woe, and disappointment keen,
Repining penury, and sorrow sour,
And self-consuming spleen.
And these are Genius' favourites: these
Know the thought-thron'd mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but 'wildering raptures law,
The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
Thou gav'st to him, with treble force to feel,
The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

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I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife,
Distract his hapless head!
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or, by his lonely lamp he sits,
At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,
In feverish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil,
'Tis for untimely death.
Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes,
He feels the vital flame decrease,
He sees the grave, wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,

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By him, the youth, who smil'd at death,
And rashly dar'd to stop his vital breath,
Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far resounding fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou, at thy flash'd car, dost nations draw,
Yet ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding anguish, soul-subduing pain,
And discontent that clouds the fairest sky:
A melancholy train.
Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
Mocking thy deriding state;
Thee, chill Adversity will still attend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
And leaves thee all forlorn;
While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-eyed wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering in his grave.

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FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

I.

MILD orb who floatest through the realm of night,
A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild;
Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguil'd.
Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
Nocturnal study's still retreat,
It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
And through my lofty casement weaves,
Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
An intermingled beam.

II.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame;
These the dread signs of many a secret pang,
These are the meed of him who pants for fame!
Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul;
Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high;
My lamp expires;—beneath thy mild control,
These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come kindred mourner, in my breast,
Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
And breathe the soul of peace;
Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
It is not pain that brings this tear,
For thou hast bid it cease.

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Oh! many a year has pass'd away,
Since I beneath thy fairy ray,
Attun'd my infant reed;
When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,
Those happy moments now no more,
* * * * *
When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
And mark'd the northern meteor's dance;
Bland Hope and Fancy ye were there,
To inspirate my trance.
Twin sisters faintly now ye deign,
Your magic sweets on me to shed,
In vain your powers are now essay'd,
To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb,
So swiftly pleasure flies;
So to mankind in darkness lost,
The beam of ardour dies.
Wan Moon thy nightly task is done,
And now encurtain'd in the main,
Thou sinkest into rest;
But I, in vain, on thorny bed,
Shall woo the god of soft repose—
* * * * * * *

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FRAGMENT.

OH! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
Thou com'st not robed in agonizing pain,
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye,
But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
And, while thou givest new lustre to the eye,
While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,
E'en then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee in the glow of youth,
Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd;
And dropt a tear, for then thy cankering tooth
I knew would never stay, till all consum'd,
In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.

But oh! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,
Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly
Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
Preparing swift her passage to the sky.
Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,
The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;
Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant trance.

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Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,
And dissolution hover'd o'er her head;
Even then so *beauteous* did her form appear,
That none who saw her but admiring said,
Sure so much beauty never could be dead.
Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye,
Bent lowly down upon the languid——

* * * * * *

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SONNETS.

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SONNETS.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

LOFFT, unto thee, one tributary song,
The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;
She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,
And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.
Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,
Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,
Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,
And to thy bosom snatch'd misfortune's child:
Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,
Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire,
Would say how sweetly thou could'st sweep the lyre,
And shew thy labours for the public weal,
Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme,
But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous theme.

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TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

SUBLIME, emerging from the misty verge
  Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
  As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
  And falling leaves bestrew the wanderer's way,
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
  With double joy my homage do I pay.
  When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
  How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the etherial height,
  And, *still unchang'd*, back to the memory bring
  The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

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WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

FAST from the West the fading day-streaks fly,
And ebon night assumes her solemn sway;
Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,
And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.
Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I woo'd,
The maid of musings by yon moaning wave;
And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now renew'd
Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave!
The busy world pursues its boisterous way,
The noise of revelry still echoes round;
Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;
Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
Oh! that like thee I might bid sorrow cease,
And 'neath the green-sward sleep—the sleep of peace.

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TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young,—my chin is bare,
And I have wonder'd much when men have told,
How youth was free from sorrow and from care,
That thou should'st dwell with me, and leave the old.
Sure dost not like me!—Shrivell'd hag of hate,
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;
I am not either, Beldame, over strong;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter hate.
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate;
I am yet young and do not like thy face;
And lest thou should'st resume the wild-goose chace,
I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage,
—— Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

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AS thus oppress'd with many a heavy care,
(Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet
To the dark woodland,—longing much to greet
The form of peace, if chance she sojourn there;
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast;—and tir'd with this vain coil,
I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.
And as amid the leaves the evening air,
Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
And I do ponder with most strange delight,
On the calm slumbers of the dead-man's night.

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TO APRIL.

EMBLEM of life! see changeful April sail
  In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
  Now, bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,
And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
  Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
  While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
So, to us sojourners in life's low vale,
  The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
  While still the Fates the web of Misery weave.
So Hope exultant spreads her aëry sail,
And from the present gloom, the soul conveys,
To distant summers, and far happier days.

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YE unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,
  At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear,
  Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,
As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies;
When he who now invokes you, low is laid,
  His tir'd frame resting on the earth's cold bed;
Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,
  And chaunt a dirge to his reposing shade!
For he was wont to love your madrigals;
  And often by the haunted stream that laves
  The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves,
Would sit and listen to the dying falls,
Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,
And his big heart would heave with mournful extasy.

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TO A TAPER.

'TIS midnight.—On the globe dead slumber sits,
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep;
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
And, as still memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad meaning tear, unmixt with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane;—like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

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YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvary'd pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just,—Thou gavest the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest and drink it up.

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TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand!—Let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aërial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good b'ye,
Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
And smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

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THY judgments, Lord, are just; thou lov'st to wear
The face of pity, and of love divine;
But mine is guilt—thou must not, can'st not, spare,
While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.
Yes, oh, my God!—such crimes as mine, so dread,
Leave but the choice of punishment to thee;
Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!
Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,
Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;
Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,
I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,
That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning blood?

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POEMS

OF A LATER DATE.

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TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when Henry reasoned with him calmly, asked,

" If he did not feel for him."

" *Do I not feel!*" The doubt is keen as steel.
Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel;
My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye
I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh:
Deep buried there I close the rankling dart,
And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.
On this I act—whatever pangs surround,
'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound.
When all was new, and life was in its spring,
I liv'd an unlov'd solitary thing;
Even then I learnt to bury deep from day,
The piercing cares that wore my youth away.
Even then I learnt for others' cares to feel,
Even then I wept I had not power to heal;
Even then, deep-sounding through the nightly gloom,
I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the wretched's doom.
Who were my friends in youth?—The midnight fire—
The silent moon-beam, or the starry choir;
To these I 'plain'd, or turn'd from outer sight,
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light;

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I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
For vulgar pity mixt with vulgar scorn;
The sacred source of woe I never ope,
My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope.
But that I *do* feel, time, my friend, will shew,
Though the cold croud the secret never know;
With them I laugh—yet when no eye can see,
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
Yes, thou did'st wrong me, * * *; I fondly thought,
In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought;
I fondly thought that thou could'st pierce the guise,
And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
I fondly thought ere Time's last days were gone,
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one!
Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and years
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
We then shall feel that friendship has a power,
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour;
Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,
And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine,

H. K. WHITE.

Half past 11 o'clock at night.

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CHRISTMAS-DAY,

1804.

YET once more, and once more, awake, my harp,
From silence and neglect—one lofty strain;
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
And speaking mysteries, more than words can tell,
I ask of thee; for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.

Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,
Wreathe I thy tresses, dark December! now;
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,
And fearful joy, to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beamed from on high!—Now to the mighty mass
Of that increasing aggregate, we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison,
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery;
Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

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So has the year been character'd with woe
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes;
Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* liv'd,
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,
Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude,
Yet borne with patience still:—He came to cheer
The broken hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and benighted mind
To pour the light of truth.—O task divine!
O more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds;
And when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
Wrapt in thick darkness and the howling storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
At the surrounding wreck.——
When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,
His persecutors—" Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do."
Angels of Heaven,
Ye who beheld him fainting on the cross
And did him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, he will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,

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Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now
Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow, are no more.

* * * * * *

NELSONI MORS.

YET once again, my harp, yet once again,
One ditty more, and on the mountain ash
I will again suspend thee. I have felt
The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,
At even-tide, when all the winds were hush'd,
I woke to thee, the melancholy song.
Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe,
I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks
Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;
Not unrepining, for my froward heart
Still turns to thee, mine harp, and to the flow
Of spring-gales past—the woods and storied haunts
Of my not songless boyhood.—Yet once more,
Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,
My long neglected harp.—He must not sink;
The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

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Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour
No precious dews of Aganippe's well,
Or Castaly,—though from the morning cloud
I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse:
Yet will I wreathe a garland for his brows,
Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent
Of Britain, my lov'd country; and with tears
Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe
Thy honour'd corse, my *Nelson*, tears as warm
And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd
Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou Pity too,
If ever I have lov'd, with faltering step,
To follow thee in the cold and starless night,
To the top crag of some rain-beaten cliff;
And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud
Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd
Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,
Thy dying soul's viaticum; if oft
Amid the carnage of the field I've sate
With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung
To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,
With mercy and forgiveness—visitant
Of Heaven—sit thou upon my harp,
And give it feeling, which were else too cold
For argument so great, for theme so high.

How dimly on that morn the sun arose,
'Kerchieft in mists, and tearful, when———

* * * * * *

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HYMN.

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the splendors of the Deity.

I.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding place.

II.

When God's right arm is bar'd for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

III.

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding place.

IV.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

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V.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow:
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding place.

VI.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

VII.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding place.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, by Henry, one summer evening, when he was with a few friends on the Trent, and singing it, as he was used to do on such occasions.

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A HYMN,

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

I.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

II.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

III.

And Jesus thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

IV.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

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V.

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine,
In glory on our head.

VI.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
'Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

II.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

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III.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

IV.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

V.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

VI.

Now safely moor'd!—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—The star of Bethlehem!

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A HYMN.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy *law;*
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now vengeance smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll croud beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

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MELODY.

Inserted in a Collection of selected and original Songs, published by the Rev. J. Plumptre, of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

I.

YES, once more that dying strain,
Anna touch thy lute for me;
Sweet, when pity's tones complain,
Doubly sweet is melody.

II.

While the Virtues thus inweave
Mildly soft the thrilling song;
Winter's long and lonesome eve,
Glides unfelt, unseen along.

III.

Thus when life hath stolen away,
And the wintry night is near;
Thus shall virtue's friendly ray,
Age's closing evening cheer.

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SONG.—BY WALLER.

A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to Henry, and when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional stanza written by him at the bottom of the song here copied.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied;
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wonderous sweet and fair.

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[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid,
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

H. K. WHITE.

"I AM PLEAS'D, AND YET I'M SAD."

I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five;
I at my study window sit,
And wrapt in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

II.

But though impressions calm and sweet,
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad;
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleas'd, and yet I'm sad.

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III.

The silvery rack that flies away,
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top,
Must bend my lonely way?
Now surely no, for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more can'st hear?
Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven,
I shall be with my God in Heaven,
Releas'd from every fear.

VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I am glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad.

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SOLITUDE.

IT is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tir'd hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrows sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

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IF far from me the Fates remove
Domestic peace, connubial love;
The prattling ring, the social cheer,
Affection's voice, affection's tear;
Ye sterner powers that bind the heart,
To me your iron aid impart!
O teach me, when the nights are chill,
And my fire-side is lone and still;
When to the blaze that crackles near,
I turn a tir'd and pensive ear,
And nature conquering bids me sigh,
For love's soft accents whispering nigh;
O teach me, on that heavenly road,
That leads to Truth's occult abode,
To wrap my soul in dreams sublime,
Till earth and care no more be mine.
Let blest philosophy impart
Her soothing measures to my heart;
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears,
I list the music of the spheres;
Or on the mystic symbols pore,
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore;
I shall not brood on summers gone,
Nor think that I am all alone.

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FANNY! upon thy breast I may not lie!
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!
Where art thou, love?—Around I turn my eye,
And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.
Was it a dream? or did my love behold
Indeed my lonely couch?—Methought the breath
Fann'd not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold
And hollow, and the livery of death
Invested her pale forehead.—Sainted maid,
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
Yet hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise; and I know at last,
When the long Sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ to part no more.

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FRAGMENTS.

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These fragments are Henry's latest compositions; and were, for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.

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FRAGMENTS.

I.

SAW'ST thou that light? exclaim'd the youth, and paus'd;
Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream
That skirts the woods, it for a moment play'd.
Again, more light it gleam'd,—or does some sprite
Delude mine eyes with shapes of wood and streams,
And lamp far beaming through the thicket's gloom,
As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice
Of revelry, or thrifty watchfulness,
Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?
No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows
With steady lustre.—Can it be the moon,
Who hidden long by the invidious veil
That blots the Heavens, now *sets* behind the woods?—
No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea
Of clouds beneath her, answered Rudiger,
She has been sleeping with Endymion.

* * * * * *

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II.

THE pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms,
Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd
The glaring sunbeam plays.

III.

LO! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes;
And from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

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IV.

THERE was a little bird upon that pile;
It perch'd upon a ruined pinnacle,
And made sweet melody.
The song was soft, yet cheerful, and most clear,
For other note none swell'd the air but his.
It seem'd as if the little chorister,
Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,
Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,
Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note
Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,
———Much musing—

V.

O PALE art thou, my lamp, and faint
Thy melancholy ray;
When the still night's unclouded saint
Is walking on her way.
Through my lattice leaf-embower'd,
Fair she sheds her shadowy beam;
And o'er my silent sacred room,
Casts a chequer'd twilight gloom;
I throw aside the learned sheet,
I cannot chuse but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet.

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Sad vestal why art thou so fair,
Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,
And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards!
Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak
Thy sadness to the cold unheeding croud;
So, mournfully compos'd, o'er yonder cloud
Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far
From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

VI.

O GIVE me music—for my soul doth faint;
I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
As when the choral train their dirges weave,
Mellow and many-voiced; where every close,
O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

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Oh! I am wrapt aloft. My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed,
Far from its clayey cell it springs,—

* * * * * *

VII.

AH! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie!
Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too!

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan, with thoughtful eye,
The illusive past and dark futurity;
Soon will they know—

* * * * *

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VIII.

AND must thou go, and must we part!
Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit;
The pang that rends in twain my heart,
Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it!

Thy sex is fickle,—when away,
Some happier youth may win thy—

IX.

SONNET.

WHEN I sit musing on the checquer'd past,
(A term much darken'd with untimely woes,)
My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows
The tear, though half disown'd;—and binding fast
Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,
I say to her she robb'd me of my rest,
When that was all my wealth.—'Tis true my breast
Received from her this wearying lingering smart;
Yet ah! I cannot bid her form depart;
Though wrong'd, I love her—yet in anger love,
For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove
Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams,
Thron'd in dark clouds, inflexible * * *
The native pride of my much injur'd heart.

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X.

WHEN high romance o'er every wood and stream,
Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire;
Spell-struck, and fill'd with many a wondering dream,
First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre.
All there was mystery then, the gust that woke
The midnight echo was a spirit's dirge;
And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,
To their light morrice by the restless surge.
Now to my sober'd thought with life's false smiles,
Too much * *
The vagrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles,
And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

XI.

HUSH'D is the lyre—the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.

Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;
The spirit which its slumbers broke,
Hath pass'd away,—and that weak hand that woke,
Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.

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Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
Ye wild, yet withering flowers of poësy;
Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,
Mix'd with decaying odours; for to me
Ye have beguil'd the hours of infancy,
As in the wood-paths of my native—

* * * * * *

XII.

ONCE more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
I heard the waters roar,
I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell,
Noting, grey chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,
Thou spakest, and at thy feet,
The universe gave way.

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TIME.

A POEM.

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This poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

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TIME.

A POEM.

GENIUS of musings, who, the midnight hour
Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;
Or, when the volley'd lightenings cleave the air,
And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower—where thy lamp,
Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
And, 'mid the howl of elements, unmov'd
Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace
The vast *effect* to its superior source,—
Spirit attend my lowly benison!
For now I strike to themes of import high
The solitary lyre; and borne by thee
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time!

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Him who, august,
Was ere these worlds were fashioned,—ere the sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,
Or Vesper guilded the serener eve.
Yea, He *had been* for an eternity;
Had swept unvarying from eternity
The harp of desolation,—ere his tones,
At God's command, assum'd a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos's sluggish sentry, and evok'd
From the dark void the smiling universe.

Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim uncertain gulph, which now the muse,
Adventurous, would explore;—but dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting place;
He must put off a while this mortal vest,
And learn to follow, without giddiness,
To heights where all is vision, and surprise,
And vague conjecture:—He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crouds and folly, in some still retreat;
High on the beetling promontory's crest,

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Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
Where compass'd round with nature's wildest shapes,
He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the great architect, who lives confest
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,
Touching the cords of solemn minstrelsy,
His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
Of poësy, a bloom of such an hue,
So sober, as may not unseemly suit
With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
Of many winters,—rearing its meek head
In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
Is number'd with the generations gone.
Yet not to me hath God's good providence
Given studious leisure*, or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns,—a meditative man,
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy croud's tumultuous din;
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day

* The author was then in an attorney's office.

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Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of stedfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's;—let it pass!
The night's my own!—They cannot steal my night!
When Evening lights her folding-star on high,
I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose my spirit flies,
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imps her wing for heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid;
Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme,
And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray
Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom,
And at my window seated,—while mankind
Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
Assumes her wonted sway.
Behold the world
Rests, and her tir'd inhabitants have paus'd
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceas'd to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshar'd.—The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, surprised

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With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,
Crowning with hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,
Poor victim! smiles.——Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
Of nature utters audibly within
The general moral:—tells us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us—that the weary crouds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around
With grave-clothes; and their aching, restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserv'd,
'Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass?—That earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise:—Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd* gaz'd,
In his mid-watch observant, and dispos'd

* Alluding to the first astronomical observations, made by the Chaldean shepherds.

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The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
Have buffetted mankind,—whole nations raz'd,—
Cities made desolate,—the polish'd sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of grey tradition voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth—To day—'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-pois'd shroud, then quietly
Clos'd her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.
O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confin'd
His scope of vision. Puff'd with confidence,

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His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point,
Too trivial for accompt.——O it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile and say my name shall live with this
'Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day,
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know,
That Time must conquer. That the loudest blast
That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump,
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhum'd in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs and says,
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
Their memory burst its fetters.
Where is *Rome?*
She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavillions are the hermit's home,
And her long colonnades, her public walks,

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Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.
But not to Rome alone has Fate confin'd
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-razed from memory, and their very name
And *being* in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?
Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat
Of ignorance and sloth? and shall we dare

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

And empire seeks another hemisphere.
Where now is Britain?—Where her laurell'd names,
Her palaces and halls? Dash'd in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.——Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scarr'd native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation.—O'er her marts,
Her crouded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks

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From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desart winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime; and then perchance
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before,—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arriv'd
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs
And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds
To perish likewise.—Meanwhile nature smiles—
The seasons run their round—the sun fulfils
His annual course—and heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchanged—still doom'd to feel

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Endless mutation in perpetual rest.
Where are conceal'd the days which have elaps'd?
Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glimps'd images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the casement high
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence,—it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability;
To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,
And turn the key of time!—Oh who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres;
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end. Time had been with him
For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world,
Rose from the gulph in loveliness.—Like him
It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.
What is it then? The past Eternity!
We comprehend a *future* without end;
We feel it possible that even yon sun

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May roll for ever; but we shrink amaz'd—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time
Knew no commencement.—That heap age on age,
And million upon million, without end,
And we shall never span the void of days
That were, and are not but in retrospect.
The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
For ever and for ever.

Change of days
To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the recording sun conducts us on
Further in life, and nearer to our goal.
Not so with time,—mysterious chronicler,
He knoweth not mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began
God had existed from eternity.

* * * * *

Now look on man
Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed?
Is he not standing in the self-same place
Where once we stood!—The same Eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come:
His *past* is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages intervened;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end!

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Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind?
Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude,
Sublime as this, our reason stands confest
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?
He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the less
Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
Infold the glories of meridian day?
What does philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights,—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.

Lo! the unletter'd hind who never knew
To raise his mind excursive, to the heights
Of abstract contemplation; as he sits
On the green hillock, by the hedge-row-side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe, with loveliest hues, the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who form'd

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The goodly prospect; he beholds the God
Thron'd in the west; and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze,
That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy brake,
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys.
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far streaming some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceiv'd, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpowered,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude,—He turns to bless,
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God.
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nurs'd in the lap of Ignorance, and bred,
In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he

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Whom starry science in her cradle rock'd,
And Castaly enchasten'd with its dews,
Closes his eyes upon the holy word;
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly contemn the Lord of Hosts!
What is philosophy, if it impart
Irreverence for the Deity—or teach
A mortal man to set his judgment up
Against his Maker's will?—The Polygar,
Who kneels to sun or moon, compar'd with him
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
Is the most bless'd of men!—Oh! I would walk
A weary journey, to the furthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? E'en as the mists
Or the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.
Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,
Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream.

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Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfal, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages; or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated æras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past:
Thron'd in his might, all times to him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before him one eternal *now*.
Time moveth not!—our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days:
So the young sailor in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!
Are the illusions of this proteus life!
All, all is false.—Through every phasis still
'Tis shadowy and deceitful.—It assumes
The semblances of things, and specious shapes;
But the lost traveller might as soon rely
On the evasive spirit of the marsh,
Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow-way,
As we on its appearances.

On earth

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There is nor certainty, nor stable hope.
As well the weary mariner, whose bark
Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus,
Where storm and darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of serener skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some peevish cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage;
As we look forward in this vale of tears
To permanent delight—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy, unsubstantial happiness.

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation.—He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark vicissitude.—Even in death,
In that dread hour, when, with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed.—Even He,

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The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way;
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to these celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.

Thou proud man, look upon yon starry vault,
Survey the countless gems which richly stud
The night's imperial chariot;—Telescopes
Will shew thee myriads more, innumerous
As the sea-sand;—Each of these little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun
Round which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel,—Every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee.
Now, proud man—now, where is thy greatness fled?
What art thou in the scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing!—Yet of thee the God
Who built this wonderous frame of worlds is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn
His heavenly providence! Deluded fool,
Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,
Even now thou totterest on the brink of Hell.

How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour!
How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!

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God of the universe—Almighty One—
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole;—Thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
And reinest-in the earthquake, when thy wrath
Goes down towards erring man,—I would address
To thee my parting pæan; for of thee,
Great beyond comprehension, who thyself
Art time and space, sublime infinitude,
Of thee has been my song!—With awe I kneel
Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
My God, my Father!—I will sing to thee
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
Rise, son of Salem, rise, and join the strain,
Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
And, leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
And halleluiah, for the Lord is great,
And full of mercy! He has thought of man;
Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought
Of we poor worms, that batten in the dews
Of morn, and perish ere the noonday sun.
Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful;
He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
To rage its hour, and perish: but on man

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He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.
The eagle falls from her aërial tower,
And mingles with irrevocable dust;
But man from death springs joyful,
Springs up to life and to eternity.
Oh that, insensate of the favouring boon,
The great exclusive privilege bestow'd
On us unworthy trifles, men should dare
To treat with slight regard the proffer'd Heaven,
And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear
In wrath, "They shall not enter in my rest."
Might I address the supplicative strain
To thy high footstool, I would pray that thou
Would'st pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through him,
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled a dread sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony, the debt
Of primitive transgression.
Oh! I shrink,
My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when, in vengeance cloth'd,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves,
And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread,
On the dark eye of miserable man,
Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,

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Will burst the effulgence of the opening Heaven;
When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,
Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word!
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep!
The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey,
The bellowing floods shall disembogue their charge
Of human victims.—From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop the risen souls,
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Carribean prominence,
To the lone tenant of some secret cell
In the Pacific's vast * * * realm,
Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
The wilderness of water; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.

Thou first shalt summon the elected saints
To their apportion'd Heaven; and thy Son,
At thy right hand, shall smile with conscious joy
On all his past distresses, when for them
He bore humanity's severest pangs.
Then shalt thou seize the avenging scymiter,
And, with a roar as loud and horrible
As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
The wicked shall be driven to their abode,
Down the immitigable gulph, to wail
And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

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* * * *

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit rear
Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and throned
In unparticipated might. Behold
Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway,
Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,
Unmov'd and heedless, thou dost hear the rush
Of mighty generations, as they pass
To the broad gulph of ruin, and dost stamp
Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
Who shall contend with Time—unvanquish'd Time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
The hours and days, and years and centuries,
They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.
The young are old, the old are in their graves.
Heardst thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;
It was the voice of people,—mighty crouds,—
Again! 'tis hush'd—Time speaks, and all is hush'd;
In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still;
All—yea, the whole—the inculculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit rear
Thy flag on high! and glory in thy strength.
But do thou know, the season yet shall come,
When from its base thine adamantine throne
Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
Thy voice forget its petrifying power;

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When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no more.*
Yea, he doth come—the mighty champion comes,
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern desolation's lord.
Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ!—He comes
To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the Heavens!—They rise, the myriads rise—
Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains
Of torpor,—He has ransomed them, * *

Forgotten generations live again,
Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
Beyond the flood:—the righteous of their times
Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy.
The sainted mother wakes, and, in her lap,
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor with her of Heaven,—a flower
Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, even in its early bud.
And hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
Again more loud.—The halleluiahs swell;
The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
They glow, they burn; and now, with one accord,
Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song
Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
Who bled for mortals.

* * * * *

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Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace,
Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
When from the croud, and from the city far,
Haply he may be set (in his late walk
O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,
And with fixt eye, and wistful, he surveys
The solemn shadows of the Heavens sail,
And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,
Far from the unquietness of life—from noise
And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,
Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

* * * * * *

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THE CHRISTIAD,

A DIVINE POEM.

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This was the work which Henry had most at heart. His riper judgment would probably have perceived that the subject was ill chosen. What is said so well in the *Censura Literaria* of all scriptural subjects for narrative poetry, applies peculiarly to this. "Any thing taken from it leaves the story imperfect; any thing added to it disgusts, and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings, if they contain only what is in the scriptures they are superfluous; if what is not in them they are false."—It may be added, that the mixture of mythology makes truth itself appear fabulous.

There is great power in the execution of this fragment.—In editing these remains, I have, with that decorum which it is to be wished all editors would observe, abstained from informing the reader what he is to admire and what he is not; but I cannot refrain from saying, that the two last stanzas greatly affected me, when I discovered them written on the leaf of a different book, and apparently long after the first canto; and greatly shall I be mistaken if they do not affect the reader also.

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THE CHRISTIAD,

A DIVINE POEM.

BOOK I.

I.

I SING the CROSS!—Ye white rob'd angel choirs,
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep;
Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires,
Were wont of old your hovering watch to keep,
Oh, now descend! and with your harpings deep,
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
Of music,—such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme.

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II.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled state
Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the ground!
Fallen is thy pride!—Thine halls are desolate!
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly sound,
And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast
Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

III.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn
Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
While stern destruction laughs, as if in scorn,
That thou didst dare insult God's eldest-born;
And, with most bitter persecuting ire,
Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn
Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire
That came to light the world in one great flash expire.

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IV.

Oh! for a pencil dipt in living light,
To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore;
While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,
And Heaven enraptur'd lists the loud acclaim!
May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
May he to human ears his weak song frame?
Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name?

V.

Spirits of pity! mild Crusaders come!
Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float;
And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
Whose mild eyes 'lumin'd what Isaiah wrote,
Throw o'er thy bard that solemn stole of thine,
And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

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VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
Satan o'ercome, fell down; and 'throned there,
The Son of God confest, in splendor shone;
Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,
* * * * * * *
Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare
Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
Shot athwart the clouds that gathered round his head.

VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulph which late
The rude Massagetæ ador'd—he bent
His northering course,—while round, in dusky state,
The assembling fiends their summon'd troops augment;
Cloth'd in dark mists, upon their way they went,
While as they pass'd to regions more severe,
The Lapland sorcerer swell'd, with loud lament,
The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,
The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

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VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes around;
There ice-rocks pil'd aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall; where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound,
The smoak-frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye
'Thrones him,—and fix'd on his primæval mound,
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night,
(Sweet interchange which makes our labours light,)
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

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X.

'Twas there yet shuddering from the burning lake,
Satan had fix'd their next consistory;
When parting last he fondly hop'd to shake
Messiah's constancy,—And thus to free
The powers of darkness from the dread decree
Of bondage, brought by him, and circumvent
The unerring ways of him whose eye can see
The womb of Time, and in its embryo pent,
Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

XI.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering obscur'd the north star's peaceful light,
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropt on the echoing ice. Instant the sound
Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall,
Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till, wedg'd in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

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XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prankt with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,
He stood in silence;—now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and tempest-tost,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:
So ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
Sweet Quiet gently touching her soft lute,
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan,
The arch-fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen,—and thus began
His fierce harangue.—" Spirits! our better days
Are now elaps'd; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo! the light breaks!—The astonished nations gaze!
For us is lifted high the avenging rod!
For, spirits, this is He—this is the son of God!

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XIV.

What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign,
Drop from his unnerv'd arm the hostile spear?
Madness! The very thought would make me fain
To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
And hurl them at their Maker!—Fix'd as fate
I am his Foe!—Yea, though his pride should deign
To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fixt unalterable hate.

XV.

Now hear the issue of my curst emprize,
When from our last sad synod I took flight,
Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,
To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
His own self-condemnation;—in the plight
Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight;
And leaning on my staff seem'd much to guess
What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

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XVI.

Then thus in homely guise I featly fram'd
My lowly speech—" Good Sir, what leads this way
" Your wandering steps? must hapless chance be blam'd
" That you so far from haunt of mortals stray?
" Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
" Nor trace of man have seen.—But how! methought
" Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray
" I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
" That he to fallen man the saving promise brought."

XVII.

" I am that man," said Jesus; " I am he.
" But truce to questions—Can'st thou point my feet
" To some low hut, if haply such there be
" In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
" With homely greeting, and may sit and eat;
" For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
" Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
" And now I hunger; and my fainting ear
" Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing near."

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XVIII.

Then thus I answer'd wily.—" If, indeed,
" Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
" For food from men?—Lo! on these flint stones feed,
" Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
" And living rills from yon parch'd rock will break."
Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye
Fix'd on my face;—the blood forsook my cheek,
I could not bear his gaze; my mask slipped by;
I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power to fly.

XIX.

Then he rebuked me with the holy word—
Accursed sounds! but now my native pride
Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterr'd,
I bore him from the mountain's woody side,
Up to the summit, where, extending wide
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried,
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

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XX.

" Behold," I cried, " these glories! scenes divine!
" Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays,
" And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine,
" If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
" Hath he not given to indigence thy days?
" Is not thy portion peril here and pain?
" Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways!
" Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain,
" Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and splendour gain."

XXI.

" Is it not written," sternly he replied,
" Tempt not the Lord thy God?" Frowning he spake,
And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,
Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
And caught me up aloft, till, in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career,
And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might quake
At such a fall; my sinews crack'd, and near,
Obscure and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine ear.

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XXII.

Senseless and stunn'd I lay; till casting round
My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
Borne on a car of Roses to the ground,
By volant angels; and as sailing slow
He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
While on the tall spire slept the slant sun-beam,
Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
Of heavenly instruments, Such strains oft seem,
On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's dream.

XXIII.

I saw blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength;
I smote the ether with my iron wing,
And left the accursed scene.—Arriv'd at length
In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring
The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd!
O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
Defiance at his Maker, while array'd,
High o'er the walls of light rebellion's banners play'd!

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XXIV.

Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph long;
Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight,
Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,
I see wild agony's lean finger write
Sad figures on his forehead!—Keenly bright
Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
Stand the hot tears,—immantled in the night,
Lo! he retires to mourn!—I hear his cries,—
He faints—he falls—and, lo!—'tis true, ye powers, he dies."

XXV.

Thus spake the chieftain,—and as if he view'd
The scene he pictured, with his foot advanced,
And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
While under his uplifted shield he glanced,
With straining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranced,
On viewless air;—thither the dark platoon
Gaz'd wondering, nothing seen, save when there danced
The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon,
Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

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XXVI.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks,—The breeze
Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
When all the midnight gasping from the seas
Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands
High on the shrouds the spirit that commands
The ocean-farer's life; so stiff—so sear
Stood each dark power;—while through their numerous bands
Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear
Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear.

XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
Of overboiling malice. Utterance long
His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
His labouring ire; still syllable none fell
From his pale quivering lip, but died away
For very fury; from each hollow cell
Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray,
And * * * * * *

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XXVIII.

"This comes," at length burst from the furious chief,
"This comes of distant counsels! Here behold
"The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
"Which coward policy would fain unfold,
"To soothe the powers that warr'd with Heaven of old!
"O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!
"And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
"There stands he, spell struck, gaping at the air,
"While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her standard there."

XXIX.

Here, as recover'd, Satan fix'd his eye
Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern;
He wrapt his black vest round him gloomily,
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.
Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. Behold, behold, he cried,
The lord of Hell, who bade these legions spurn
Almighty rule—behold he lays aside
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied.

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XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his [burning] tongue
Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
The famish'd tiger pants, when near his seat,
Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat
Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

* * * * *

Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old; who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who copied with Ithuriel, and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke, and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base. How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts

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of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learnt, by that experiment which lost us Heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer; In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

* * * * * *

Thus we shall pierce our Conqueror, through the race
Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace,
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call
Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away with coward wiles!—Death's coal-black pall
Be now our standard!—Be our torch, the glare
Of cities fir'd! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air!

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Him answering rose Mecasbpim, who of old,
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,
Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms untold
And mystery. His wandering spirit roves,
Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
And sits and mourns like some white robed sire,
Where stood his temple, and where fragrant cloves
And cinnamon upheap'd the sacred pyre,
And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire.

He wav'd his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,
And sighing—his papyrus scarf survey'd,
Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
The troubled counsel.

* * * * * *

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I.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil;—thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre, which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or when the breeze comes by moan and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again,
Shall I no more re-animate the lay!
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

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PROSE COMPOSITIONS.

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IMITATIONS.

THE sublimity and unaffected beauty of the sacred writings are in no instance more conspicuous, than in the following verses of the xviiith Psalm.

"He bowed the heavens also and came down: and darkness was under his feet.

"And he rode upon a cherub and did fly: yea he did fly upon the wings of the wind."

None of our better versions have been able to preserve the original graces of these verses. That wretched one of Thomas Sternhold, however, (which, to the disgrace and manifest detriment of religious worship, is generally used) has, in this solitary instance, and then perhaps by accident, given us the true spirit of the Psalmist, and has surpassed not only Merrick, but even the classic Buchanan*. This version is as follows.

* That the reader may judge for himself, Buchanan's translation is subjoined.

Utque suum dominum terræ demittat in orbem
Leniter inclinat jussum fastigia cœlum;

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" The Lord descended from above,
" And bowed the heavens high,
" And underneath his feet he cast
" The darkness of the sky.

" On cherubs and on cherubims
" Full royally he rode,
" And on the wings of mighty winds
" Came flying all abroad."

Dryden honoured these verses with very high commendation, and, in the following lines of his Annus Mirabilis, has apparently imitated them, in preference to the original.

" The duke less numerous, but in courage more,
" On wings of all the winds to combat flies."

And in his Ceyx and Alcyone, from Ovid, he has—

" And now sublime she rides upon the wind,"

Succedunt pedibus fuscæ caliginis umbræ;
Ille vehens curru volucri, cui flammeus ales
Lora tenens levibus ventorum adremigat alis
Se circum fulvo nebularum involvit amictu,
Prætenditque cavis piceas in nubibus undas.

This is somewhat too harsh and prosaic, and there is an unpleasant cacophony in the terminations of the 5th and 6th lines.

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which is probably imitated, as well as most of the following, not from Sternhold, but the original. Thus Pope,

" Not God alone in the still calm we find,
" He mounts the storm and rides upon the wind."

And Addison—

" Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

The unfortunate Chatterton has—

" And rides upon the pinions of the wind."

And Gray—

" With arms sublime that float upon the air."

Few poets of eminence have less incurred the charge of plagiarism than Milton; yet many instances might be adduced of similarity of idea and language with the scripture, which are certainly more than coincidences, and some of these I shall, in a future number, present to your readers. Thus the present passage in the Psalmist was in all probability in his mind when he wrote—

———" And with mighty wings outspread,
" Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss."
Par. Lost, L. 20, B. 1.

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The third verse of the civ. Psalm—

" He maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind,"—

is evidently taken from the before-mentioned verses in the xviiith Psalm, on which it is perhaps an improvement. It has also been imitated by two of our first poets, Shakespeare and Thomson. The former in Romeo and Juliet—

" Bestrides the lazy paced clouds,
" And sails upon the bosom of the air."

The latter in Winter, l. 199—

——————" 'Til Nature's King who oft
" Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
" And on the wings of the careering winds
" Walks dreadfully serene."

As these imitations have not before, I believe, been noticed, they cannot fail to interest the lovers of polite letters; and they are such as at least will amuse your readers in general. If the sacred writings were attentively perused, we should find innumerable passages from which our best modern poets have drawn their most admired ideas; and the enumerations of these instances, would perhaps attract the attention of many persons to

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those volumes, which they now perhaps think to contain every thing tedious and disgusting, but which, on the contrary, they would find replete with interest, beauty, and true sublimity.

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STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your Mirror for July, a Mr. William Toone has offered a few observations on a paper of mine, in a preceding number, containing remarks on the versions and imitations of the 9th and 10th verses of the xviiith psalm, to which I think it necessary to offer a few words by way of reply; as they not only put an erroneous construction on certain passages of that paper, but are otherwise open to material objection.

The object of Mr. Toone, in some parts of his observations, appears to have been to refute something which he *fancied* I had advanced, tending to establish the general merit of Sternhold and Hopkins's translation of the Psalms; but he might have saved himself this unnecessary trouble, as I have decidedly condemned it as mere doggrel, still preserved in our churches, to the detriment of religion: And the version of the passage in question is adduced as a brilliant, though probably accidental, exception to the general character of the work. What necessity, therefore, your correspondent could see for "*hoping that I should think with him, that the sooner the old version of the psalms was consigned to oblivion, the better it would be for rational devotion,*" I am perfectly at a loss to imagine.

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This concluding sentence of Mr. Toone's paper, which I consider as introduced merely by way of rounding the period, and making a graceful exit, needs no further animadversion. I shall therefore proceed to examine the objections of the "worthy clergyman of the church of England," to these verses cited by your correspondent, by which he hopes to prove, that Dryden, Knox, and the numerous other eminent men who have expressed their admiration thereof, to be little better than ideots. —The first is this:

"*Cherubim* is the plural of *Cherub;* but our versioner, by adding an *s* to *it*, has rendered them both plurals." By adding an *s* to what? If the pronoun *it* refer to cherubim, as according to the construction of the sentence it really does, the whole objection is nonsense.—But the worthy gentleman, no doubt, *meant* to say, that Sternhold had rendered them both plurals, by the addition of an *s*, to *cherub*. Even in this sense, however, I conceive the charge to be easily obviated: for, though cherubim is doubtless usually considered as the plural of cherub, yet the two words are frequently so used in the Old Testament as to prove, that they were often applied to separate ranks of beings. One of these, which I shall cite, will dispel all doubt on the subject.

"And within the oracle he made *two cherubims* of olive tree, *each* ten cubits high."

1 *Kings, v.* 23, *chap.* vii.

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The other objection turns upon a word with which it is not necessary for me to interfere; for I did not quote these verses as instances of the merit of Sternhold, or his version, I only asserted, that the lines which I then copied, viz.

The Lord descended from above, &c.

were truly noble and sublime. Whether, therefore, Sternhold wrote *all the winds* (as asserted by your correspondent, in order to furnish room for objection) or *mighty winds*, is of no import. But if this really be a subsequent alteration, I think at least there is no improvement; for when we conceive the winds as assembling from all quarters, at the omnipotent command of the Deity, and bearing him with their united forces from the heavens, we have a more sublime image, than when we see him as flying merely on *mighty winds*, or as driving his team (or troop) of angels on a *strong* tempest's *rapid* wing, with *most amazing swiftness*, as *elegantly* represented by *Brady and Tate*[*].

[*] How any man, enjoying the use of his senses, could prefer the contemptible version of Brady and Tate of this verse to Sternhold's, is to me inexplicable. The epithets which are introduced would have disgraced a school-boy, and the majestic imagery of the original is sacrificed to make room for tinsel and fustian.

The chariot of the king of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew;
On a *strong* tempest's *rapid* wings,
With most amazing swiftness flew.

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I differ from your correspondent's opinion, that these verses, so far from possessing sublimity, attract the reader merely by their *rumbling sound:* And here it may not be amiss to observe, that the true sublime does not consist in high sounding words, or pompous magnificence; on the contrary, it most frequently appears clad in native dignity and simplicity, without art, and without ornament.

The most elegant critic of antiquity, Longinus, in his treatise on the sublime, adduces the following passage from the book of Genesis, as possessing that quality in an eminent degree.

"*God said let there be light, and there was light:— Let the earth be, and earth was**."

From what I have advanced on this subject, I would not have it inferred, that I conceive the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, generally speaking, to be superior to that of Brady and Tate; for, on the contrary, in almost every instance, except that abovementioned, the latter possesses an indubitable right to pre-eminence. Our language, however, cannot yet boast one version possessing the true spirit of the original; some are beneath contempt, and the best has scarcely attained mediocrity. Your correspondent has quoted some verses from Tate,

* The critic apparently quoted from memory, for we may search in vain for the latter part of this sentence.

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in triumph, as comparatively excellent; but, in my opinion, they are also instances of our general failure in sacred poetry: they abound in those *ambitiosa ornamenta* which do well to please women and children, but which disgust the man of taste.

To the imitations already noticed of this passage, permit me to add the following:—

"But various Iris Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air."
Pope's Iliad, B. 2.

"Miguel cruzando os pelagos do vento."
Carlos Restaurado, Canto I. by Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, an ancient Portuguese poet of some merit.

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REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

WARTON.

THE poems of Thomas Warton are replete with a sublimity, and richness of imagery, which seldom fail to enchant: every line presents new beauties of idea, aided by all the magic of animated diction. From the inexhaustible stores of figurative language, majesty, and sublimity, which the ancient English poets afford, he has culled some of the richest and the sweetest flowers. But, unfortunately, in thus making use of the beauties of other writers, he has been too unsparing; for the greater number of his ideas, and nervous epithets, cannot, strictly speaking, be called his own; therefore, however we may be charmed by the grandeur of his images, or the felicity of his expression, we must still bear in our recollection, that we cannot with justice bestow upon him the highest eulogium of genius—that of originality.

It has, with much justice, been observed, that Pope, and his imitators, have introduced a species of refinement into our language, which has banished that nerve and pathos, for which Milton had rendered it eminent. Harmonious modulations, and unvarying exactness of measure, totally precluding sublimity and fire, have reduced our fashionable poetry to mere sing-song. But

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Thomas Warton, whose taste was unvitiated by the frivolities of the day, immediately saw the intrinsic worth of what the world then slighted. He saw, that the ancient poets contained a fund of strength, and beauty of imagery, as well as diction, which, in the hands of genius, would shine forth with redoubled lustre. Entirely rejecting, therefore, modern niceties, he extracted the honied sweets from these beautiful, though neglected flowers. Every grace of sentiment, every poetical term, which a false taste had rendered obsolete, was by him revived and made to grace his own ideas; and though many will condemn him, as guilty of plagiarism, yet few will be able to withhold the tribute of their praise.

The peculiar forte of Warton seems to have been in the sombre-descriptive. The wild airy flights of a Spenser; the "chivalrous feats of barons bold;" or the "cloister'd solitude," were the favourites of his mind. Of this his bent he informs us in the following lines:—

Through Pope's soft song though all the graces breathe,
And happiest art adorns his attic page,
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than where the fated * fair

* Belinda. Vide Pope's Rape of the Lock.

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Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendors of the laughing sun;
The *gay description* palls upon the sense
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.
Pleasures of Melancholy.

Warton's mind was formed for the grand and the sublime. Were his imitations less verbal, and less numerous, I should be led to imagine, that the peculiar beauties of his favourite authors had sunk so impressively into his mind, that he had unwittingly appropriated them as his own; but they are in general such as to preclude the idea.

To the metrical, and other intrinsic ornaments of style, he appears to have paid due attention. If we meet with an uncouth expression, we immediately perceive that it is peculiarly appropriate, and that no other term could have been made use of with so happy an effect. His poems abound with alliterative lines. Indeed, this figure seems to have been his favourite; and he studiously seeks every opportunity to introduce it: however, it must be acknowledged, that his "daisy-dappled dales," &c. occur too frequently.

The poem on which Warton's fame *(as a poet)* principally rests, is the "Pleasures of Melancholy," and (notwithstanding the perpetual recurrence of ideas which are borrowed from other poets) there are few pieces

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which I have perused with more exquisite gratification. The gloomy tints with which he overcasts his descriptions; his highly figurative language; and, above all, the antique air which the poem wears, convey the most sublime ideas to the mind.

Of the other pieces of this poet, some are excellent, and they all rise above mediocrity. In his sonnets he has succeeded wonderfully; that written at Winslade, and the one to the river Lodon, are peculiarly beautiful, and that to Mr. Gray is most elegantly turned. The "Ode on the approach of Summer," is replete with genius and poetic fire; and even over the Birth-day odes, which he wrote as poet laureat, his genius has cast energy and beauty. His humourous pieces, and satires, abound in wit; and, in short, taking him altogether, he is an ornament to our country and our language, and it is to be regretted, that the profusion with which he has made use of the beauties of other poets, should have given room for censure.

I should have closed my short, and I fear jejune essay on Warton, but that I wished to hint to your truly elegant and acute Stamford correspondent, Octavius Gilchrist, (whose future remarks on Warton's imitations I await with considerable impatience) that the passage in the pleasures of Melancholy—

——————— or *ghostly* shape,
At distance seen, invites, with beck'ning hand,
Thy lonesome steps,

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which he supposes to be taken from the following in Comus,

> Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names,

is more probably taken from the commencement of Pope's elegy on an unfortunate lady—

> What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
> *Invites my steps*, and points to yonder glade?

The original idea was possibly taken from Comus by Pope, from whom Warton, to all appearance, again borrowed it.

Were the similarity of the passage in Gray, to that in Warton, less striking and verbal, I should be inclined to think it only a remarkable coincidence; for Gray's biographers inform us, that he commenced his elegy in 1742, and that it was completed in 1744, being the year which he particularly devoted to the muses, though he did not "*put the finishing stroke to it*," until 1750. The Pleasures of Melancholy were published in 4to. in 1747. Therefore Gray *might* take his third stanza from Warton; but it is rather extraordinary that the *third stanza* of a poem should be taken from another, published *five* years after that poem was begun, and *three* after it was understood to be completed; one cir-

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cumstance, however, seems to render the supposition of its being a plagiarism somewhat more probable, which is, that the stanza in question is not essential to the connexion of the preceding and antecedent verses; therefore it might have been added by Gray, when he put the "*finishing stroke*" to his piece in 1750.

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CURSORY REMARKS ON TRAGEDY.

THE pleasure which is derived from the representation of an affecting tragedy, has often been the subject of enquiry among philosophical critics, as a singular phenomenon.—That the mind should receive gratification from the excitement of those passions which are in themselves painful, is really an extraordinary paradox, and is the more inexplicable since, when the same means are employed to rouse the more pleasing affections, no adequate effect is produced.

In order to solve this problem, many ingenious hypotheses have been invented. The Abbe Du Bos tells us that the mind has such a natural antipathy to a state of listlessness and langour, as to render the transition from it to a state of exertion, even though by rousing passions in themselves painful, as in the instance of tragedy, a positive pleasure. Monsieur Fontenelle has given us a more satisfactory account. He tells us that pleasure and pain, two sentiments so different in themselves, do not differ so much in their cause;—that pleasure, carried too far, becomes pain, and pain, a little moderated, becomes pleasure. Hence that the pleasure we derive from tragedy is a pleasing sorrow, a modulated pain. David Hume, who has also written upon this subject, unites the two systems, with this addition, that the painful emotions ex-

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cited by the representation of melancholy scenes, are further tempered, and the pleasure is proportionably heightened by the eloquence displayed in the relation—the art shewn in collecting the pathetic circumstances, and the judgment evinced in their happy disposition.

But even now I do not conceive the difficulty to be satisfactorily done away. Admitting the postulatum which the Abbe Du Bos assumes, that langour is so disagreeable to the mind as to render its removal positive pleasure, to be true; yet, when we recollect, as Mr. Hume has before observed, that were the same objects of distress which give us pleasure in tragedy set before our eyes in reality, though they would effectually remove listlessness, they would excite the most unfeigned uneasiness, we shall hesitate in applying this solution in its full extent to the present subject. M. Fontenelle's reasoning is much more conclusive; yet I think he errs egregiously in his premises, if he means to imply that any modulation of pain is pleasing, because, in whatever degree it may be, it is still pain, and remote from either ease or positive pleasure: and if by moderated pain he means any uneasy sensation abated, though not totally banished, he is no less mistaken in the application of them to the subject before us.—Pleasure may very well be conceived to be painful, when carried to excess, because it there becomes exertion, and is inconvenient. We may also form some idea of a pleasure arising from moderated pain, or the transition from the disagreeable to the less disagreeable; but this cannot in any wise be applied to

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the gratification we derive from a tragedy, for there no superior degree of pain is left for an inferior. As to Mr. Hume's addition of the pleasure we derive from the art of the poet, for the introduction of which he has written his whole dissertation on tragedy, it merits little consideration. The self-recollection necessary to render this art a source of gratification, must weaken the illusion; and whatever weakens the illusion, diminishes the effect.

In these systems it is taken for granted that all those passions are excited which are represented in the drama. This I conceive to have been the primary cause of error, for to me it seems very probable that the only passion or affection which is excited, is that of sympathy, which partakes of the pleasing nature of pity and compassion, and includes in it so much as is pleasing of hope and apprehension, joy and grief.

The pleasure we derive from the afflictions of a friend is proverbial—every person has felt, and wondered why he felt, something soothing in the participation of the sorrows of those dear to his heart; and he might, with as much reason, have questioned why he was delighted with the melancholy scenes of tragedy. Both pleasures are equally singular; they both arise from the same source. Both originate in sympathy.

It would seem natural that an accidental spectator of a cause in a court of justice, with which he is perfectly unacquainted, would remain an uninterested auditor of

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what was going forward. Experience tells us, however, the exact contrary. He immediately, even before he is well acquainted with the merits of the case, espouses one side of the question, to which he uniformly adheres, participates in all its advantages, and sympathizes in its success. There is no denying that the interest this man takes in the business is a source of pleasure to him; but we cannot suppose one of the parties in the cause, though his interest must be infinitely more lively, to feel an equal pleasure, because the painful passions are in him really aroused, while in the other sympathy alone is excited, which is in itself pleasing. It is pretty much the same with the spectator of a tragedy. And, if the sympathy is the more pleasing, it is because the actions are so much the more calculated to entrap the attention, and the object so much the more worthy. The pleasure is heightened also in both instances by a kind of intuitive recollection, which never forsakes the spectator; that no bad consequences will result to him from the action he is surveying. This recollection is the more predominant in the spectator of a tragedy, as it is impossible in any case totally to banish from his memory that the scenes are fictitious and illusive. In real life we always advert to futurity, and endeavour to draw inferences of the probable consequences: but the moment we take off our minds from what is passing on the stage to reasonings thereupon, the illusion is dispelled, and it again recurs that it is all fiction.

If we compare the degrees of pleasure we derive from

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the perusal of a novel and the representation of a tragedy, we shall observe a wonderful disparity. In both we feel an interest, in both sympathy is excited. But in the one, things are merely *related* to us as *having passed*, which it is not attempted to persuade us ever did *in reality* happen, and from which, therefore, we never can deceive ourselves into the idea that any consequences whatever will result; in the other, on the contrary, the actions themselves pass before our eyes; we are not tempted to ask ourselves whether they did ever happen; we see them happen, we are the witnesses of them, and were it not for the meliorating circumstances before-mentioned, the sympathy would become so powerful as to be in the highest degree painful.

In tragedy, therefore, every thing which can strengthen the illusion should be introduced, for there are a thousand draw-backs on the effect, which it is impossible to remove, and, which have always so great a force, as to put it out of the power of the poet to excite sympathy in a too painful degree. Every thing that is improbable, every thing which is out of the common course of nature should, for this reason, be avoided, as nothing will so forcibly remind the spectator of the unrealness of the illusion.

It is a mistaken idea, that we sympathize sooner with the distresses of kings, and illustrious personages, than with those of common life. Men are, in fact, more inclined to commiserate the sufferings of their equals, than of those whom they cannot but regard rather with awe

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than pity, as superior beings, and to take an interest in incidents which might have happened to themselves, sooner than in those remote from their own rank and habits. It is for this reason that Æschylus censures Euripides, for introducing his kings in rags, as if they were more to be compassionated than other men.

Πρῶτον μὲν τὰς βασιλείδας ῥάκια μισχων, ἵν' ἰδιωται
Τοῖς ανθρώποις φαίνωνται ἐλεεινοί.

Some will, perhaps, imagine that it is in the power of the poet to excite our sympathy in too powerful a degree, because at the representation of certain scenes, the spectators are frequently affected so as to make them shriek out with terror. But this is not sympathy; it is horror, it is disgust, and is only witnessed when some act is committed on the stage so cruel and bloody, as to make it impossible to contemplate it even in idea without horror.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus.
Hor. Art Poet. l. 185.

It is for this reason, also, that many fine German dramas cannot be brought on the English stage, such as the Robbers of Schiller, and the Adelaide of Wulfingen, by Kotzebue; they are too horrible to be *read* without violent emotions, and Horace will tell you what an immense difference there is in point of effect between a relation and a representation.

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Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

Ars Poet. l. 180.

I shall conclude these desultory remarks, strung together at random, without order or connection, by observing what little foundation there is for the general outcry in the literary world, against the prevalence of German dramas on our stage. Did they not possess uncommon merit, they would not meet with such general approbation. Fashion has but a partial influence, but they have drawn tears from an audience in a barn as well as in a theatre royal; they have been welcomed with plaudits in every little market town in the three kingdoms, as well as in the metropolis. Nature speaks but one language; she is alike intelligible to the peasant, and the man of letters; the tradesman, and the man of fashion. While the Muse of Germany shall continue to produce such plays as the Stranger and Lovers Vows*, who will not rejoice that translation is able to naturalize her efforts in our language.

* I speak of these plays only, as adapted to our stage by the elegant pens of Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Inchbald.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. I.]

——————There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of Melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.

DYER.

PHILOSOPHERS have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits, which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world,

"And fits it to hold converse with the Gods."

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power, that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications. At the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the

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crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honour. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice; the sad tissue of wretchedness and woe, passes in review before me, and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions they inspire, yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that melancholy is forbidding; in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest? Ask the unfortunate, why he seeks the still shades of solitude? or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion? and he will tell you, that he derives a pleasure therefrom, which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of melancholy; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher, as are the narrow and contracted complaints of selfishness, from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthrophy; as are the despondling intervals of insanity, from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

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The man who has attained that calm equanimity which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils of life with indifference; who can so far conquer the weakness of nature, as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life, and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society, and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself, to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested: be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public; they will at least have the merit of novelty to recommend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart, or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition: this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise, though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortune, nor the bitter taunts of misanthrophy. Society is a chain of which I am merely a link; all men are my associates in error, and though some may have gone farther in the ways of guilt than myself, yet it is not in me to sit in judgment upon them: it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger, to lament their

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crimes, and to weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation, when the mind recedes from the vexations of business, and sinks into itself, for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure; the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language, or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessation from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervour of a glowing mind express itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner, for the cold ear of dull propriety; let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in descrying it. To criticism melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed, than in declaiming against the defects, while it is insensible to the beauties of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet:—

Ω ἰυμένης ἄγγοια ὡς ἀμωμός τις ἦι
Ὅταν ὅι συ ἀ ἐχοις ὄντως σ'ἄκ αγγοει.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. II.]

> But (wel-a-day) who loves the Muses now?
> Or helpes the climber of the sacred hyll?
> None leane to them; but strive to disalow
> All heavenly dewes the goddesses distill.
>
> *Wm. Browne's Shepherd's Pipe. Eg. 5.*

IT is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavily on my soul, that the sons of Genius generally seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity, to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark; and, alas! who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illumine our hemisphere, may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances; who knows how many may have shrunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world, into the peaceful slumbers of death. Among the number of those whose talents might have elevated them to the first rank of eminence, but who have been overwhelmed with the accumulated ills of poverty and misfortune, I do not hesitate to rank a young man whom I once accounted it my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend.

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CHARLES WANELY was the only son of an humble village rector, who just lived to give him a liberal education, and then left him, unprovided for and unprotected, to struggle through the world as well as he could. With a heart glowing with the enthusiasm of poetry and romance, with a sensibility the most exquisite, and with an indignant pride, which swelled in his veins, and told him he was a man—my friend found himself cast upon the wide world, at the age of sixteen, an adventurer, without fortune and without connection. As his independent spirit could not brook the idea of being a burthen to those whom his father had taught him to consider only as allied by blood, and not by affection, he looked about him for a situation, which would ensure to him, by his own exertions, an honourable competence. It was not long before such a situation offered, and Charles precipitately articled himself to an attorney, without giving himself time to consult his own inclinations, or the disposition of his master. The transition from Sophocles and Euripides, Theocritus and Ovid, to Finche and Wood, Coke and Wynne, was striking and difficult; but Charles applied himself with his wonted ardour to his new study, as considering it not only his interest, but his duty so to do. It was not long however, before he discovered that he disliked the law, that he disliked his situation, and that he despised his master. The fact was, my friend had many mortifications to endure, which his haughty soul could ill brook. The attorney to whom he was articled was one of those narrow-minded beings, who consider wealth as alone entitled to

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respect. He had discovered that his clerk was *very* poor and *very* destitute of friends, and thence he *very* naturally concluded, that he might insult him with impunity. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his calculations. I one night remarked that my friend was unusually thoughtful. I ventured to ask him, whether he had met with any thing particular to ruffle his spirits. He looked at me for some moments significantly, then, as if roused to fury by the reccollection—"I have," said he, vehemently, "I have, I have. He has insulted me grossly, and I will bear it no longer." He now walked up and down the room with visible emotion.—Presently he sat down.—He seemed more composed. "My friend," said he, "I have endured much from this man. I conceived it my duty to forbear, but I have forborne until forbearance is blameable: and, by the Almighty, I will never again endure what I have endured this day. But not only this man; every one thinks he may treat me with contumely, because I am poor and friendless. But I am a man, and will no longer tamely submit to be the sport of fools and the foot-ball of caprice. In this spot of earth, though it gave me birth, I can never taste of ease. Here I must be miserable. The principal end of man is to arrive at happiness. Here I can never attain it; and here therefore I will no longer remain. My obligations to the rascal who calls himself my master are cancelled by his abuse of the authority I rashly placed in his hands. I have no relations to bind me to this particular place." The tears started in his eyes as he spoke, "I have no tender ties to bid me stay, and

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why *do* I stay? The world is all before me. My inclination leads me to travel; I will pursue that inclination; and, perhaps, in a strange land I may find that repose which is denied to me in the place of my birth. My finances, it is true, are ill able to support the expenses of travelling: but what then—Goldsmith, my friend," with rising enthusiasm, "Goldsmith traversed Europe on foot, and I am as hardy as Goldsmith. Yes, I will go, and, perhaps, ere long, I may sit me down on some towering mountain, and exclaim, with him, while a hundred realms lie in perspective before me,

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely, ere he took so bold a step: he was deaf to my importunities, and the next morning I received a letter informing me of his departure. He was observed about sun-rise, sitting on the stile, at the top of an eminence, which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village. I could divine his emotions, on thus casting probably a last look on his native place. The neat white parsonage house, with the honeysuckle mantling on its wall, I knew would receive his last glance; and the image of his father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

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From this period Charles Wanely was never heard of at L——, and, as his few relations cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence.

About five years had elapsed from this period, when my occasions led me to the continent. I will confess, I was not without a romantic hope, that I might again meet with my lost friend; and that often, with that idea, I scrutinized the features of the passengers. One fine moonlight night, as I was strolling down the grand Italian Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude. It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance, and had remained in the attitude of attention some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person very shabbily dressed, stedfastly gazing at me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familiar to me. He was pale and emaciated, and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet, amidst all these changes, I thought I recognized Charles Wanely. I stood stupified with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself, I looked again, but he had left the spot the moment he found himself observed. I darted through the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone, but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew

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him. Nobody had even seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my enquiries, and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples the morning after his form had struck my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures in chalks, and vending them among the peasantry. I could no longer doubt it was my friend, and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognized in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I left Naples, now grown hateful to my sight, and embarked for England. It is now nearly twenty years since this rencounter, during which period he has not been heard of: and there can be little doubt that this unfortunate young man has found in some remote corner of the continent an obscure and an unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do honour to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud by the frosts of poverty and scorn, and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. III.]

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford.

Warton's Melancholy.

IN one of my midnight rambles down the side of the Trent, the river which waters the place of my nativity, as I was musing on the various evils which darken the life of man, and which have their rise in the malevolence and ill-nature of his fellows, the sound of a flute from an adjoining copse attracted my attention. The tune it played was mournful, yet soothing. It was suited to the solemnity of the hour. As the distant notes came wafted at intervals on my ear, now with gradual swell, then dying away on the silence of the night, I felt the tide of indignation subside within me, and give place to the solemn calm of repose. I listened for some time in breathless ravishment. The strain ceased, yet the sounds still vibrated on my heart, and the visions of bliss which they excited, still glowed on my imagination. I was then standing in one of my favourite retreats. It was a little alcove, overshadowed with willows, and a mossy seat at the back invited to

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rest. I laid myself listlessly on the bank. The Trent murmured softly at my feet, and the willows sighed as they waved over my head. It was the holy moment of repose, and I soon sunk into a deep sleep. The operations of fancy, in a slumber, induced by a combination of circumstances so powerful and uncommon, could not fail to be wild and romantic in the extreme. Methought I found myself in an extensive area, filled with an immense concourse of people. At one end was a throne of adamant, on which sat a female, in whose aspect I immediately recognized a divinity. She was clad in a garb of azure, on her forehead she bore a sun, whose splendor the eyes of many were unable to bear, and whose rays illumined the whole space, and penetrated into the deepest recesses of darkness. The aspect of the goddess at a distance was forbidding, but on a nearer approach it was mild and engaging. Her eyes were blue and piercing, and there was a fascination in her smile which charmed as if by enchantment. The air of intelligence which beamed in her look, made the beholder shrink into himself with the consciousness of inferiority; yet the affability of her deportment, and the simplicity and gentleness of her manners soon re-assured him, while the bewitching softness which she could at times assume, won his permanent esteem. On enquiry of a by-stander who it was that sat on the throne, and what was the occasion of so uncommon an assembly, he informed me that it was the goddess of wisdom, who had at last succeeded in regaining the dominion of the earth, which folly had so long usurped. That she sat there in her ju-

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dicial capacity, in order to try the merits of many who were supposed to be the secret emissaries of Folly. In this way I understood Envy and Malevolence had been sentenced to perpetual banishment, though several of their adherents yet remained among men, whose minds were too gross to be irradiated with the light of wisdom. One trial I understood was just ended, and another supposed delinquent was about to be put to the bar. With much curiosity I hurried forwards to survey the figure which now approached. She was habited in black, and veiled to the waist. Her pace was solemn and majestic, yet in every movement was a winning gracefulness. As she approached to the bar, I got a nearer view of her, when what was my astonishment to recognize in her the person of my favourite goddess Melancholy. Amazed that she whom I had always looked upon as the sister and companion of Wisdom, should be brought to trial as an emissary and an adherent of Folly, I waited in mute impatience for the accusation which could be framed against her.—On looking towards the centre of the area, I was much surprised to see a bustling little *Cit* of my acquaintance, who, by his hemming and clearing, I concluded was going to make the charge. As he was a self-important little fellow, full of consequence and business, and totally incapable of all the finer emotions of the soul, I could not conceive what ground of complaint *he* could have against Melancholy, who, I was persuaded, would never have deigned to take up her residence for a moment in *his* breast. When I recollected, however, that

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he had some sparks of ambition in his composition, and that he was an envious carping little mortal, who had formed the design of shouldering himself into notice by decrying the defects of others, while he was insensible to his own, my amazement and my apprehensions vanished as I perceived he only wanted to make a display of his own talents, in doing which I did not fear his making himself sufficiently ridiculous.

After a good deal of irrelevant circumlocution, he boldly began the accusation of Melancholy. I shall not dwell upon many absurd and many invidious parts of his speech, nor upon the many blunders in the misapplication of words, such as "*deduce*" for "*detract*," and others of a similar nature, which my poor friend committed in the course of his harangue, but shall only dwell upon the material parts of the charge.

He represented the prisoner as the offspring of *Idleness* and *Discontent*, who was at all times a sulky, sullen, and "*eminently useless*" member of the community, and not unfrequently a very dangerous one. He declared it to be his opinion, that in case she were to be suffered to prevail, mankind would soon become "*too idle to go*," and would all lie down and perish through indolence, or through forgetting that sustenance was necessary for the preservation of existence; and concluded with painting the horrors which would attend such a depopulation of the earth, in such colours as made many

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weak minds regard the goddess with fear and abhorrence.

Having concluded, the accused was called upon for her defence. She immediately, with a graceful gesture, lifted up the veil which concealed her face, and discovered a countenance so soft, so lovely, and so sweetly expressive, as to strike the beholders with involuntary admiration, and which, at one glance, overturned all the flimsy sophistry of my poor friend the citizen; and when the silver tones of her voice were heard, the murmurs which until then had continually arisen from the crowd were hushed to a dead still, and the whole multitude stood transfixed in breathless attention. As near as I can recollect, these were the words in which she addressed herself to the throne of wisdom.

I shall not deign to give a DIRECT *answer to the various insinuations which have been thrown out against me by my accuser.* Let it suffice that I declare my true history, in opposition to that which has been so artfully fabricated to my disadvantage. In that early age of the world, when mankind followed the peaceful avocations of a pastoral life only, and contentment and harmony reigned in every vale, I was not known among men; but when, in process of time, Ambition and Vice, with their attendant evils, were sent down as a scourge to the human race, I made my appearance. I am the offspring of Misfortune and Virtue, and was sent by Hea-

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ven to teach my parents how to support their afflictions with magnanimity. As I grew up, I became the intimate friend of the wisest among men. I was the bosom friend of Plato, and other illustrious sages of antiquity, and was then often known by the name of Philosophy, though, in present times, when that title is usurped by mere makers of experiments, and inventors of blacking-cakes, I am only known by the appellation of Melancholy. So far from being of a discontented disposition, my very essence is pious and resigned contentment. I teach my votaries to support every vicissitude of fortune with calmness and fortitude. It is mine to subdue the stormy propensities of passion and vice, to foster and encourage the principles of benevolence and philanthropy, and to cherish and bring to perfection the seeds of virtue and wisdom. Though feared and hated by those who, like my accuser, are ignorant of my nature, I am courted and cherished by all the truly wise, the good, and the great; the poet woos me as the goddess of inspiration; the true philosopher acknowledges himself indebted to me for his most expansive views of human nature; the good man owes to me that hatred of the wrong and love of the right, and that disdain for the consequences which may result from the performance of his duties, which keeps him good; and the religious flies to me for the only clear and unencumbered view of the attributes and perfections of the Deity. So far from being idle, my mind is ever on the wing in the regions of fancy, or that true philosophy which opens the book of human nature, and raises the soul above the evils in-

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cident to life. If I am useless, in the same degree were Plato and Socrates, Locke and Paley useless: it is true that my immediate influence is confined, but its effects are disseminated by means of literature over every age and nation, and mankind, in every generation, and in every clime, may look to me as their remote illuminator, the original spring of the principal intellectual benefits they possess. But as there is no good without its attendant evil, so I have an elder sister, called Phrenzy, for whom I have often been mistaken, who sometimes follows close on my steps, and to her I owe much of the obloquy which is attached to my name, though the puerile accusation which has just been brought against me turns on points which apply more exclusively to myself.

She ceased, and a dead pause ensued. The multitude seemed struck with the fascination of her utterance and gesture, and the sounds of her voice still seemed to vibrate on every ear. The attention of the assembly, however, was soon recalled to the accuser, and their indignation at his baseness rose to such a height, as to threaten general tumult, when the goddess of wisdom arose, and waving her hand for silence, beckoned the prisoner to her, placed her on her right hand, and with a sweet smile acknowledged her for her old companion and friend. She then turned to the accuser, with a frown of severity so terrible that I involuntarily started with terror for my poor misguided friend, and with the violence of the start I awoke, and instead of the throne

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of the goddess of wisdom, and the vast assembly of people, beheld the first rays of the morning peeping over the eastern cloud, and instead of the loud murmurs of the incensed multitude, heard nothing but the soft gurgling of the river at my feet, and the rustling wing of the sky-lark, who was now beginning his first matin song.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. IV.]

Σκοπησαμενος ευρισκον ουδαμως αν αλλως ὑ τος διαπραξαμενος.
Isocr.

THE world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded public animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters,—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope, through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable than those attendant on friend-making.—Shew a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humour his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly. In all he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance, and coveted the friendship of one man, and, thank God, I can yet say, (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same,) of ONLY one man.

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Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awkward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavour. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him, as a matter of course that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humour, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom cares much for that which cost him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done, certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon

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him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door—all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time, that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my enquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before—that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curses did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superior, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I ever more condescended *thus* to *court* the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypocritical condolence: and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living—it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few among mortals whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a

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man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, *solicit* not friendship. If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven year's apprentice to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayest in time come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at a taylor's board. Perriwig-makers have been known to buy their country seats, and bellows menders have started their curricles; but seldom, very seldom, has the man who placed his dependance on the friendship of his fellow men, arrived at even the shadow of the honours to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldst find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment, by his assistance, thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordonnance of nature, which may *appear* to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can ex-

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pect to find that benign disposition which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob*?

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many *real friends*. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without the wild gusts of wind fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart formed for the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called *brutes*, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat; I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider; and Trenck, in his dun-

* By the word mob here, the author does not mean to include merely the lower classes. In the present acceptation, it takes in a great part of the mob of quality: men who are either too ignorant, or too much taken up with base and grovelling pursuits, to have room for any of the more amiable affections.

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geon, would sooner have lost his right hand, than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment, seated on his hinder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind:—my dog, I say, is as sincere, and, whatever the world may say, nearly as *dear* a friend as any I possess; and, when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well, poor Bob has had a kind master of me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. V.]

Un Sonne sans defaut vaut seul un long poeme.
Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver;
A peine.....
.... peut-on admirer deux ou trois entre mille:

Boileau.

THERE is no species of poetry which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man than the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close accords well with his dejected and perhaps somewhat languid tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings.

This elegant little poem has met with a peculiar fate in this country: half a century ago it was regarded as utterly repugnant to the nature of our language, while at present it is the popular vehicle of the most admired sentiments of our best living poets. This remarkable mutation in the opinions of our countrymen may, however, be accounted for on plain and common principles. The earlier English sonnetteers confined themselves, in general, too strictly to the Italian model, as well in the disposition of the rhymes as in the cast of the ideas. A

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sonnet, with them, was only another word for some metaphysical conceit, or clumsy antithesis, contained in fourteen harsh lines, full of obscure inversions and ill-managed expletives. They bound themselves down to a pattern, which was in itself faulty, and they met with the common fate of servile imitators, in retaining all the defects of their original, while they suffered the beauties to escape in the process. Their sonnets are like copies of a bad picture: however accurately copied, they are still bad. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, have given scope to their genius in the sonnet without restraint, sometimes even growing licentious in their liberty, setting at defiance those rules which form its distinguishing peculiarity, and, under the name of sonnet, soaring or falling into ode or elegy. Their compositions, of course, are impressed with all those excellencies which would have marked their respective productions in any similar walk of poetry.

It has never been disputed that the sonnet first arrived at celebrity in the Italian: a language which, as it abounds in a musical similarity of terminations, is more eminently qualified to give ease and elegance to the legitimate sonnet, restricted as it is to stated and frequently-recurring rhymes of the same class. As to the inventors of this little structure of verse, they are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Some authors have ascribed it singly to Guitone D'Arrezzo, an Italian poet of the thirteenth century, but they have no sort of authority to adduce in support of their assertions. Arguing upon probabilities, with some slight co-incidental corroborations,

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I should be inclined to maintain that its origin may be referred to an earlier period; that it may be looked for amongst the Provençals, who left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted; and who, delighting as they did in sound and jingle, might very possibly strike out this harmonious stanza of fourteen lines. Be this as it may, Dante and Petrarch were the first poets who rendered it popular, and to Dante and Petrarch therefore we must resort for its required rules.

In an ingenious paper of Dr. Drake's "Literary Hours," a book which I have read again and again with undiminished pleasure, the merits of the various English writers in this delicate mode of composition, are appreciated with much justice and discrimination. His veneration for Milton however has, if I may venture to oppose my judgment to his, carried him too far in praise of his sonnets. Those to the Nightingale and to Mr. Lawrence are, I think, alone entitled to the praise of *mediocrity*, and, if my memory fail me not, my opinion is sanctioned by the testimony of our late illustrious biographer of the poets.

The sonnets of Drummond are characterised as exquisite. It is somewhat strange, if this description be just, that they should so long have sunk into utter oblivion, to be revived only by a species of black-letter *mania*, which prevailed during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of which some vestiges yet remain; the more especially as Dr. Johnson, to whom they could scarcely be

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unknown, tells us, that "The fabric of the sonnet has *never* succeeded in our language." For my own part, I can say nothing of them. I have long sought a copy of Drummond's works, and I have sought it in vain; but from specimens which I have casually met with, in quotations, I am forcibly inclined to favour the idea, that, as they possess natural and pathetic sentiments, clothed in tolerably harmonious language, they are entitled to the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on them.

Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella consists of a number of sonnets, which have been unaccountably passed over by Dr. Drake, and all our other critics who have written on this subject. Many of them are eminently beautiful. The works of this neglected poet may occupy a future number of my lucubrations.

Excepting these two poets, I believe there is scarcely a writer who has arrived at any degree of excellence in the sonnet, until of late years, when our vernacular bards have raised it to a degree of eminence and dignity, among the various kinds of poetical composition, which seems almost incompatible with its very circumscribed limits.

Passing over the classical compositions of Warton, which are formed more on the model of the Greek epigram, or epitaph, than the Italian sonnet, Mr. Bowles and Charlotte Smith are the first modern writers who

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have met with distinguished success in the sonnet. Those of the former, in particular, are standards of excellence in this department. To much natural and accurate description, they unite a strain of the most exquisitely tender and delicate sentiment; and, with a nervous strength of diction, and a wild freedom of versification, they combine an euphonious melody, and consonant cadence, unequaled in the English language. While they possess, however, the superior merit of an original style, they are not unfrequently deformed by instances of that ambitious singularity which is but too frequently its concomitant. Of these the introduction of rhymes long since obsolete is not the least striking. Though, in some cases, these revivals of antiquated phrase have a pleasing effect, yet they are oftentimes uncouth and repulsive. Mr. Bowles has almost always thrown aside the common rules of the sonnet; his pieces have no more claim to that specific denomination than that they are confined to fourteen lines. How far this deviation from established principle is justifiable, may be disputed; for if, on the one hand, it be alledged that the confinement to the stated repetition of rhymes, so distant and frequent, is a restraint which is not compensated by an adequate effect; on the other, it must be conceded, that these little poems are no longer *sonnets* than while they conform to the rules of the sonnet, and that the moment they forsake them, they ought to resign the appellation.

The name bears evident affinity to the Italian *sonáre*, "*to resound*"—"*sing around*," which originated in the

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Latin *sonans,—sounding, jingling, ringing:* or, indeed, it may come immediately from the French *sonner*, to sound, or ring, in which language, it is observable, we first meet with the word sonnette, where it signifies *a little bell*, and *sonnettier* a maker of little bells; and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that the conjecture before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provençals, is well founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend to settle a question which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious, and has been much agitated.

But, wherever the name originated, it evidently bears relation only to the peculiarity of a set of chiming and jingly terminations, and of course can no longer be applied with propriety where that peculiarity is not preserved.

The single stanza of fourteen lines, properly varied in their correspondent closes, is, notwithstanding, so well adapted for the expression of any pathetic sentiment, and is so pleasing and satisfactory to the ear, when once accustomed to it, that our poetry would suffer a material loss were it to be disused through a rigid adherence to mere propriety of name. At the same time, our language does not supply a sufficiency of similar terminations, to render the strict observance of its rules at all easy or compatible with ease or elegance. The only question, there-

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ore, is, whether the musical effect produced by the adherence to this difficult structure of verse overbalance the restraint it imposes on the poet, and, in case we decide in the negative, whether we ought to preserve the denomination of *sonnet*, when we utterly renounce the very peculiarities which procured it that cognomen.

In the present enlightened age, I think it will not be disputed that mere jingle and sound ought invariably to be sacrificed to sentiment and expression. Musical effect is a very subordinate consideration; it is the gilding to the cornices of a Vitruvian edifice; the colouring to a shaded design of Michael Angelo. In its place it adds to the effect of the whole, but when rendered a principle object of attention, it is ridiculous and disgusting. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. Southey's Thalaba is a fine poem, with no rhyme, and very little measure or metre; and the production which is reduced to mere prose by being deprived of its jingle, could never possess, in any state, the marks of inspiration.

So far, therefore, I am of opinion that it is advisable to renounce the Italian fabric altogether. We have already sufficient restrictions laid upon us by the metrical laws of our native tongue, and I do not see any reason, out of a blind regard for precedent, to tie ourselves to a difficult structure of verse, which probably originated with the Troubadours, or wandering bards, of France and Normandy, or with a yet ruder race; one which is not

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productive of any rational effect, and which only pleases the ear by frequent repetition, as men who have once had the greatest aversion to strong wines and spirituous liquors, are, by habit, at last brought to regard them as delicacies.

In advancing this opinion, I am aware that I am opposing myself to the declared sentiments of many individuals whom I greatly respect and admire. Miss Seward (and Miss Seward is in herself a host) has, both theoretically and practically, defended the Italian structure. Mr. Capel Lofft has likewise favoured the world with many sonnets, in which he shews his approval of the legitimate model, by his adherence to its rules, and many of the beautiful poems of Mrs. Lofft, published in the Monthly Mirror, are likewise successfully formed by those rules. Much, however, as I admire these writers, and ample as is the credence I give to their critical discrimination, I cannot, on mature reflection, subscribe to their position of the expediency of adopting this structure in our poetry, and I attribute their success in it more to their individual powers, which would have surmounted much greater difficulties, than to the adaptibility of this foreign fabric to our stubborn and intractable language.

If the question, however, turn only on the propriety of giving to a poem a name which must be acknowledged to be entirely inappropriate, and to which it can have no sort of claim, I must confess that it is manifestly

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indefensible; and we must then either pitch upon another appellation for our quatorzain, or banish it from our language; a measure which every lover of true poetry must sincerely lament.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. VI.]

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desart air.

Gray.

POETRY is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechanical genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and finely-wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet; and, it is for this reason, that while men of science have, not unfrequently, arisen from the abodes of poverty and labour, very few legitimate children of the Muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard now lies, nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at

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suppositious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talents, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings, who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads;—beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

The present age, however, has furnished us with two illustrious instances of poverty bursting through the cloud of surrounding impediments, into the full blaze of notoriety and eminence. I allude to the two Bloomfields—bards who may challenge a comparison with the most distinguished favourites of the Muse, and who both passed the day-spring of life in labour, indigence, and obscurity.

The author of the Farmer's Boy hath already received the applause he justly deserved. It yet remains for the Essay on War to enjoy all the distinction it so richly merits, as well from its sterling worth, as from the circumstances of its author. Whether the present age will be inclined to do it full justice, may indeed be feared. Had Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield made his appearance in

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the horizon of letters prior to his brother, he would undoubtedly have been considered as a meteor of uncommon attraction; the critics would have admired, because it would have been the fashion to admire. But it is to be apprehended that our countrymen become enured to phenomena;—it is to be apprehended, that the frivolity of the age cannot endure a repetition of the uncommon:—that it will no longer be the rage to patronize indigent merit: that the *beau monde* will therefore neglect, and that, by a necessary consequence, the critics will sneer!!

Nevertheless, sooner or later, merit will meet with its reward; and though the popularity of Mr. Bloomfield may be delayed, he *must*, at one time or other, receive the meed due to his deserts. Posterity will judge impartially; and if bold and vivid images, and original conceptions, luminously displayed, and judiciously apposed, have any claim to the regard of mankind, the name of Nathaniel Bloomfield will not be without its high and appropriate honours.

Rousseau very truly observes, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this be applicable to men enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation, how much more forcibly must it apply to the offspring of a poor village tailor, untaught, and destitute both of the means and the time necessary for the cultivation of the mind! If the art of writing be of difficult attainment to those who

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make it the study of their lives, what must it be to him, who, perhaps, for the first forty years of his life, never entertained a thought that any thing he could write would be deemed worthy of the attention of the public! —whose only time for rumination was such as a sedentary and sickly employment would allow; on the tailor's board, surrounded with men, perhaps, of depraved and rude habits, and impure conversation!

And yet, that Mr. N. Bloomfield's poems display acuteness of remark, and delicacy of sentiment, combined with much strength, and considerable *selection* of diction, few will deny. The Pæan to Gunpowder would alone prove both his power of language, and the fertility of his imagination; and the following extract presents him to us in the still higher character of a bold and vivid *painter*. Describing the field after a battle, he says,

Now here and there, about the horrid field,
Striding across the dying and the dead,
Stalks up a man, by strength superior,
Or skill and prowess in the arduous fight,
Preserv'd alive:—fainting he looks around;
Fearing pursuit—not caring to pursue.
The supplicating voice of bitterest moans,
Contortions of excruciating pain,
The shriek of torture, and the groan of death,
Surround him;—and as Night her mantle spreads,
To veil the horrors of the mourning field,

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With cautious step shaping his devious way,
He seeks a covert where to hide and rest:
At every leaf that rustles in the breeze
Starting, he grasps his sword; and ev'ry nerve
Is ready strain'd, for combat or for flight.

P. 12, *Essay on War.*

If Mr. Bloomfield had written nothing besides the Elegy on the Enclosure of Honington Green, he would have had a right to be considered as a poet of no mean excellence. The heart which can read passages like the following, without a sympathetic emotion, must be dead to every feeling of sensibility.

STANZA VI.

The proud city's gay wealthy train,
Who nought but refinement adore,
May wonder to hear me complain
That Honington Green is no more;
But if to the church you ere went,
If you knew what the village has been,
You will sympathize while I lament
The enclosure of Honington Green.

VII.

That no more upon Honington Green
Dwells the matron whom most I revere,
If by pert observation unseen,
I e'en now could indulge a fond tear.

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Ere her bright morn of life was o'ercast,
When my senses first woke to the scene,
Some short happy hours she had past
On the margin of Honington Green.

VIII.

Her parents with plenty were blest,
And num'rous her children, and young,
Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possest,
And melody woke when she sung:
A widow so youthful to leave,
(Early clos'd the blest days he had seen)
My father was laid in his grave,
In the church-yard on Honington Green.

* * * * * * *

XXI.

Dear to me was the wild thorny hill,
And dear the brown heath's sober scene;
And youth shall find happiness still,
Though he rove not on common or green.

* * * * * * *

XXII.

So happily flexile man's make,
So pliantly docile his mind,
Surrounding impressions we take,
And bliss in each circumstance find.

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The youths of a more polish'd age
Shall not wish these rude commons to see;
To the bird that's enur'd to the cage,
It would not be bliss to be free.

There is a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the *elegiac ballad* efforts of Mr. Bloomfield, which has the most indescribable effects on the heart. Were the versification a little more polished, in some instances, they would be read with unmixt delight. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate this engaging species of composition, and, (if I may venture to throw out the hint) if judgment may be formed from the poems he has published, he would excel in sacred poetry. Most heartily do I recommend the lyre of David to this engaging bard. Divine topics have seldom been touched upon with success by our modern Muses: they afford a field in which he would have few competitors, and it is a field worthy of his abilities.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. VII*.]

IF the situation of man, in the present life, be considered in all its relations and dependencies, a striking inconsistency will be apparent to a very cursory observer. We have sure warrant for believing that our abode here is to form a comparatively insignificant part of our existence, and that on our conduct in this life will depend the happiness of the life to come; yet our actions daily give the lie to this proposition, inasmuch as we commonly act like men who have no thought but for the present scene, and to whom the grave is the boundary of anticipation. But this is not the only paradox which humanity furnishes to the eye of a thinking man. It is very generally the case, that we spend our whole lives in the pursuit of objects, which common experience informs us are not capable of conferring that pleasure and satisfaction which we expect from their enjoyment. Our views are uniformly directed to one point;—*happiness*, in whatever garb it be clad, and under whatever figure shadowed, is the great aim of the busy multitudes,

* My predecessor, the Spectator, considering that the seventh part of our time is set apart for religious purposes, devoted every seventh lucubration to matters connected with Christianity, and the severer part of morals: I trust none of my readers will regret that, in this instance, I follow so good an example.

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whom we behold toiling through the vale of life, in such an infinite diversity of occupation, and disparity of views. But the misfortune is, that we seek for happiness where she is not to be found, and the cause of wonder, that the experience of ages should not have guarded us against so fatal and so universal an error.

It would be an amusing speculation to consider the various points after which our fellow mortals are incessantly straining, and in the possession of which they have placed that imaginary chief good, which we are all doomed to covet, but which, perhaps, none of us, in this sublunary state, can attain. At present, however, we are led to considerations of a more important nature. We turn from the inconsistencies observable in the prosecution of our subordinate pursuits, from the partial follies of individuals, to the general delusion which seems to envelope the whole human race;—the delusion under whose influence they lose sight of the chief end of their being—and cut down the sphere of their hopes and enjoyments to a few rolling years, and that too in a scene where they know there is neither perfect fruition nor permanent delight.

The faculty of contemplating mankind in the abstract, apart from those prepossessions which, both by nature and the power of habitual associations, would intervene to cloud our view, is only to be obtained by a life of virtue and constant meditation, by temperance, and purity of thought. Whenever it *is* attained, it must greatly tend

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to correct our motives—to simplify our desires—and to excite a spirit of contentment and pious resignation. We then, at length, are enabled to contemplate our being, in all its bearings, and in its full extent, and the result is that superiority to common views, and indifference to the things of this life, which should be the fruit of all *true* philosophy, and which, therefore, are the more peculiar fruits of that system of philosophy which is called the Christian.

To a mind thus sublimed, the great mass of mankind will appear like men led astray by the workings of wild and distempered imaginations—visionaries who are wandering after the phantoms of their own teeming brains, and their anxious solicitude for mere matters of worldly accommodation and ease, will seem more like the effects of insanity than of prudent foresight, as they are esteemed. To the awful importance of futurity he will observe them utterly insensible, and he will see, with astonishment, the few allotted years of human life wasted in providing abundance they will never enjoy, while the eternity they were placed here to prepare for, scarcely employs a moment's consideration. And yet the mass of these poor wanderers in the ways of error, have the light of truth shining on their very foreheads. They have the revelation of Almighty God himself, to declare to them the folly of worldly cares, and the necessity of providing for a future state of existence. They know by the experience of every preceding generation, that a very small portion of joy is allowed to the poor

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sojourners in this vale of tears, and that too, embittered with much pain and fear; and yet every one is willing to flatter himself that he shall fare better than his predecessor in the same path, and that happiness will smile on him which hath frowned on all his progenitors.

Still it would be wrong to deny the human race all claim to temporal felicity. There may be comparative, although very little positive happiness;—whoever is more exempt from the cares of the world and the calamities incident to humanity—whoever enjoys more contentment of mind, and is more resigned to the dispensations of Divine Providence—in a word, whoever possesses more of the true spirit of christianity than his neighbours, is comparatively happy. But the number of these it is to be feared, is very small. Were all men equally enlightened by the illuminations of truth, as emanating from the spirit of Jehovah himself, they would all concur in the pursuit of virtuous ends by virtuous means—as there would be no vice, there would be very little infelicity. Every pain would be met with fortitude, every affliction with resignation. We should then all look back to the past with complacency, and to the future with hope. Even this unstable state of being would have many exquisite enjoyments—the principal of which would be the anticipation of that approaching state of beatitude to which we might then look with confidence, through the medium of that atonement of which we should be partakers, and our acceptance, by virtue of which, would be sealed by that purity of mind

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of which human nature is, *of itself*, incapable. But it is from the mistakes and miscalculations of mankind, to which their fallen natures are continually prone, that arises that flood of misery which overwhelms the whole race, and resounds wherever the footsteps of man have penetrated. It is the lamentable error of placing happiness in vicious indulgencies, or thinking to pursue it by vicious means. It is the blind folly of sacrificing the welfare of the future to the opportunity of immediate guilty gratification, which destroys the harmony of society, and poisons the peace not only of the immediate procreators of the errors—not only of the identical actors of the vices themselves, but of all those of their fellows who fall within the reach of their influence or example, or who are in any wise connected with them by the ties of blood.

I would therefore exhort you earnestly—you who are yet unskilled in the ways of the world—to beware on what object you concentre your hopes. Pleasures may allure—pride or ambition may stimulate, but their fruits are hollow and deceitful, and they afford no sure, no solid satisfaction. You are placed on the earth in a state of probation—your continuance here will be, at the longest, a very short period, and when you are called from hence you plunge into an eternity, the completion of which will be in correspondence to your past life, unutterably happy or inconceivably miserable. Your fate will probably depend on your early pursuits—it will be these which will give the turn to your cha-

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racter and to your pleasures. I beseech you therefore, with a meek and lowly spirit, to read the pages of that book, which the wisest and best of men have acknowledged to be the word of God. You will there find a rule of moral conduct, such as the world never had any idea of before its devulgation. If you covet earthly happiness, it is only to be found in the path you will find there laid down, and I can confidently promise you, in a life of simplicity and purity, a life passed in accordance with the divine word, such substantial bliss, such unruffled peace, as is no where else to be found. All other schemes of earthly pleasure are fleeting and unsatisfactory. They all entail upon them repentance and bitterness of thought. This alone endureth for ever—this alone embraces equally the present and the future—this alone can arm a man against every calamity—can alone shed the balm of peace over that scene of life when pleasures have lost their zest, and the mind can no longer look forward to the dark and mysterious future. Above all, beware of the ignis fatuus of false philosophy: that must be a very defective system of ethics, which will not bear a man through the most trying stage of his existence, and I know of none that will do it but the christian.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. VIII.]

Ὅστις λόγους γαρ παρακαταθήκην ὡς λαβὼν
Ἐξοῖσει, ἄδικός ἐστιν, ἢ ἀκρατὴς ἄγαν.
——ἴσως δέ γ' εἰσὶν ἀμφότεροι κακοι.

ANAXANDRIDES APUD SUIDAM.

MUCH has been said of late on the subject of *inscriptive writing*, and that, in my opinion, to very little purpose. Dr. Drake, when treating on this topic, is, for once, inconclusive; but his essay does credit to his discernment, however little it may honour him as a promulgator of the laws of criticism: the exquisite specimens it contains prove that the doctor has a feeling of propriety and general excellence, although he may be unhappy in defining them. Boileau says, briefly, "*Les inscriptions doivent être simples, courtes, et familiares.*" We have, however, many examples of this kind of writing in our language which, although they possess none of these qualities, are esteemed excellent. Akenside's classic imitations are not at all *simple*, nothing *short* and the very reverse of *familiar*, yet who can deny that they are beautiful, and in some instances appropriate? Southey's inscriptions are noble pieces;—for the opposite qualities of tenderness and dignity, sweetness of imagery and terseness of moral, unrivalled; they are

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perhaps wanting in propriety, and (which is the criterion) produce a much better effect in a book, than they would on a column or a cenotaph. There is a certain chaste and majestic gravity expected from the voice of tombs and monuments, which probably would displease in epitaphs never intended to be engraved, and inscriptions for obelisks which never existed.

When a man visits the tomb of an illustrious character, a spot remarkable for some memorable deed, or a scene connected by its natural sublimity with the higher feelings of the breast, he is in a mood only for the nervous, the concise, and the impressive; and he will turn with disgust alike from the puerile conceits of the epigrammatist, and the tedious prolixity of the herald. It is a nice thing to address the mind in the workings of generous enthusiasm. As words are not capable of exciting such an effervescence of the sublimer affections, so they can do little towards increasing it. Their office is rather to point these feelings to a beneficial purpose, and by some noble sentiment, or exalted moral, to impart to the mind that pleasure, which results from warm emotions when connected with the virtuous and the generous.

In the composition of inscriptive pieces, great attention must be paid to local and topical propriety. The occasion, and the place, must not only regulate the tenor, but even the style of an inscription: for what, in

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one case, would be proper and agreeable, in another would be impertinent and disgusting. But these rules may always be taken for granted, that an inscription should be unaffected and free from conceits; that no sentiment should be introduced of a trite or hackneied nature; and that the design and the moral to be inculcated should be of sufficient importance to merit the reader's attention, and ensure his regard. Who would think of setting a stone up in the wilderness to tell the traveller what he knew before, or what, when he had learnt for the first time, was not worth the knowing? It would be equally absurd to call aside his attention to a simile or an epigrammatic point. Wit, on a monument, is like a jest from a judge, or a philosopher cutting capers. It is a severe mortification to meet with flippancy where we looked for solemnity, and meretricious elegance, where the occasion led us to expect the unadorned majesty of truth.

That branch of inscriptive writing which commemorates the virtues of departed worth, or points out the ashes of men who yet live in the admiration of their posterity is, of all others, the most interesting, and, if properly managed, the most useful.

It is not enough to proclaim to the observer that he is drawing near to the reliques of the deceased genius,—the occasion seems to provoke a few reflections. If these be *natural*, they will be in unison with the feel-

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ings of the reader, and, if they tend where they ought to tend, they will leave him better than they found him. But these reflections must not be too much prolonged. They must rather be hints than dissertations. It is sufficient to start the idea, and the imagination of the reader will pursue the train to much more advantage than the writer could do by words.

Panegyric is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on *public characters,* for if it be deserved, it cannot need publication; and if it be exaggerated, it will only serve to excite ridicule. When employed in memorizing the retired virtues of domestic life, and qualities which, though they only served to cheer the little circle of privacy, still deserved, from their unfrequency, to triumph, at least for a while, over the power of the grave, it may be interesting and salutary in its effects. To this purpose, however, it is rarely employed. An epitaph-book will seldom supply the exigencies of character; and men of talents are not always, even in these favoured times, at hand to eternize the virtues of private life.

The following epitaph, by Mr. Hayley, is inscribed on a monument to the memory of Cowper, in the church of *East Dereham:*

" Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal;
Here to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!

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England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name:
Sense, Fancy, Wit, conspire not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise;
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song."

"This epitaph," says a periodical critic*, "is simply elegant, and appropriately just." I regard this sentence as peculiarly unfortunate, for the epitaph seems to me to be *elegant* without *simplicity*, and *just* without *propriety*. No one will deny that it is correctly written, and that it is not destitute of grace; but in what consists its simplicity I am at a loss to imagine. The initial address is laboured, and circumlocutory. There is something artificial rather than otherwise in the personification of England, and her ranking the poet's *name* "with her dearest sons," instead of, with *those of* her dearest sons, is like ranking poor John Doe with a proper *bona fide* son of Adam, in a writ of arrest. Sense, fancy, and wit, "raising a title," and that to "affection's praise," is not very simple, and not over intelligible. Again, the epitaph is just because it is strictly true; but it is by no means, therefore, appropriate. Who that would turn aside to visit the ashes of Cowper, would need to be told that England ranks him with her favourite sons, and that sense, fancy, and wit were not his greatest honours, for that his virtues formed the magic of his

* The Monthly Reviewer.

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song: or who, hearing this, would be the better for the information. Had Mr. Hayley been employed in the monumental praises of a private man, this might have been excusable, but, speaking of such a man as Cowper, it is idle. This epitaph is not appropriate, therefore, and we have shewn that it is not remarkable for simplicity. Perhaps the respectable critics themselves may not feel inclined to dispute this point very tenaciously. Epithets are very convenient little things for rounding off a period; and it will not be the first time that truth has been sacrificed to verbosity and antithesis.

To measure lances with Hayley may be esteemed presumptuous; but probably the following, although much inferior as a composition, would have had more effect than his polished and harmonious lines.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT,

TO THE MEMORY OF COWPER.

READER! if with no vulgar sympathy
Thou view'st the wreck of genius and of worth,
Stay thou thy footsteps near this hallow'd spot.
Here Cowper rests. Although renown have made
His name familiar to thine ear, this stone
May tell thee that his virtues were above

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The common portion:—that the voice, now hush'd
In death, was once serenely querulous
With pity's tones, and in the ear of woe
Spake music. Now forgetful at thy feet
His tir'd head presses on its last long rest,
Still tenant of the tomb;—and on the cheek,
Once warm with animation's lambent flush,
Sits the pale image of unmark'd decay.
Yet mourn not. He had chos'n the better part;
And these sad garments of mortality
Put off, we trust, that to a happier land
He went, a light and gladsome passenger.
Sigh'st thou for honours, reader? Call to mind
That glory's voice is impotent to pierce
The silence of the tomb! but virtue blooms
Ev'n on the wrecks of life, and mounts the skies!
So gird thy loins with lowliness, and walk
With Cowper on the pilgrimage of Christ.

This inscription is faulty from its length, but if a painter cannot get the requisite effect at one stroke, he must do it by many. The laconic style of epitaphs is the most difficult to be managed of any, inasmuch as most is expected from it. A sentence standing alone on a tomb, or a monument, is expected to contain something particularly striking; and when this expectation is disappointed, the reader feels like a man who, having been promised an excellent joke, is treated with a stale

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conceit, or a vapid pun. The best specimen of this kind, which I am acquainted with, is that on a French general:

" Siste, Viator; Heroem calcas!"
Stop traveller; thou treadest on a hero!

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. IX.]

Scires è sanguine natos.

Ovid.

IT is common for busy and active men to behold the occupations of the retired and contemplative person with contempt. They consider his speculations as idle and unproductive: as they participate in none of his feelings, they are strangers to his motives, his views, and his delights: they behold him elaborately employed on what they conceive forwards none of the interests of life, contributes to none of its gratifications, removes none of its inconveniencies: they conclude, therefore, that he is led away by the delusions of futile philosophy, that he labours for no good, and lives to no end. Of the various frames of mind which they observe in him, no one seems to predominate more, and none appears to them more absurd than sadness, which seems, in some degree, to pervade all his views, and shed a solemn tinge over all his thoughts. Sadness, arising from no personal grief, and connected with no individual concern, they regard as moon-struck melancholy, the effect of a mind overcast with constitutional gloom, and diseased

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with habits of vain and fanciful speculation.—"We can share with the sorrows of the unfortunate," say they, "but this monastic spleen merits only our derision: it tends to no beneficial purpose, it benefits neither its possessor nor society." Those who have thought a little more on this subject than the gay and busy crowd, will draw conclusions of a different nature. That there is a sadness, springing from the noblest and purest sources, a sadness friendly to the human heart, and, by direct consequence to human nature in general, is a truth which a little illustration will render tolerably clear, and which, when understood in its full force, may probably convert contempt and ridicule into respect.

I set out then with the proposition that the man who thinks deeply, especially if his reading be extensive, will, unless his heart be very cold and very light, become habituated to a pensive, or, with more propriety, a mournful cast of thonght. This will arise from two more particular sources—from the view of human nature in general, as demonstrated by the experience both of past and present times, and from the contemplation of individual instances of human depravity and of human suffering. The first of these is, indeed, the last in the order of time, for his general views of humanity are in a manner consequential, or resulting from the special, but I have inverted that order for the sake of perspicuity.

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Of those who have occasionally thought on these subjects, I may, with perfect assurance of their reply, enquire what have been their sensations when they have, for a moment, attained a more enlarged and capacious notion of the state of man in all its bearings and dependencies. They have found, and the profoundest philosophers have done no more, that they are enveloped in mystery, and that the mystery of man's situation is not without alarming and fearful circumstances. They have discovered that all they know of themselves is that they live, but that from whence they came, or whither they are going, is by Nature altogether hidden; that impenetrable gloom surrounds them on every side, and that they even hold their morrow on the credit of to-day, when it is, in fact, buried in the vague and indistinct gulph of the ages to come!—These are reflections deeply interesting, and lead to others so awful, that many gladly shut their eyes on the giddy and unfathomable depths which seem to stretch before them. The meditative man, however, endeavours to pursue them to the farthest stretch of the reasoning powers, and to enlarge his conceptions of the mysteries of his own existence, and the more he learns, and the deeper he penetrates, the more cause does he find for being serious, and the more inducements to be continually thoughtful.

If, again, we turn from the condition of mortal existence, considered in the abstract, to the qualities and characters of man, and his condition in a state of society, we see things perhaps, equally strange and in-

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finitely more affecting.—In the œconomy of creation, we perceive nothing inconsistent with the power of an all-wise and all-merciful God. A perfect harmony runs through all the parts of the universe. Plato's syrens sing not only from the planetary octave, but through all the minutest divisions of the stupendous whole: order, beauty, and perfection, the traces of the great architect, glow through every particle of his work. At man, however, we stop: there is one exception. The harmony of order ceases, and vice and misery disturb the beautiful consistency of creation, and bring us first acquainted with positive evil. We behold men carried irresistibly away by corrupt principles and vicious inclinations, indulging in propensities, destructive as well to themselves as to those around them; the stronger oppressing the weaker, and the bad persecuting the good! we see the depraved in prosperity, the virtuous in adversity, the guilty unpunished, the undeserving overwhelmed with unprovoked misfortunes. From hence we are tempted to think, that He, whose arm holds the planets in their course, and directs the comets along their eccentric orbits, ceases to exercise his providence over the affairs of mankind, and leaves them to be governed and directed by the impulses of a corrupt heart, or the blind workings of chance alone. Yet this is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity. If God permit evil, he causes it: the difference is casuistical.—We are led, therefore, to conclude, that it was not always thus: that man was created in a far different and

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far happier condition; but that, by some means or other, he has forfeited the protection of his Maker.—Here then is a mystery.—The ancients led by reasonings alone, perceived it with amazement, but did not solve the problem. They attempted some explanation of it by the lame fiction of a golden age and its cession, where, by a circular mode of reasoning, they attribute the introduction of vice to their gods having deserted the earth, and the desertion of the gods to the introduction of vice*. This, however, was the logic of the poets; the philosophers disregarded the fable, but did not dispute the fact it was intended to account for. They often hint at human degeneracy, and some unknown curse hanging over our being, and even coming into the world along with us. Pliny, in the preface to his seventh book, has this remarkable passage, "The

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* Και τοτε δη προς ὀλυμπον ἀπο χθονος ἐυρυοδειης,
Λευκοισιν φαρεεσσι καλυψαμένω χροα καλον,
Αθανατων μετα φῦλον ἰτον, προλιποντ' ανθρωπους
Αιδως και Νεμεσις· τα δε λειψεται αλγια λυγρα
Θνητοις ανθρωποισι, κακου δ' ἐκ ἐσσεται ἀλκη.
Hesiod. Opera et Dies. Lib. 1. L. 195.

Victa jacet Pietas: et Virgo cæde madentes,
Ultima cœlestum terras Astræa reliquit.
Ovid. Metamor. L. 1. Fab. 4.

Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit,
Hac comite atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.
Juvenal, Sat. vi. L. 12.

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animal about to rule over the rest of created animals, lies weeping, bound hand and foot, making his first entrance upon life with sharp pangs, and *this, for no other crime, than that he is born man.*"—Cicero, in a passage, for the preservation of which we are indebted to St. Augustine, gives a yet stronger idea of an existing degeneracy in human nature—"Man," says he, "comes into existence, not as from the hands of a mother, but of a step-dame nature, with a body feeble, naked, and fragile, and a mind exposed to anxiety and care, abject in fear, unmeet for labour, prone to licentiousness, in which, however, there still dwell some sparks of the divine mind, though obscured, and, as it were, in ruins." And, in another place, he intimates it as a current opinion, that man comes into the world as into a state of punishment expiatory of crimes committed in some previous stage of existence, of which we now retain no recollection.

From these proofs, and from daily observation and experience, there is every ground for concluding that man is in a state of misery and depravity quite inconsistent with the happiness for which, by a benevolent God, he must have been created. We see glaring marks of this in our own times. Prejudice alone blinds us to the absurdity and the horror of those systematic murders which go by the name of wars, where man falls on man, brother slaughters brother, where death, in every variety of horror, preys "*on the finely-fibred human frame,*" and where the cry of the widow and the orphan

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rise up to heaven long after the thunder of the fight and the clang of arms have ceased, and the bones of sons, brothers, and husbands slain are grown white on the field. Customs like these vouch, with most miraculous organs, for the depravity of the human heart, and these are not the most mournful of those considerations which present themselves to the mind of the thinking man.

Private life is equally fertile in calamitous perversion of reason and extreme accumulation of misery. On the one hand, we see a large proportion of men sedulously employed in the eduction of their own ruin, pursuing vice in all its varieties, and sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent and unoffending to their own brutal gratifications; and, on the other, pain, misfortune, and misery, overwhelming alike the good and the bad, the provident and the improvident. But too general a view would distract our attention: let the reader pardon me if I suddenly draw him away from the survey of the crowds of life to a few detached scenes. We will select a single picture at random. The character is common.

Behold that beautiful female who is rallying a well-dressed young man with so much gaiety and humour. Did you ever see so lovely a countenance? There is an expression of vivacity in her fine dark eye which quite captivates one; and her smile, were it a little less bold, would be bewitching. How gay and careless she seems! One would suppose she had a very light and happy

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heart. Alas! how appearances deceive! This gaiety is all feigned. It is her business to please, and beneath a fair and painted outside she conceals an inquiet and forlorn breast. When she was yet very young, an engaging but dissolute young man took advantage of her simplicity, and of the affection with which he had inspired her, to betray her virtue. At first her infamy cost her many tears; but habit wore away this remorse, leaving only a kind of indistinct regret, and, as she fondly loved her betrayer, she experienced, at times, a mingled pleasure even in this abandoned situation. But this was soon over. Her lover, on pretence of a journey into the country, left her for ever. She soon afterwards heard of his marriage, with an agony of grief which few can adequately conceive, and none describe. The calls of want, however, soon subdued the more distracting ebullitions of anguish. She had no choice left; all the gates of virtue were shut upon her, and though she really abhorred the course, she was obliged to betake herself to vice for support. Her next keeper possessed her person without her heart. She has since passed through several hands, and has found, by bitter experience, that the vicious, on whose generosity she is thrown, are devoid of all feeling but that of self-gratification, and that even the wages of prostitution are reluctantly and grudgingly paid. She now looks on all men as sharpers. She smiles but to entangle and destroy, and while she simulates fondness, is intent only on the extorting of that, at best poor pittance, which her necessities loudly demand. Thoughtless as she may

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seem, she is not without an idea of her forlorn and wretched situation, and she looks only to sudden death as her refuge, against that time when her charms shall cease to allure the eye of incontinence, when even the lowest haunts of infamy shall be shut against her, and, without a friend or a hope, she must sink under the pressure of want and disease.

But we will now shift the scene a little, and select another object. Behold yon poor weary wretch, who, with a child wrapt in her arms, with difficulty, drags along the road. The man, with a knapsack, who is walking before her, is her husband, and is marching to join his regiment. He has been spending, at a dram shop, in the town they have just left, the supply which the pale and weak appearance of his wife proclaims was necessary for her sustenance. He is now half drunk, and is venting the artificial spirits which intoxication excites, in the abuse of his weary help-mate behind him. She seems to listen to his reproaches in patient silence. Her face will tell you more than many words, as, with a wan and meaning look, she surveys the little wretch who is asleep on her arm. The turbulent brutality of the man excites no attention: she is pondering on the future chance of life, and the probable lot of her heedless little one.

One other picture, and I have done. The man pacing with a slow step and languid aspect over yon prison court, was once a fine dashing fellow, the admi-

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ration of the ladies, and the envy of the men. He is the only representative of a once respectable family, and is brought to this situation by unlimited indulgence at that time when the check is most necessary. He began to figure in genteel life at an early age. His misjudging mother, to whose sole care he was left, thinking no alliance too good for her darling, cheerfully supplied his extravagance, under the idea that it would not last long, and that it would enable him to shine in those circles where she wished him to rise. But he soon found that habits of prodigality once well gained, are never eradicated. His fortune, though genteel, was not adequate to such habits of expense. His unhappy parent lived to see him make a degrading alliance, and come in danger of a jail, and then died of a broken heart. His affairs soon wound themselves up. His debts were enormous, and he had nothing to pay them with. He has now been in that prison many years, and since he is excluded from the benefit of an insolvency act, he has made up his mind to the idea of ending his days there. His wife, whose beauty had decoyed him, since she found he could not support her, deserted him for those who could, leaving him without friend or companion, to pace, with measured steps, over the court of a country jail, and endeavour to beguile the lassitude of imprisonment, by thinking on the days that are gone, or counting the squares in his grated window in every possible direction, backwards, forwards, and across, till he sighs to find the sum always the same, and that the more anxiously

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we strive to beguile the moments in their course, the more sluggishly they travel.

If these are accurate pictures of some of the varieties of human suffering, and if such pictures are common even to triteness, what conclusions must we draw as to the condition of man in general, and what must be the prevailing frame of mind of him who meditates much on these subjects, and who, unbracing the whole tissue of causes and effects, sees Misery unvariably the offspring of Vice, and Vice existing in hostility to the intentions and wishes of God? Let the meditative man turn where he will, he finds traces of the depraved state of Nature, and her consequent misery. History presents him with little but murder, treachery, and crime of every description. Biography only strengthens the view, by concentrating it. The philosophers remind him of the existence of evil, by their lessons how to avoid or endure it; and the very poets themselves, afford him pleasure, not unconnected with regret, as either by contrast, exemplification, or deduction, they bring the world and its circumstances before his eyes.

That such a one then is prone to sadness, who will wonder? If such meditations are beneficial, who will blame them. The discovery of evil naturally leads us to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of the wretchedness it introduces. While we lament vice, we learn to shun it ourselves, and to endeavour, if pos-

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sible, to arrest its progress in those around us; and in the course of these high and lofty speculations, we are insensibly led to think humbly of ourselves, and to lift up our thoughts to him who is alone the fountain of all perfection, and the source of all good.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. X.]

La rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu' obeir.
Boileau, L'art Poetique.

EXPERIMENTS in versification have not often been successful. Sir Philip Sidney, with all his genius, great it undoubtedly was, could not impart grace to his hexameters, or fluency to his sapphics. Spenser's *stanza* was new, but his *verse* was familiar to the ear, and though his rhymes were frequent even to satiety, he seems to have avoided the awkwardness of novelty, and the difficulty of unpractised metres. Donne had not music enough to render his broken rhyming couplets sufferable, and neither his wit, nor his pointed satire were sufficient to rescue him from that neglect which his uncouth and rugged versification speedily superinduced.

In our times Mr. Southey has given grace and melody to some of the Latin and Greek measures, and Mr. Bowles has written rhyming heroics, wherein the sense is transmitted from couplet to couplet, and the pauses are varied with all the freedom of blank verse, without exciting any sensation of ruggedness, or offending the nicest ear. But these are minor efforts: the former of these exquisite poets has taken a yet wider range, and in his "Thalaba, the Destroyer," has spurned at all the received

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laws of metre, and framed a fabric of verse altogether his own.

An innovation, so bold as that of Mr. Southey, was sure to meet with disapprobation and ridicule. The world naturally looks with suspicion on systems which contradict established principles, and refuse to quadrate with habits, which, as they have been used to, men are apt to think cannot be improved upon. The opposition which has been made to the metre of Thalaba, is, therefore, not so much to be imputed to its want of harmony, as to the operation of existing prejudices; and it is fair to conclude, that, as these prejudices are softened by usage, and the strangeness of novelty wears off, the peculiar features of this lyrical frame of verse, will be more candidly appreciated, and its merits more unreservedly acknowledged.

Whoever is conversant with the writings of this author, will have observed and admired that greatness of mind, and comprehension of intellect, by which he is enabled, on all occasions, to throw off the shackles of habit and prepossession. Southey never treads in the beaten track; his thoughts, while they are those of nature, carry that cast of originality which is the stamp and testimony of genius. He views things through a peculiar phasis, and while he has the feelings of a man, they are those of a man almost abstracted from mortality, and reflecting on, and painting the scenes of life, as if he were a mere spectator, uninfluenced by his own connection

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with the objects he surveys. To this faculty of bold discrimination I attribute many of Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet. He never seems to enquire how other men would treat a subject, or what may happen to be the usage of the times; but filled with that strong sense of fitness, which is the result of bold and unshackled thought, he fearlessly pursues that course which his own sense of propriety points out.

It is very evident to me, and, I should conceive, to all who consider the subject attentively, that the structure of verse, which Mr. Southey has promulgated in his Thalaba, was neither adopted rashly, nor from any vain emulation of originality. As the poet himself happily observes, "*It is the arabesque ornament of an arabian tale.*" No one would wish to see the Joan of Arc in such a garb; but the wild freedom of the versification of Thalaba accords well with the romantic wildness of the story; and I do not hesitate to say, that, had any other known measure been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. In blank verse it would have been absurd; in rhyme insipid. The lyrical manner is admirably adapted to the sudden transitions and rapid connections of an arabian tale, while its variety precludes tædium, and its full, because unshackled, cadence satisfies the ear with legitimate harmony. At first, indeed, the verse may appear uncouth, because it is new to the ear; but I defy any man, who has any feeling of melody, to peruse the whole poem, without pay-

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ing tribute to the sweetness of its flow, and the gracefulness of its modulations.

In judging of this extraordinary poem, we should consider it as a genuine lyric production,—we should conceive it as recited to the harp, in times when such relations carried nothing incredible with them. Carrying this idea along with us, the admirable art of the poet will strike us with tenfold conviction; the abrupt sublimity of his transitions, the sublime simplicity of his manner, and the delicate touches by which he connects the various parts of his narrative, will then be more strongly observable, and we shall, in particular, remark the uncommon felicity with which he has adapted his versification; and in the midst of the wildest irregularity, left nothing to shock the ear, or offend the judgment.

W.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. XL.]

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

FEW histories would be more worthy of attention than that of the progress of knowledge, from its first dawn to the time of its meridian splendor, among the ancient Greeks. Unfortunately, however, the precautions which, in this early period, were almost generally taken to confine all knowledge to a particular branch of men; and when the Greeks began to contend for the palm among learned nations, their backwardness to acknowledge the sources from whence they derived the first principles of their philosophy, have served to wrap this interesting subject in almost impenetrable obscurity. Few vestiges, except the Egyptian hieroglyphics, now remain of the learning of the more ancient world. Of the two millions of verses said to have been written by the Chaldean Zoroaster*, we have no relicks; and the oracles which go under his name are pretty generally acknowledged to be spurious.

* Pliny.

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The Greeks unquestionably derived their philosophy from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. Both Pythagoras and Plato had visited those countries for the advantage of learning; and if we may credit the received accounts of the former of these illustrious sages, he was regularly initiated in the schools of Egypt, during the period of twenty-two years that he resided in that country, and became the envy and admiration of the Egyptians themselves. Of the Pythagorean doctrines we have some accounts remaining; and nothing is wanting to render the systems of Platonism complete and intelligible. In the dogmas of these philosophers, therefore, we may be able to trace the learning of these primitive nations, though our conclusions must be cautiously drawn, and much must be allowed to the active intelligence of two Greeks. Ovid's short summary of the philosophy of Pythagoras deserves attention.

——— Isque, licet cœli regione remotos
Mente Deos adiit: et quæ natura negabat
Visibus humanis oculis ea pectoris hausit.
Cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia curâ;
In medium discenda dabat: cœtumque silentum,
Dictaque mirantum, magni primordia mundi
Et rerum causas et quid natura docebat,
Quid Deus: unde nives: quæ fulminis esset origo
Jupiter an venti, discussa nube tonarent,
Quid quateret terras: quâ sidera lege mearent
Et quodcumque latet.

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If we are to credit this account, and it is corroborated by many other testimonies, Pythagoras searched deeply into natural causes. Some have imagined, and strongly asserted, that his central fire was figurative of the sun, and, therefore, that he had an idea of its real situation; but this opinion, so generally adopted, may be combated with some degree of reason. I should be inclined to think, Pythagoras gained his idea of the great, central, vivifying, and creative fire from the Chaldeans, and that, therefore, it was the representative not of the sun but of the Deity. Zoroaster taught that there was one God, Eternal, the Father of the Universe; he assimilated the Deity to light, and applied to him the names of Light, Beams, and Splendor. The Magi, corrupting this representation of the Supreme Being, and, taking literally what was meant as an allegory or symbol, supposed that God was this central fire, the source of heat, light, and life, residing in the centre of the universe; and from hence they introduced among the Chaldeans the worship of fire. That Pythagoras was tainted with this superstition is well known. On the testimony of Plutarch, his disciples held, that in the midst of the world is fire, or in the midst of the four elements is the fiery globe of Unity, or Monad—the procreative, nutritive, and excitative power. The sacred fire of Vesta, among the Greeks and Latins, was a remain of this doctrine.

As the limits of this paper will not allow me to take

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in all the branches of this subject, I shall confine my attention to the opinions held by these early nations of the nature of the Godhead.

Amidst the corruptions introduced by the Magi, we may discern, with tolerable certainty, that Zoroaster taught the worship of the one true God; and Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, who had all been instituted in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, taught the same doctrine. These philosophers likewise asserted the omnipotence and eternity of God; and that he was the creator of all things, and the governor of the universe. Plato decisively supported the doctrines of future rewards and punishments; and Pythagoras, struck with the idea of the omnipresence of the Deity, defined him as *animus per universas mundi partes omnemque naturam commeans atque diffusus, ex quo omnia quæ nascuntur animalia vitam capiunt**—An intelligence moving upon, and diffused over all the parts of the universe and all nature, from which all animals derive their existence. As for the swarm of gods worshipped both in Egypt and Greece, it is evident they were only esteemed as inferior deities. In the time of St. Paul, there was a temple at Athens inscribed to the unknown God: and Hesiod makes them younger than the earth and heaven.

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* Lactantius Div. Inst. lib. cap. 5, etiam, Minneius Felix. "Pythagoræ Deus est animus per universam rerum naturam commeans atque intentus ex quo etiam animalium omnium vita capiatur.

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Ἐξ αρχης ως Γαια και Ουρανος ευρυς ετικτον
Οι τ' εκ των εγενοντο Θεοι δωτηρες εαων.

THEOG.

If Pythagoras, and the other philosophers who succeeded him, paid honour to these gods, they either did it through fear of encountering ancient prejudices, or they reconciled it by recurring to the Dæmonology of their masters, the Chaldeans, who maintained the agency of good and bad dæmons, who presided over different things, and were distinguished into the powers of light and darkness, heat and cold. It is remarkable, too, that amongst all these people, whether Egyptians or Chaldeans, Greeks or Romans, as well as every other nation under the sun, sacrifices were made to the gods, in order to render them propitious to their wishes, or to expiate their offences—a fact which proves, that the conviction of the interference of the Deity in human affairs is universal; and what is much more important, that this custom is primitive, and derived from the first inhabitants of the world.

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MELANCHOLY HOURS.

[No. XII.]

WHILE the seat of empire was yet at Byzantium, and that city was the centre, not only of dominion, but of learning and politeness, a certain hermit had fixed his residence in a cell, on the banks of the Athyras, at the distance of about ten miles from the capital. The spot was retired, although so near the great city, and was protected, as well by woods and precipices, as by the aweful reverence with which, at that time, all ranks beheld the character of a recluse. Indeed the poor old man, who tenanted the little hollow, at the summit of a crag, beneath which the Athyras rolls its impetuous torrent, was not famed for the severity of his penances, or the strictness of his mortifications. That he was either studious or protracted his devotions to a late hour, was evident, for his lamp was often seen to stream through the trees which shaded his dwelling, when accident called any of the peasants from their beds at unseasonable hours. Be this as it may, no miracles were imputed to him; the sick rarely came to petition for the benefit of his prayers, and, though some both loved him, and had good reason for loving him, yet many undervalued him for the want of that very austerity which the old man seemed most desirous to avoid.

It was evening, and the long shadows of the Thracian

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mountains were extending still farther and farther along the plains, when this old man was disturbed in his meditations by the approach of a stranger. "How far is it to Byzantium?" was the question put by the traveller: "Not far to those who know the country," replied the hermit, "but a stranger would not easily find his way through the windings of these woods, and the intricacies of the plains beyond them. Do you see that blue mist which stretches along the bounding line of the horizon as far as the trees will permit the eye to trace it? That is the Propontis; and higher up on the left, the city of Constantinople rears its proud head above the waters. But I would dissuade thee, stranger, from pursuing thy journey farther to night. Thou may'st rest in the village, which is half way down the hill; or if thou wilt share my supper of roots, and put up with a bed of leaves, my cell is open to thee." "I thank thee, father," replied the youth, "I am weary with my journey, and will accept thy proffered hospitality." They ascended the rock together. The hermit's cell was the work of Nature. It penetrated far into the rock, and in the innermost recess was a little chapel, furnished with a crucifix, and a human skull, the objects of the hermit's nightly and daily contemplation, for neither of them received his adoration. That corruption had not as yet crept into the christian church. The hermit now lighted up a fire of dry sticks, (for the nights are very piercing in the regions about the Hellespont and the Bosphorus;) and then proceeded to prepare their vegetable meal. While he was thus employed, his young guest surveyed, with surprize, the dwelling

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which he was to inhabit for the night. A cold rock-hole on the bleak summit of one of the Thracian hills, seemed to him a comfortless choice, for a weak and solitary old man. The rude materials of his scanty furniture still more surprised him. A table fixed to the ground, a wooden bench, an earthen lamp, a number of rolls of papyrus and vellum, and a heap of leaves in a corner, the hermit's bed, were all his stock. "Is it possible," at length he exclaimed, "that you can tenant this comfortless cave, with these scanty accommodations, through choice. Go with me, old man, to Constantinople, and receive from me those conveniences which befit your years." "And what art thou going to do at Constantinople, my young friend," said the hermit, "for thy dialect bespeaks thee a native of more southern regions. Am I mistaken, art thou not an Athenian?" "I am an Athenian," replied the youth, "by birth, but I hope I am not an Athenian in vice. I have left my degenerate birth-place, in quest of happiness. I have learned from my master, Speusippus, a genuine assertor of the much belied doctrines of Epicurus, that as a future state is a mere phantom and vagary of the brain, it is the only true wisdom to enjoy life while we have it. But I have learned from him also, that virtue alone is true enjoyment. I am resolved therefore to enjoy life, and that too with virtue, as my companion and guide. My travels are begun with the design of discovering where I can best unite both objects; enjoyment the most exquisite, with virtue the most perfect. You perhaps may have reached the latter, my good father, the former you have certainly

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missed. To-morrow I shall continue my search. At Constantinople I shall laugh and sing with the gay, meditate with the sober, drink deeply of every unpolluted pleasure, and taste all the fountains of wisdom and philosophy. I have heard much of the accomplishments of the women of Byzantium. With us females are mere household slaves; here, I am told, they have *minds*. I almost promise myself that I shall marry, and settle at Constantinople, where the loves and graces seem alone to reside, and where even the *women* have *minds*. My good father, how the wind roars about this aerial nest of yours, and here you sit, during the long cold nights, all alone, cold and cheerless, when Constantinople is just at your feet, with all its joys, its comforts, and its elegancies. I perceive that the philosophers of our sect, who succeeded Epicurus, were right, when they taught that there might be virtue without enjoyment, and that virtue without enjoyment is not worth the having." The face of the youth kindled with animation as he spake these words, and he visibly enjoyed the conciousness of superior intelligence. The old man sighed, and was silent. As they ate their frugal supper, both parties seemed involved in deep thought. The young traveller was dreaming of the Byzantine women: his host seemed occupied with far different meditations. "So you are travelling to Constantinople in search of happiness," at length exclaimed the hermit, "I too have been a suitor of that divinity, and it may be of use to you to hear how I have fared. The history of my life will serve to fill up the interval before we retire to rest, and my experience may

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not prove altogether useless to one who is about to go the same journey which I have finished.

"These scanty hairs of mine were not always grey, nor these limbs decrepid: I was once, like thee, young, fresh, and vigorous, full of delightful dreams and gay anticipations. Life seemed a garden of sweets, a path of roses; and I thought I had but to chuse in what way I would be happy. I will pass over the incidents of my boyhood, and come to my maturer years. I had scarcely seen twenty summers, when I formed one of those extravagant and ardent attachments, of which youth is so susceptible. It happened, that, at that time, I bore arms under the emperor Theodosius, in his expedition against the Goths, who had overrun a part of Thrace. In our return from a successful campaign, we staid some time in the Greek cities, which border on the Euxine. In one of these cities I became acquainted with a female, whose form was not more elegant than her mind was cultivated, and her heart untainted. I had done her family some trivial services, and her gratitude spoke too warmly to my intoxicated brain to leave any doubt on my mind that she loved me. The idea was too exquisitely pleasing to be soon dismissed. I sought every occcasion of being with her. Her mild persuasive voice seemed like the music of heaven to my ears, after the toils and roughness of a soldier's life. I had a friend too, whose converse, next to that of the dear object of my secret love, was most dear to me. He formed the third in all our meetings, and beyond the enjoyment of the society of these two, I

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had not a wish. I had never yet spoken explicitly to my female friend, but I fondly hoped we understood each other. Why should I dwell on the subject? I was mistaken. My friend threw himself on my mercy. I found that he, not I, was the object of her affections. Young man, you may conceive, but I cannot describe, what I felt as I joined their hands. The stroke was severe, and for a time, unfitted me for the duties of my station. I suffered the army to leave the place without accompanying it: and thus lost the rewards of my past services, and forfeited the favour of my sovereign. This was another source of anxiety and regret to me, as my mind recovered its wonted tone. But the mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for a while, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That vigour by which the spirit recovers itself from the depths of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardour, is only subdued by Time. I now applied myself to the study of philosophy, under a Greek master, and all my ambition was directed towards letters. But ambition is not quite enough to fill a young man's heart. I still felt a void there, and sighed as I reflected on the happiness of my friend. At the time when I visited the object of my first love, a young christian woman, her frequent companion, had sometimes taken my attention. She was an Ionian by birth, and had all the softness and pensive intelligence which her countrywomen are said to possess when unvitiated by the corruptions so prevalent in that delightful region. You are no stranger to the contempt with which the

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Greeks then treated, and do still, in some places, treat the christians. This young woman bore that contempt with a calmness which surprised me. There were then but few converts to that religion in those parts, and its profession was therefore more exposed to ridicule and persecution from its strangeness. Notwithstanding her religion, I thought I could love this interesting and amiable female, and, in spite of my former mistake, I had the vanity to imagine I was not indifferent to her. As our intimacy increased, I learned, to my astonishment, that she regarded me as one involved in ignorance and error, and that, although she felt an affection for me, yet she would never become my wife, while I remained devoted to the religion of my ancestors. Piqued at this discovery, I received the books, which she now for the first time put into my hands, with pity and contempt. I expected to find them nothing but the repositories of a miserable and deluded superstition, more presuming than the mystical leaves of the Sibyls, or the obscure triads of Zoroaster. How was I mistaken! There was much which I could not at all comprehend; but, in the midst of this darkness, the effect of my ignorance, I discerned a system of morality, so exalted, so exquisitely pure, and so far removed from all I would have conceived of the most perfect virtue, that all the philosophy of the Grecian world seemed worse than dross in the comparison. My former learning had only served to teach me that something was wanting to complete the systems of philosophers. Here that invisible link was supplied, and I could even then observe a harmony and consistency in

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the whole, which carried irresistible conviction to my mind. I will not enlarge on this subject. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions to be embraced by the understanding. It is the work of the heart as well as the head. Let it suffice to say, that, in time, I became a christian and the husband of Sapphira.

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REFLECTIONS.

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REFLECTIONS.

ON PRAYER.

IF there be any duty which our Lord Jesus Christ seems to have considered as more indispensably necessary towards the formation of a true Christian, it is that of prayer. He has taken every opportunity of impressing on our minds the absolute need in which we stand of the divine assistance, both to persist in the paths of righteousness, and to fly from the allurements of a fascinating, but dangerous life; and he has directed us to the only means of obtaining that assistance in constant and habitual appeals to the throne of Grace. Prayer is certainly the foundation stone of the superstructure of a religious life, for a man can neither arrive at true piety, nor persevere in its ways when attained, unless with sincere and continued fervency, and with the most unaffected anxiety, he implore Almighty God to grant him his perpetual grace, to guard and restrain him from all those derelictions of heart, to which we are, by nature, but too prone. I should think it an insult to the understanding of a Christian to dwell on the necessity of prayer, and, before we can harangue an infidel on its efficacy, we must convince

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him, not only that the being to whom we address ourselves really exists, but that he condescends to hear, and to answer ourhumble supplications. As these objects are foreign to my present purpose, I shall take my leave of the necessity of prayer, as acknowledged by all to whom this paper is addressed, and shall be content to expatiate on the strong inducements which we have, to lift up our souls to our Maker in the language of supplication and of praise. To depict the happiness which results to the man of true piety from the exercise of this duty; and, lastly, to warn mankind, lest their fervency should carry them into the extreme of fanaticism, and their prayers, instead of being silent and unassuming expressions of gratitude to their Maker, and humble entreaties for his favouring grace, should degenerate into clamorous vociferations and insolent gesticulations, utterly repugnant to the true spirit of prayer, and to the language of a creature addressing his Creator.

There is such an exalted delight to a regenerate being in the act of prayer, and he anticipates with so much pleasure amid the toils of business, and the crouds of the world, the moment when he shall be able to pour out his soul without interruption into the bosom of his Maker, that I am persuaded, that the degree of desire or repugnance which a man feels to the performance of this amiable duty, is an infallible criterion of his acceptance with God. Let the unhappy child of dissipation—let the impure voluptuary boast of his short hours of exquisite enjoyment; even in the degree of

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bliss they are infinitely inferior to the delight, of which the righteous man participates in his private devotions, while in their opposite consequences they lead to a no less wide extreme than heaven and hell, a state of positive happiness, and a state of positive misery. If there were no other inducement to prayer, than the very gratification it imparts to the soul, it would deserve to be regarded as the most important object of a Christian; for no where else could he purchase so much calmness, so much resignation, and so much of that peace and repose of spirit, in which consists the chief happiness of this otherwise dark and stormy being. But to prayer, besides the inducement of momentary gratification, the very self-love implanted in our bosoms would lead us to resort, as the chief good, for our Lord hath said, "Ask, and it shall be given to thee; knock, and it shall be opened;" and not a supplication made in the true spirit of faith and humility, but shall be answered; not a request which is urged with unfeigned submission and lowliness of spirit, but shall be granted, if it be consistent with our happiness, either temporal or eternal. Of this happiness, however, the Lord God is the only judge; but this we do know, that whether our requests be granted, or whether they be refused, all is working together for our ultimate benefit.

When I say, that such of our requests and solicitations, as are urged in the true spirit of meekness, humility, and submission, will indubitably be answered, I would wish to draw a line between supplications so

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urged, and those violent and vehement declamations, which, under the name of prayers, are sometimes heard to proceed from the lips of men professing to worship God, in the spirit of meekness and truth. Surely I need not impress on any reasonable mind, how directly contrary these inflamed and bombastic harangues, are to every precept of christianity, and every idea of the deference due from a poor worm, like man, to the Omnipotent and all great God. Can we hesitate a moment, as to which is more acceptable in his sight—the diffident, the lowly, the retiring, and yet solemn and impressive form of worship of our excellent church, and the wild and laboured exclamations; the authoritative and dictatory clamours of men, who, forgetting the immense distance at which they stand from the awful Being whom they address; boldly, and with unblushing front, speak to their God as to an equal, and almost dare to prescribe to his infinite wisdom, the steps it shall pursue. How often has the silent yet eloquent eye of misery, wrung from the reluctant hand of charity, that relief which has been denied to the loud and importunate beggar; and, is Heaven to be taken by storm? Are we to wrest the Almighty from his purposes by vociferation and importunity? God forbid! It is a fair, and a reasonable, though a melancholy inference, that the Lord shuts his ears against prayers like these, and leaves the deluded supplicants to follow the impulse of their own headstrong passions, without a guide, and destitute of every ray of his pure and holy light.

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Those mock apostles, who thus disgrace the worship of the true God, by their extravagance, are very fond of appearing to imitate the conduct of our Saviour, during his mortal peregrination, but, how contrary were his habits to those of these deluded men! Did he teach his disciples to insult the ear of Heaven with noise and clamour? Were his precepts those of fanaticism and passion? Did he inflame the minds of his hearers with vehement and declamatory harangues? Did he pray with all this confidence—this arrogance—this assurance? How different was his conduct! He divested wisdom of all its pomp and parade, in order to suit it to the capacities of the meanest of his auditors. He spake to them in the lowly language of parable and similitude, and when he prayed, did he instruct his hearers to attend to him with a loud chorus of Amens? Did he, (participating as he did in the Godhead), did he assume the tone of sufficiency, and the language of assurance? Far from it! he prayed, and he instructed his disciples to pray in lowliness and meekness of spirit; he instructed them to approach the throne of Grace with fear and trembling, silently and with the deepest awe and veneration; and he evinced by his condemnation of the prayer of the self-sufficient pharisee, opposed to that of the diffident publican; the light in which those were considered in the eyes of the Lord, who setting the terrors of his Godhead at defiance, and boldly building on their own unworthiness, approached him with confidence and pride. * * *

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THERE is nothing so indispensably necessary towards the establishment of future earthly, as well as heavenly happiness, as early impressions of piety. For, as religion is the sole source of all human welfare and peace, so habits of religious reflection, in the spring of life, are the only means of arriving at a due sense of the importance of divine concerns in age, except by the bitter and hazardous roads of repentance and remorse. There is not a more awful spectacle in nature, than the death-bed of a *late* repentance. The groans of agony, which attend the separation of the soul from the body, heightened by the heart-piercing exclamation of mental distress; the dreadful ebullitions of horror and remorse, intermingled with the half-fearful, but fervent deprecations of the divine wrath, and prayers for the divine mercy, joined to the pathetic implorings to the friends who stand weeping around the bed of the sinner, to pray for him, and to take warning from his awful end, contribute to render this scene such an impressive and terrible memento of the state of those who have neglected their souls, as must bring to a due sense of his duty, the most hardened of infidels.

It is to ensure you, my young friends, as far as precept can ensure you from horrors like these in your last moments, that I write this little book, in the hopes, that through the blessing of the Divine Being, it may be use-

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ful in inducing you to reflect on the importance of early piety, and lead you into the cheerful performance of your duties to God, and to your own souls. In the pursuit of this plan, I shall, first, consider the bliss which results from a pious disposition, and the horrors of a wicked one. Secondly, the necessity of an early attention to the concerns of the soul towards the establishment of permanent religion, and its consequent happiness; and, thirdly, I shall point out, and contrast, the last moments of those who have acted in conformity, or in contradiction, to the rules here laid down.

The contrast between the lives of the good and the wicked man affords such convincing arguments in support of the excellence of religion; that, even those infidels, who have dared to assert their disbelief of the doctrine of revelation, have confessed that in a political point of view, if in no other, it ought to be maintained. Compare the peaceful and collected course of the virtuous and pious man, with the turbulent irregularity and violence of him, who neglects his soul for the allurements of vice, and judge for yourselves of the policy of the conduct of each, even in this world. Whose pleasures are the most exquisite? Whose delights the most lasting? Whose state is the most enviable? His, who barters his hopes of eternal welfare for a few fleeting moments of brutal gratification; or his, who while he keeps a future state alone in his view, finds happiness in the conscientious performance of his duties, and the scrupulous fulfilment of the end of his sojourn here? Believe

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me, my friends, there is no comparison between them. The joys of the infatuated mortal who sacrifices his soul to his sensualities, are mixed with bitterness and anguish. The voice of conscience rises distinctly to his ear, amid the shouts of intemperance and the sallies of obstreperous mirth. In the hour of rejoicing, she whispers her appalling monitions to him, and his heart sinks within him, and the smile of triumphant villany is converted into the ghastly grin of horror and hopelessness. But, oh! in the languid intervals of dissipation; in the dead hour of the night, when all is solitude and silence, when the soul is driven to commune with itself, and the voice of remorse, whose whispers were before half drowned in the noise of riot, rises dreadfully distinct—What!—what are his emotions!—Who can paint his agonies, his execrations, his despair! Let that man lose again in the vortex of fashion, and folly, and vice, the remembrance of his horrors; let him smile, let him laugh and be merry: believe me, my dear readers, he is *not* happy, he is *not* careless, he is not the jovial being he appears to be. His heart is heavy within him; he cannot stifle the reflections which assail him in the very moment of enjoyment; but strip the painted veil from his bosom, lay aside the trappings of folly, and that man is *miserable*, and not only so, but he has purchased that misery at the expence of eternal torment.

Let us oppose to this awful picture, the life of the good man; of him, who rises in the morning, with cheerfulness, to praise his creator for all the good he hath bestowed

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upon him, and to perform with studious exactness the duties of his station; and lays himself down on his pillow in the evening in the sweet consciousness of the applause of his own heart. Place this man on the stormy seas of misfortune and sorrow—press him with afflictive dispensations of providence—snatch from his arms the object of his affections—separate him for ever, from all he loved and held dear on earth, and leave him isolated and an outcast in the world;—he is calm—he is composed—he is grateful—he weeps, for human nature is weak, but he still preserves his composure and resignation—he still looks up to the Giver of all good, with thankfulness and praise, and perseveres with calmness and fortitude in the paths of righteousness. His disappointments cannot overwhelm him, for his chief hopes were placed far, very far, beyond the reach of human vicissitude. "He hath chosen that good part, which none can take away from him."

Here then lies the great excellence of religion and piety; they not only lead to *eternal* happiness, but to the happiness of this world; they not only ensure everlasting bliss, but they are the sole means of arriving at that degree of felicity, which this dark and stormy being is capable of, and are the sole supports in the hour of adversity and affliction. How infatuated then, must that man be, who can wilfully shut his eyes to his own welfare, and deviate from the paths of righteousness which lead to bliss. Even allowing him to entertain the erroneous notion that religion does not lead to happiness in this life; his conduct is incompatible with every idea of a reason-

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able being. In the Spectator we find the following image, employed to induce a conviction of the magnitude of this truth: supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball, or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain, or particle, of this sand, should be annihilated every thousand years; supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass was consuming, by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miserable ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition, you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed that in this case so many * *

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THE life of man is transient and unstable; its fairest passages are but a lighter shade of evil, and yet those passages form but a disproportionate part of the picture. We all seek happiness, though with different degrees of avidity, while the fickle object of our pursuits continually evades the grasp of those who are the most eager in the chase; and, perhaps, at last throws herself into the arms of those who had entirely lost all sight of her, and who, when they are most blessed with her enjoyment, are least conscious that they possess her. Were the objects in which we placed the consummation of our wishes always virtuous, and the means employed to arrive at the bourn of our desires uniformly good; there can be little doubt that the aggregate of mankind would be as happy as is consistent with the state in which they live; but, unfortunately, vicious men pursue vicious ends by vicious means, and by so doing, not only ensure their own misery, but they overturn and destroy the fair designs of the wiser and the better of their kind. Thus he who has no idea of a bliss, beyond the gratification of his brutal appetites, involves in the crime of seduction, the peace and the repose of a good and happy family, and an individual act of evil extends itself by a continued impulse over a large portion of society. It is thus that men of bad minds become the pests of the societies of which they happen to be members. It is thus that the virtuous among men pay the bitter penalty of the crimes and follies of their unworthy fellows.

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Men who have passed their whole lives in the lap of luxury and enjoyment, have no idea of misery beyond that of which they happen to be the individual objects.

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THE END.

W. Wilson, Printer, St. John's Square.

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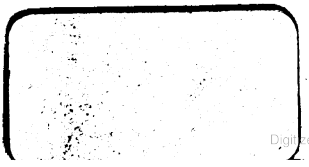

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